

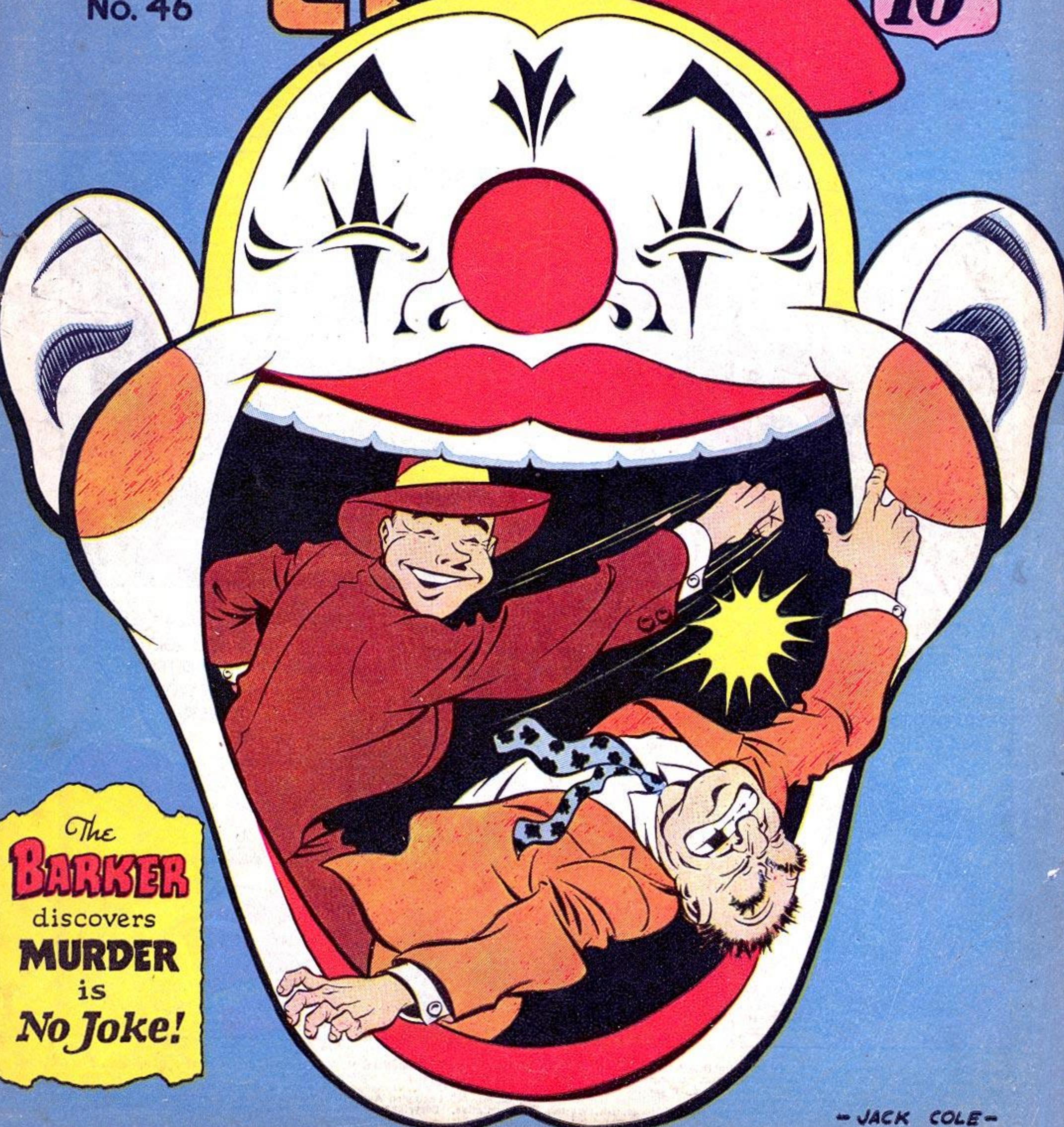
# NATIONAL COM

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No. 46

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QUALITY  
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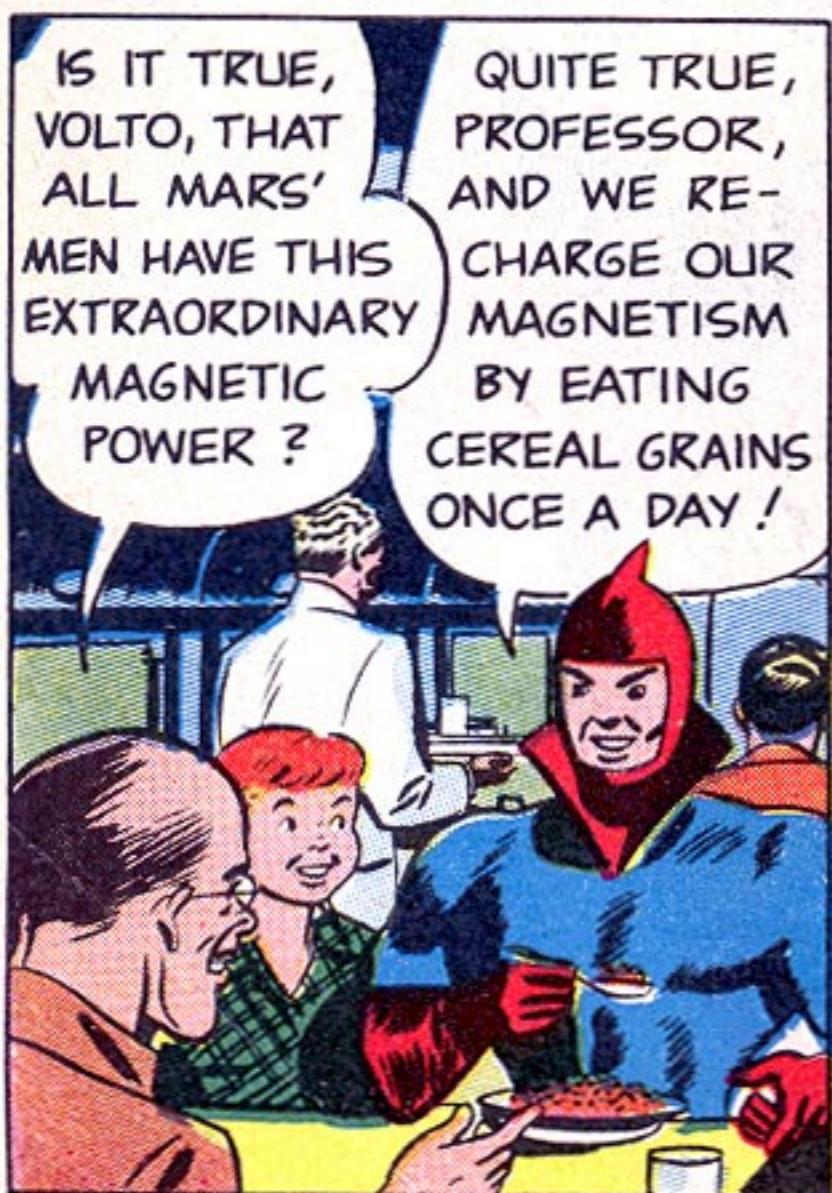
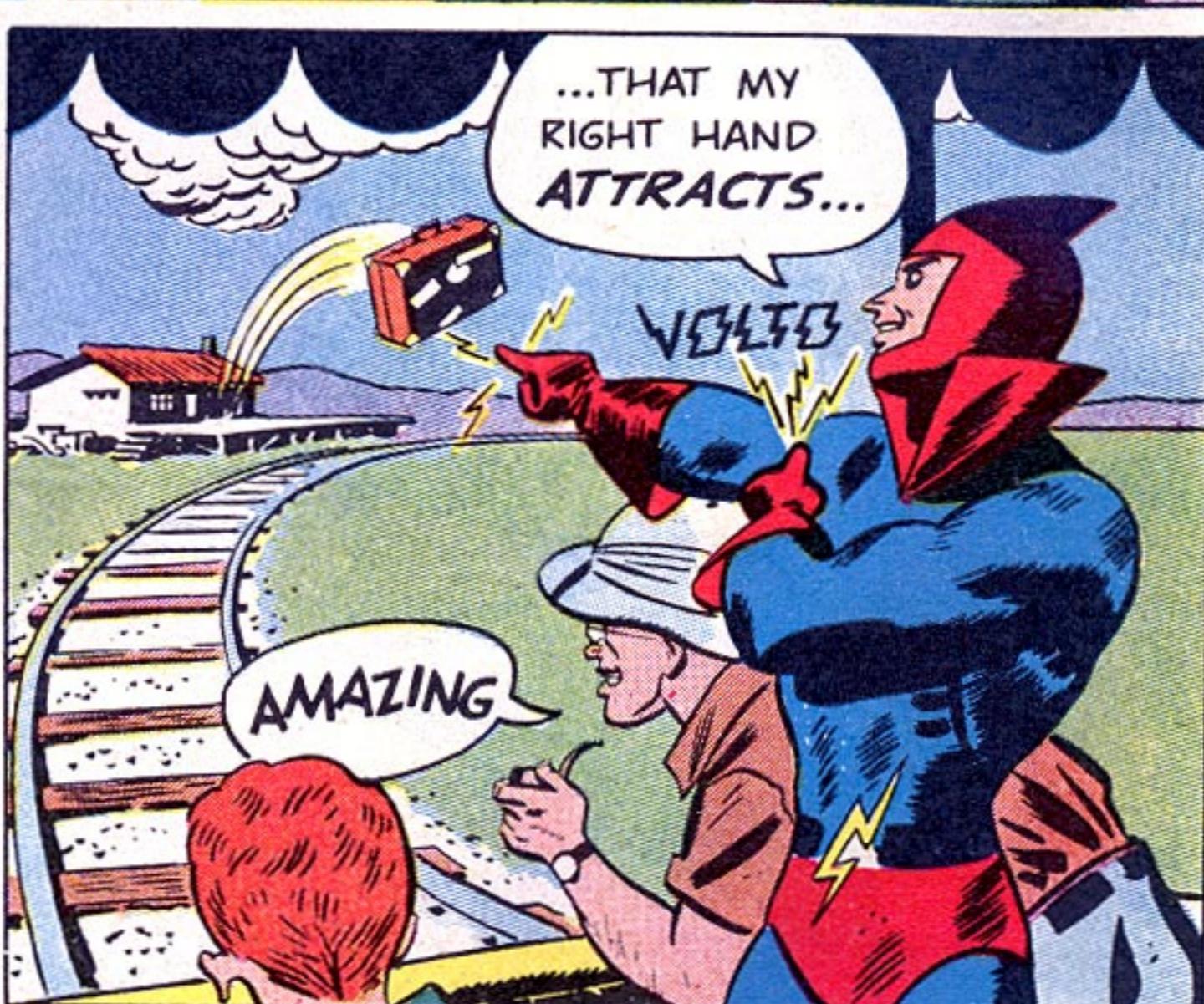
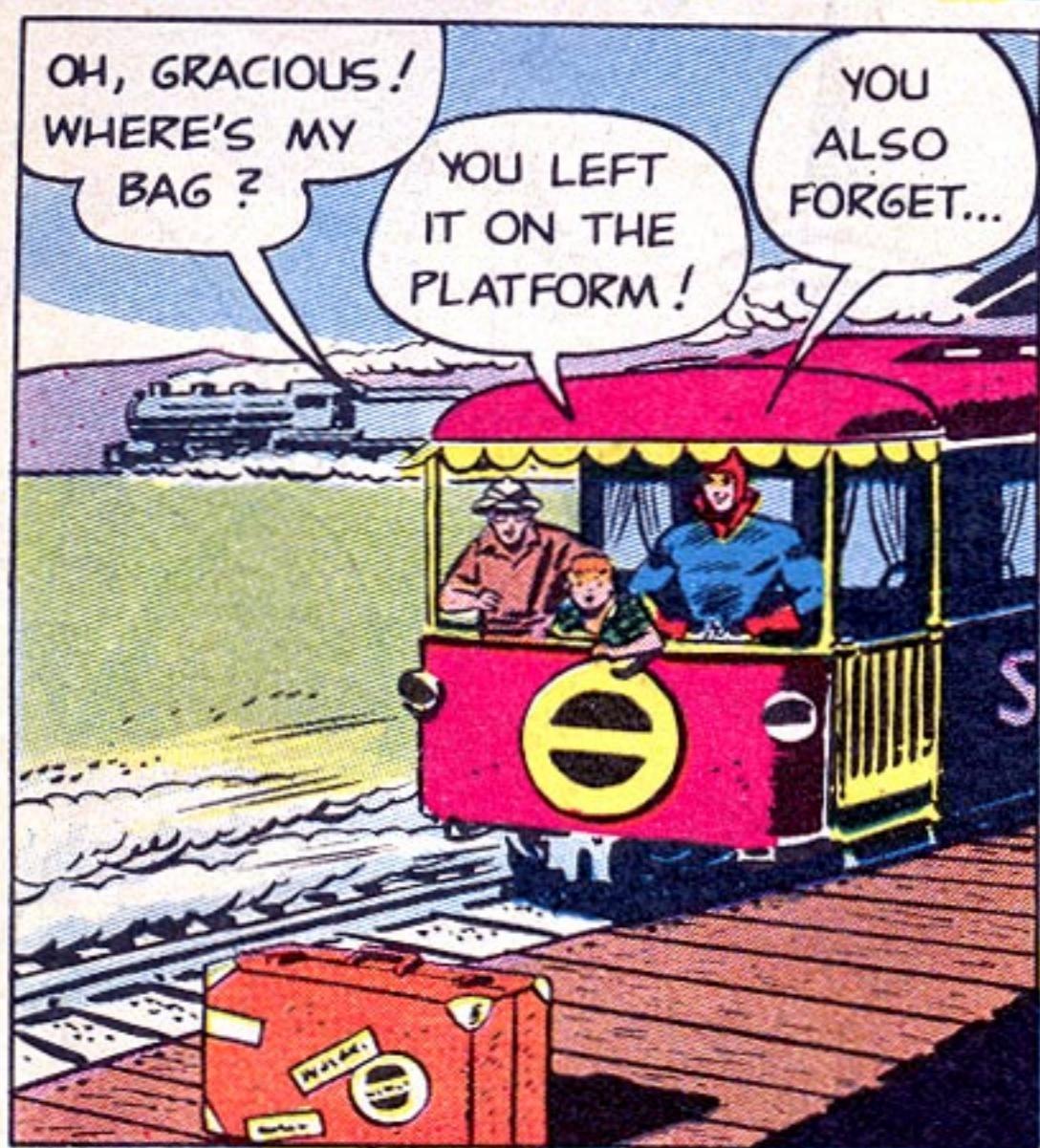
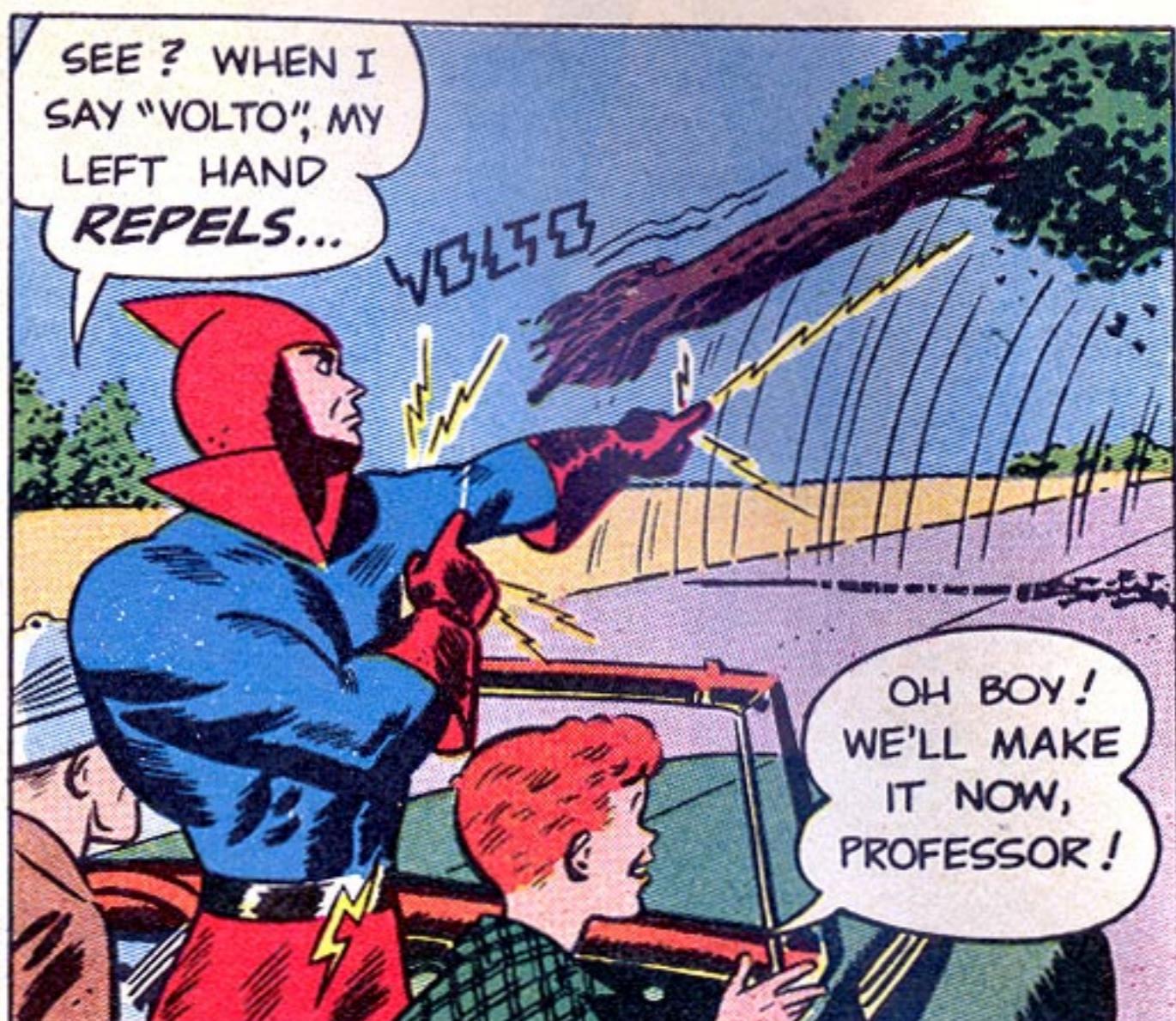


The  
**BARKER**  
discovers  
**MURDER**  
is  
**No Joke!**

- JACK COLE -

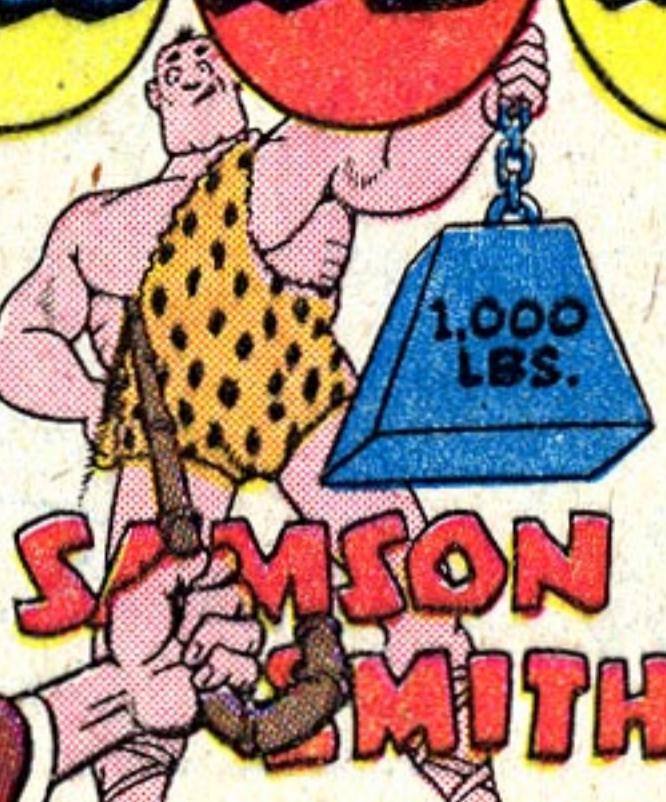
# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





# The BARKER

MAJOR MIDGE



SAMSON SMITH

STRONGEST MAN  
IN THE WORLD

LENA

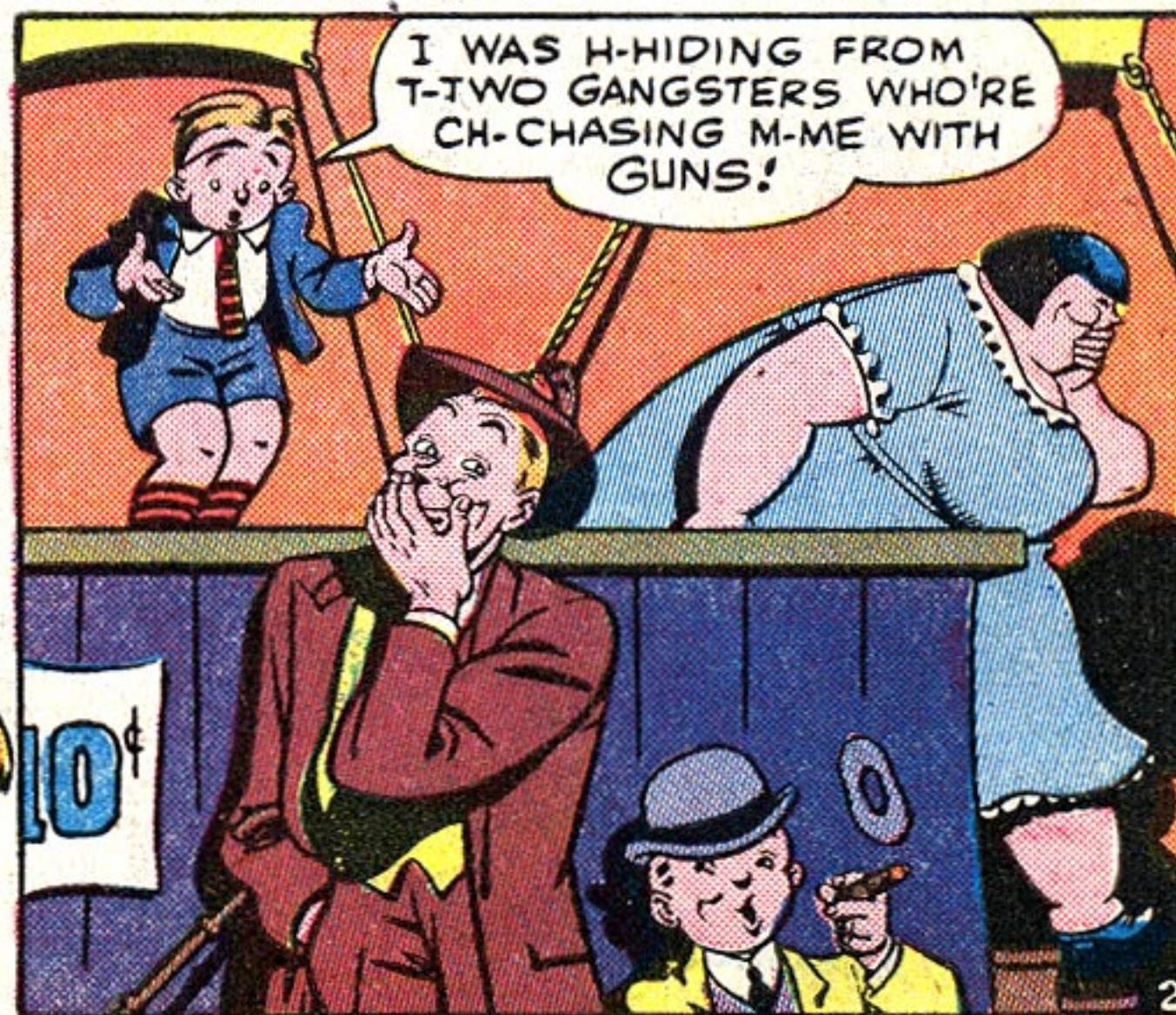
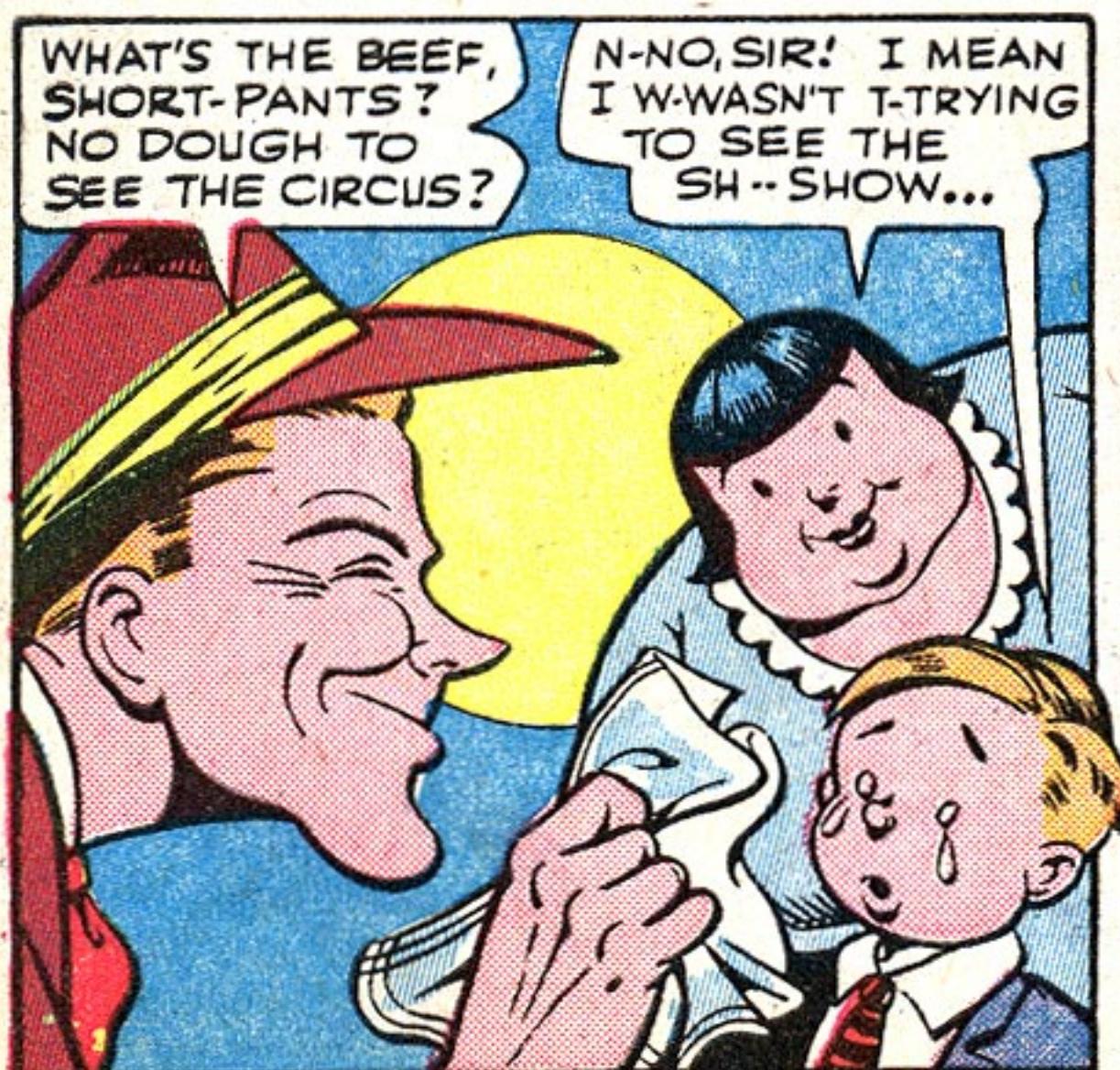
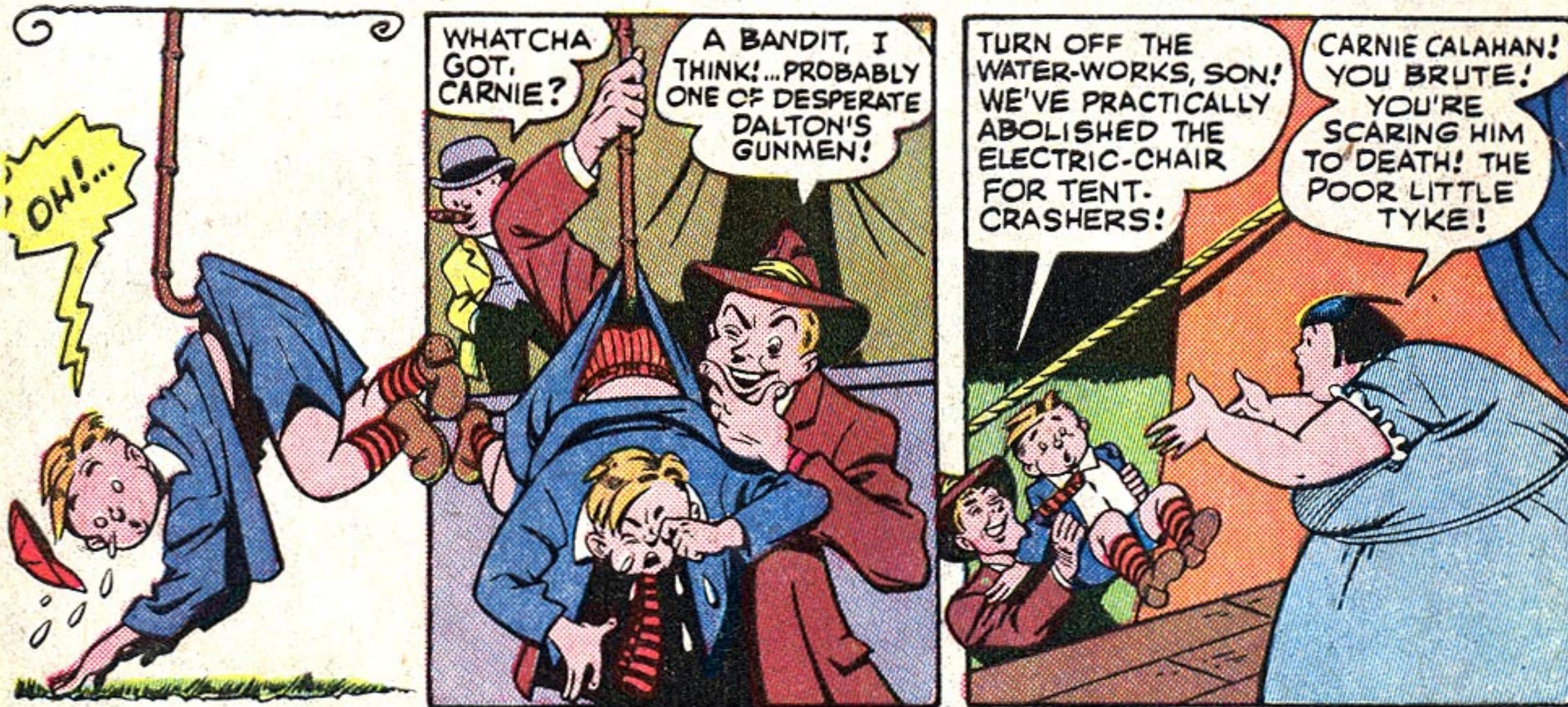
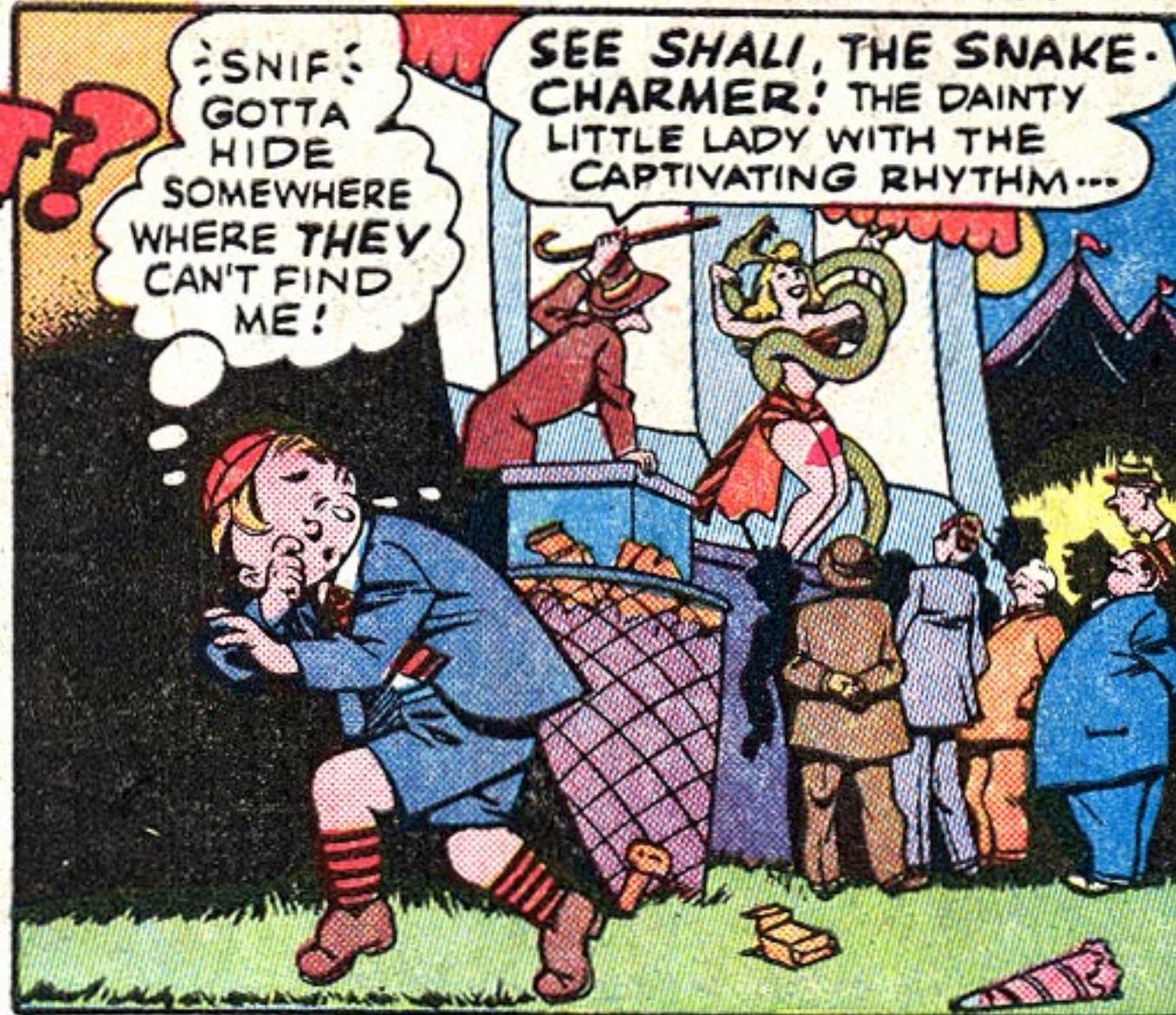
THE FAT GIRL

10¢

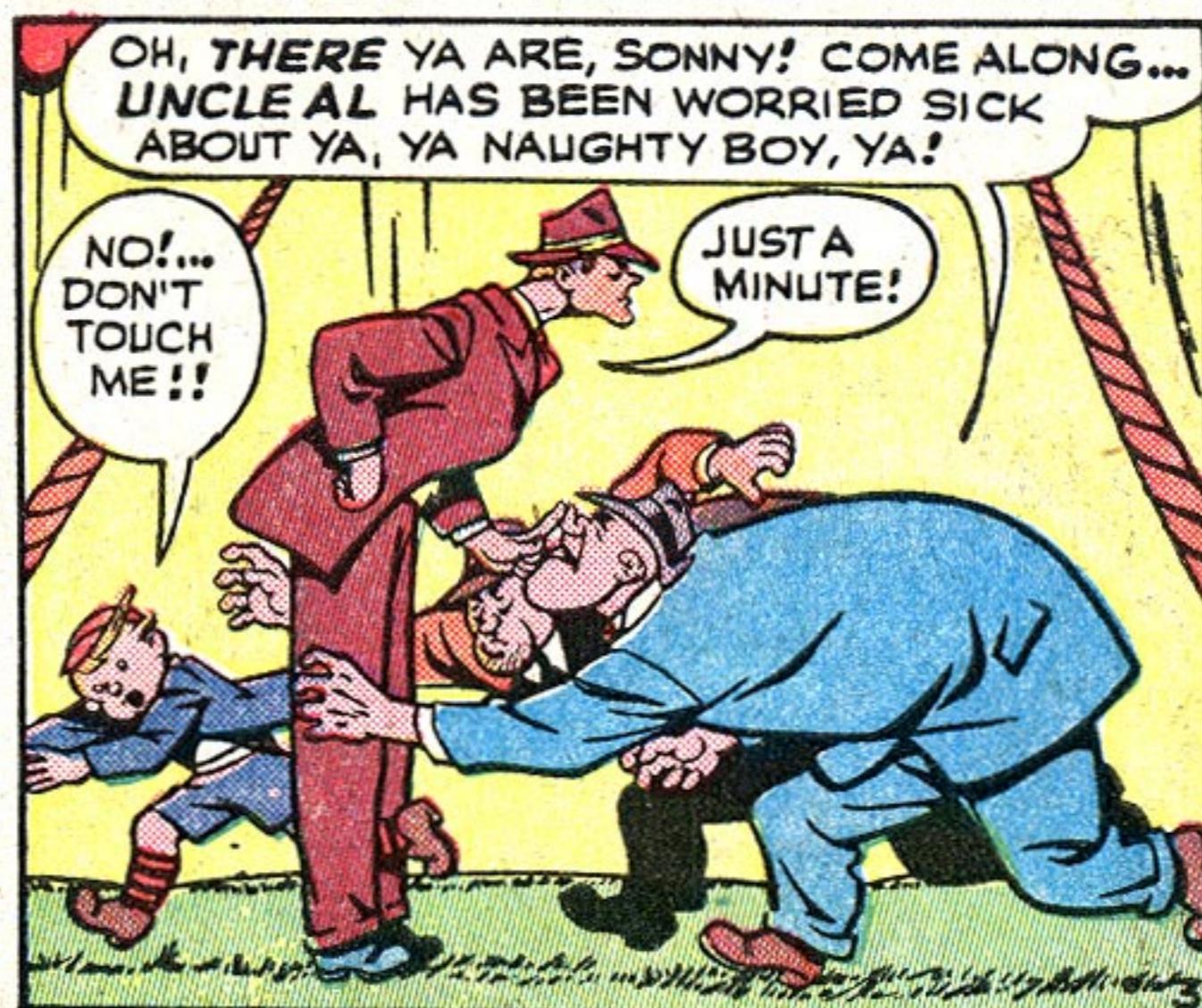
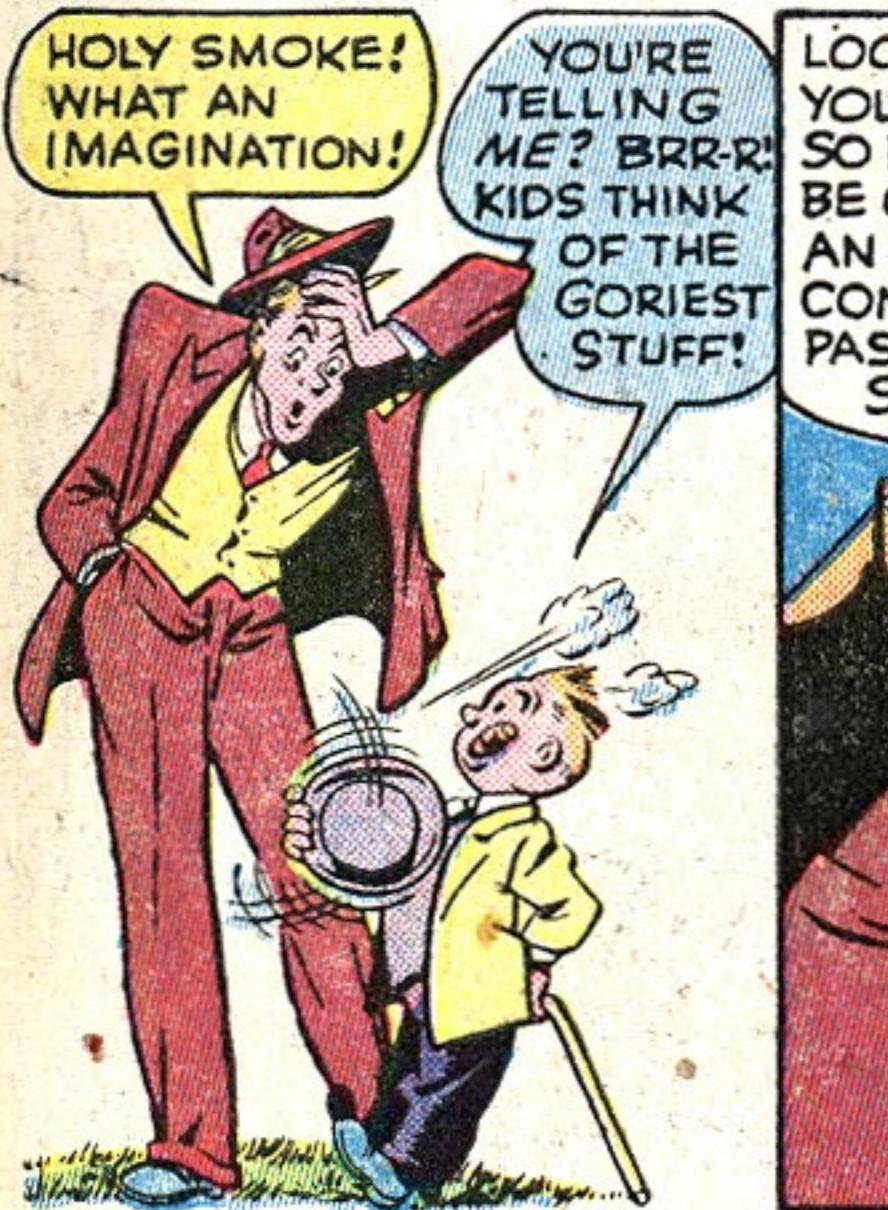
My  
Klaus Nordling

To CARNIE CALAHAN, THE BARKER, AND HIS CIRCUS PALS, SONNY DAY  
WAS JUST A CUTE KID WITH A WILD IMAGINATION!... HIS STORY OF  
MAD MEN AND MONSTERS, GUNSEL'S AND GANGSTERS, SEEMED LIKE  
A CLEVER TRICK TO WANGLE A FREE PASS TO THE SIDE SHOW! SO  
THEY ALL LAUGHED.... BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THEY DISCOVERED  
THAT MURDER WAS NO LAUGHING MATTER!

WHAT?

Tears  
in the  
midst  
of  
CIRCUS  
gaiety

# NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS

MAYBE WE HAD SONNY DOPED WRONG, FRIEND! IF UNCLE AL'S SO WORRIED, WHY DOESN'T HE COME HIMSELF INSTEAD OF SENDING TWO GORILLAS?

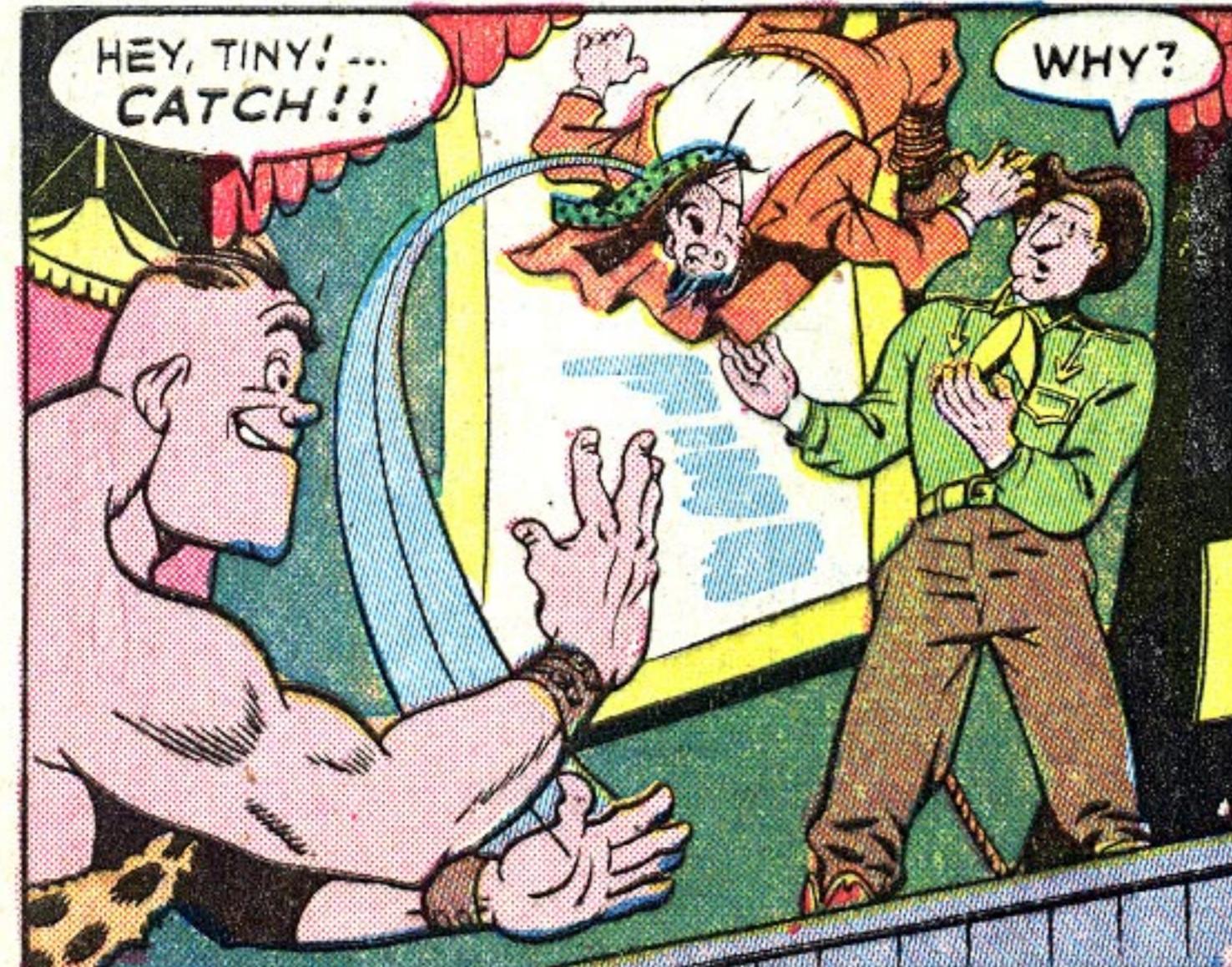
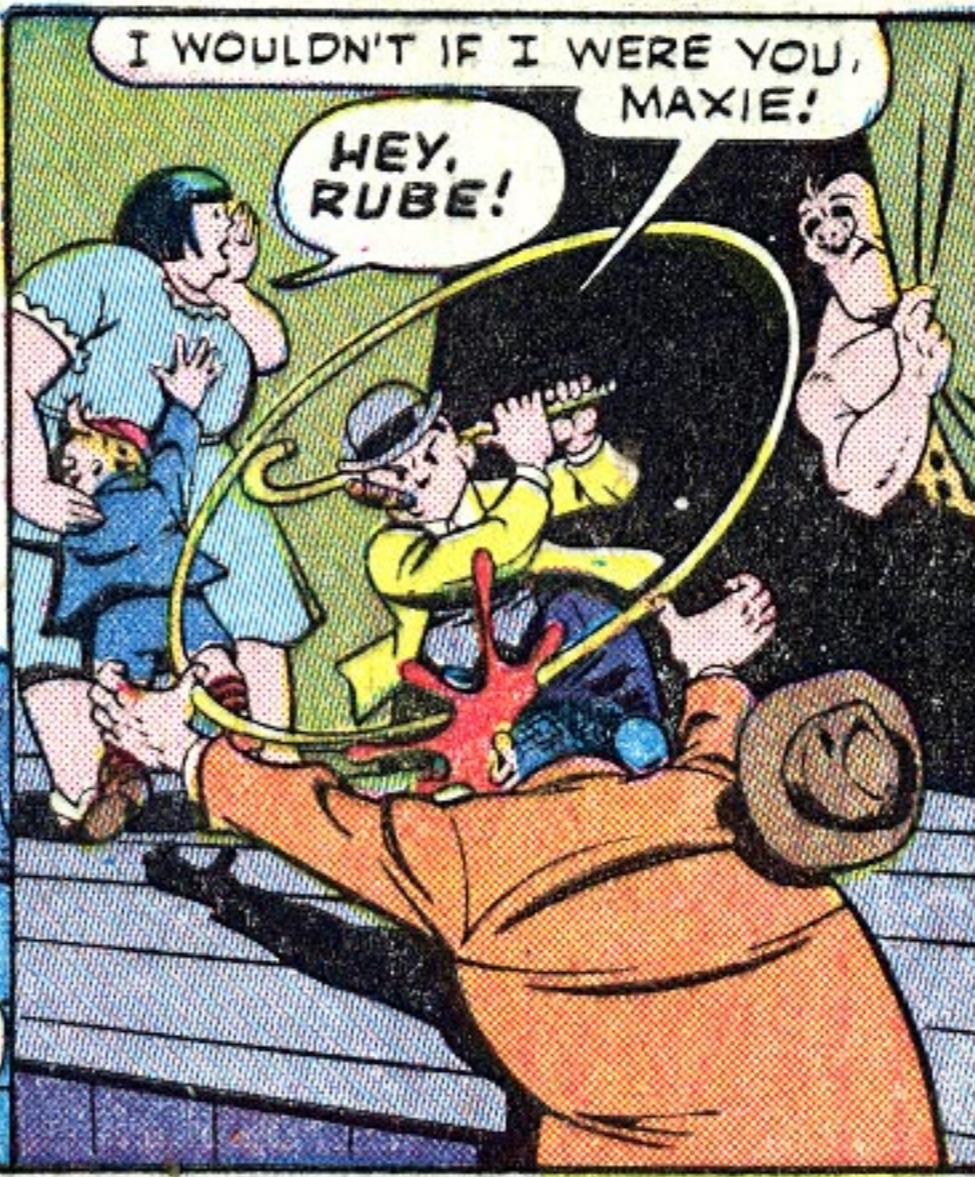
AL SENT US FER THE KID AND WE'RE TAKIN' HIM! GRAB HIM, MAXIE!

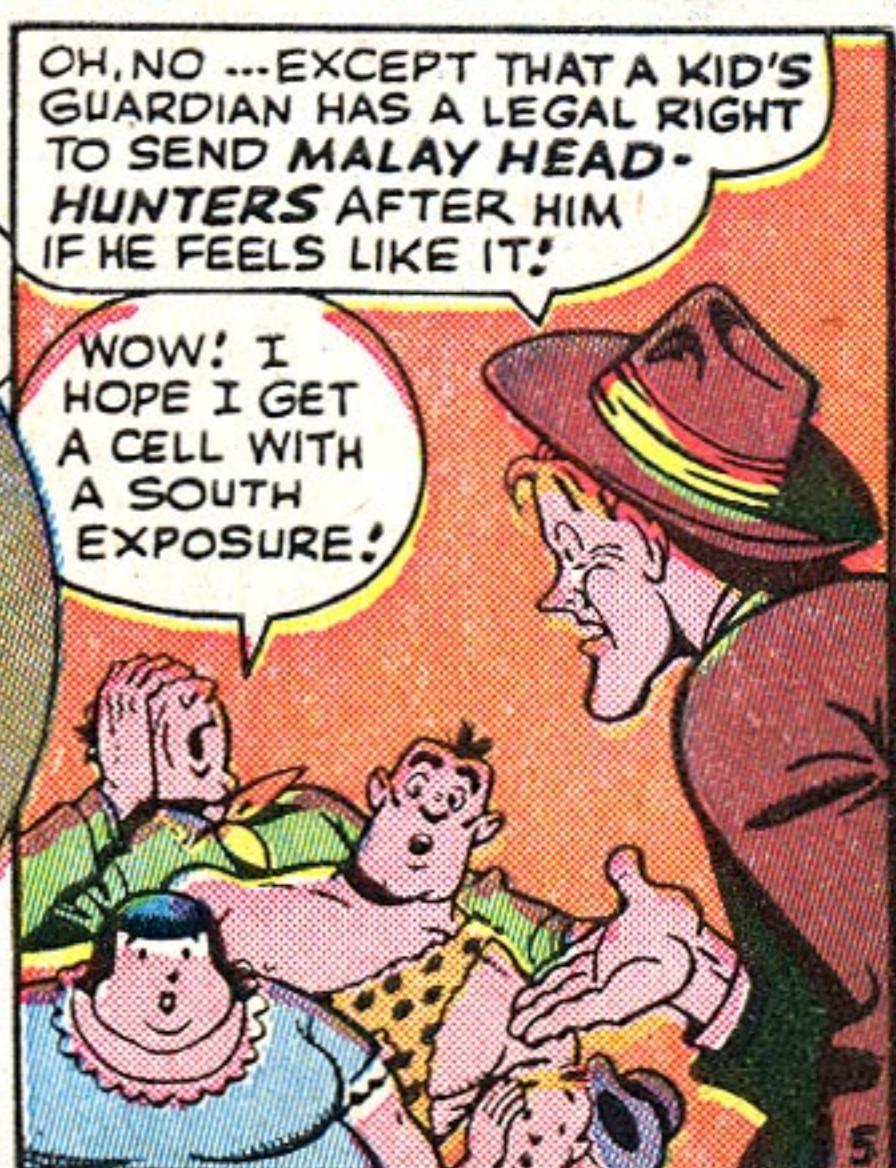
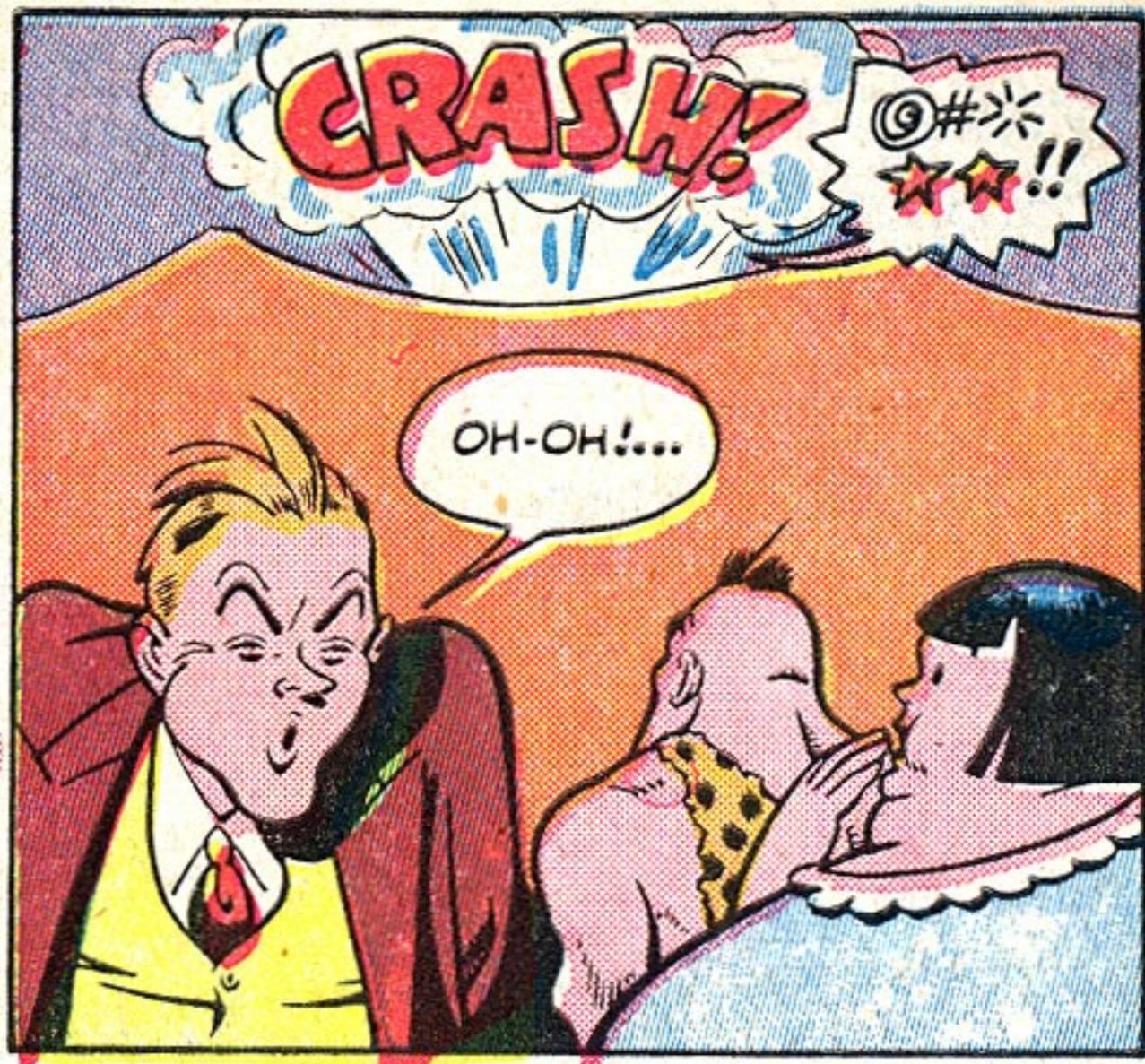
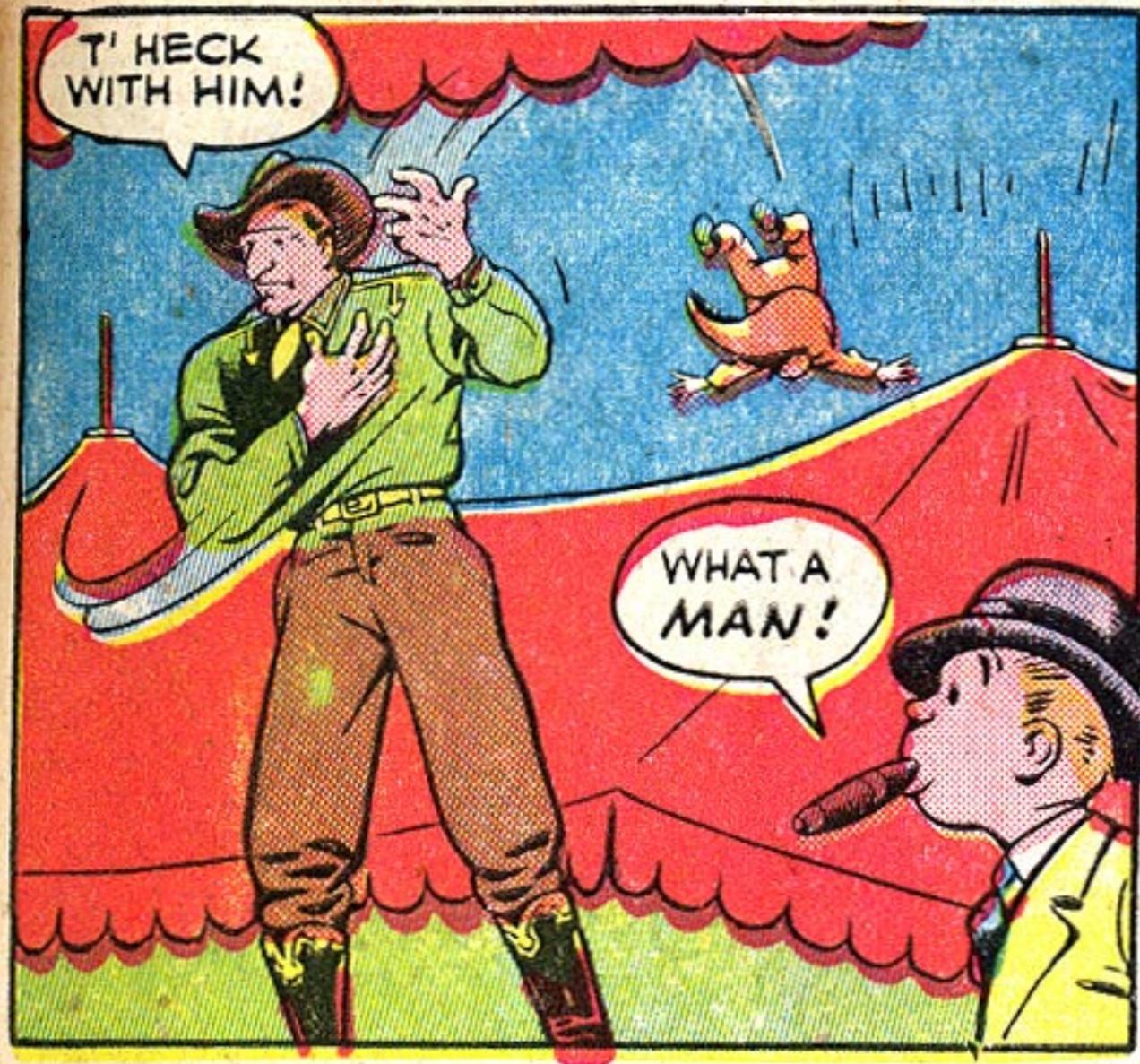
I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU, MAXIE!

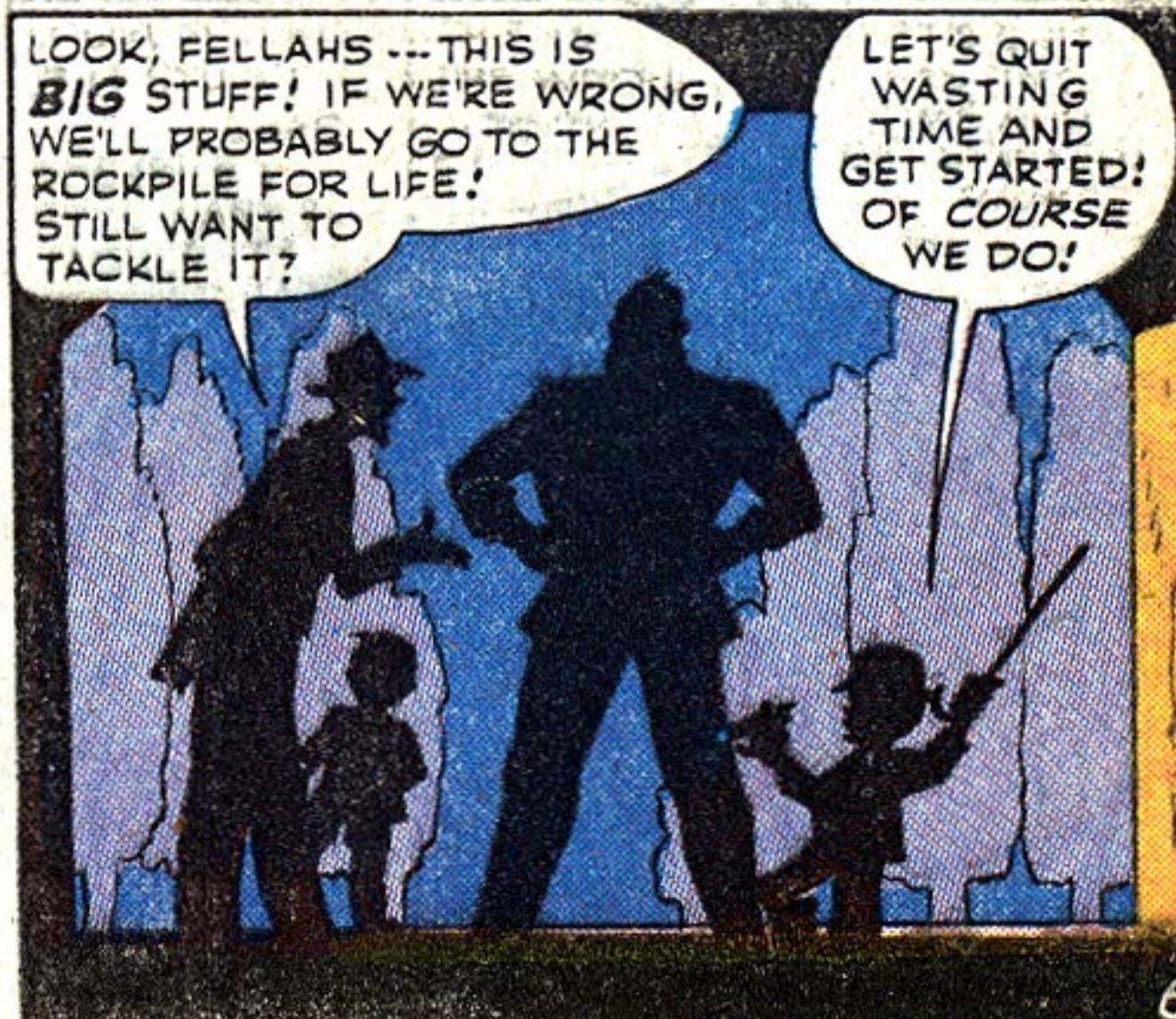
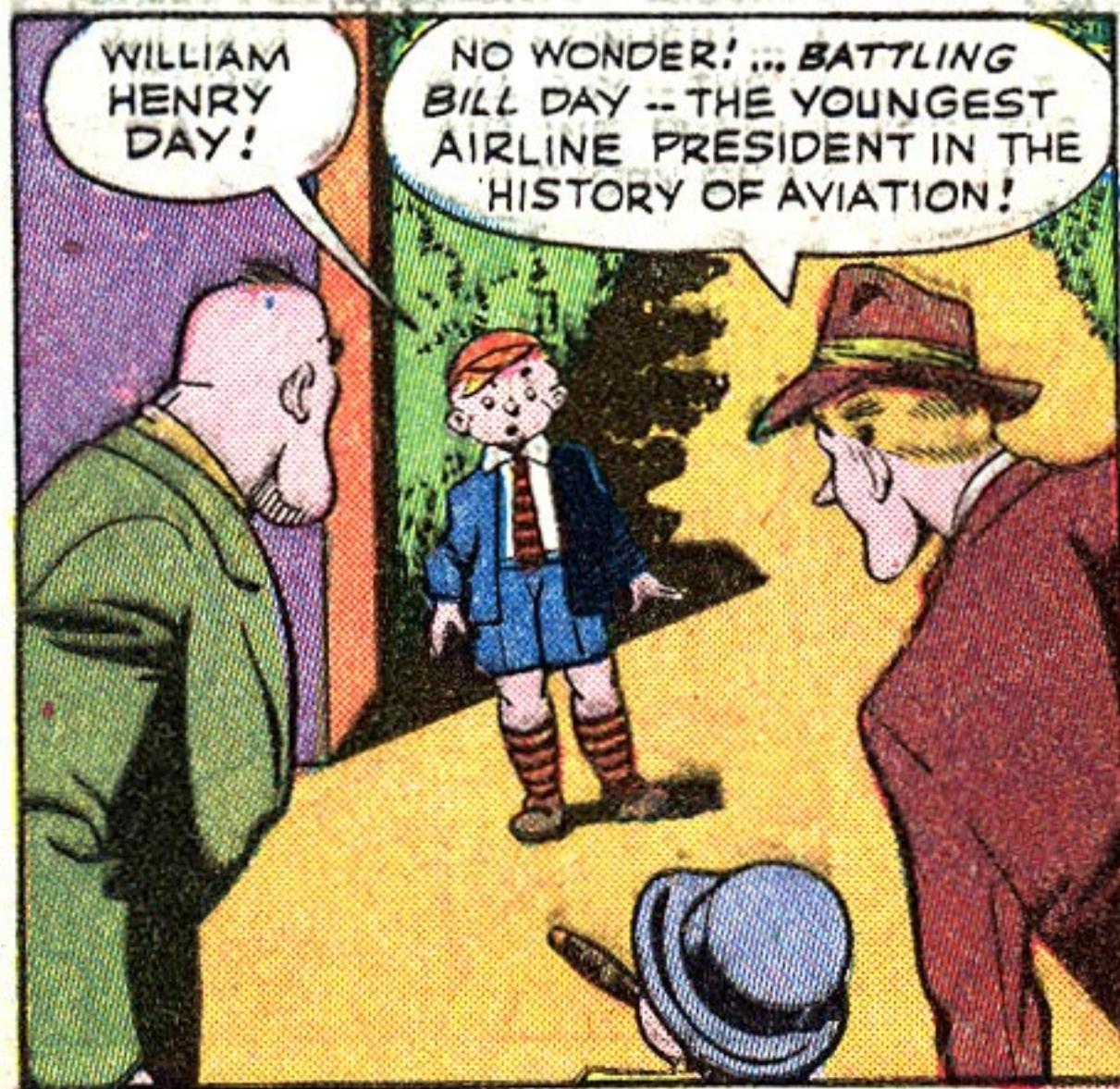
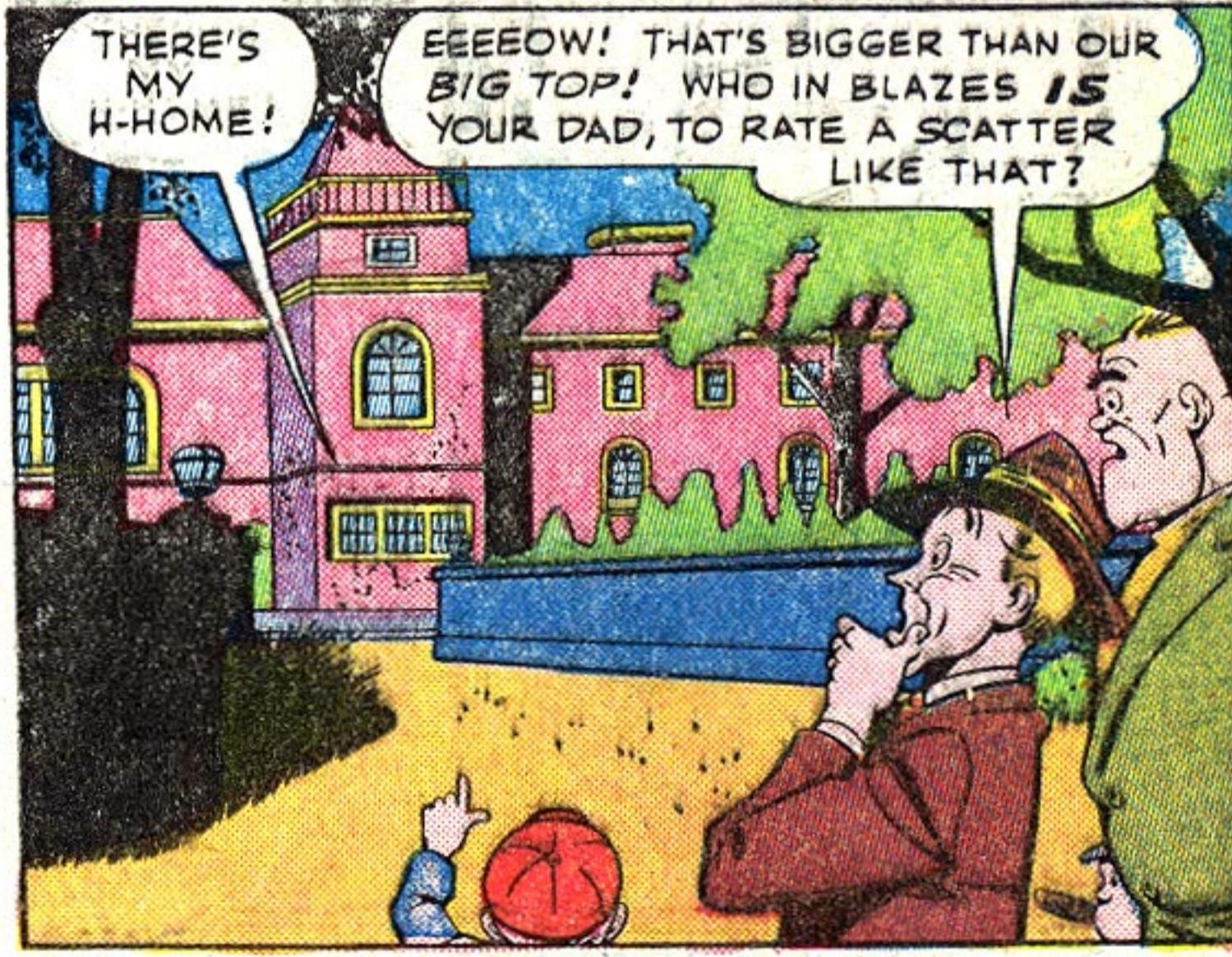
HEY, RUBE!

YOU AIN'T GONNA STOP US!

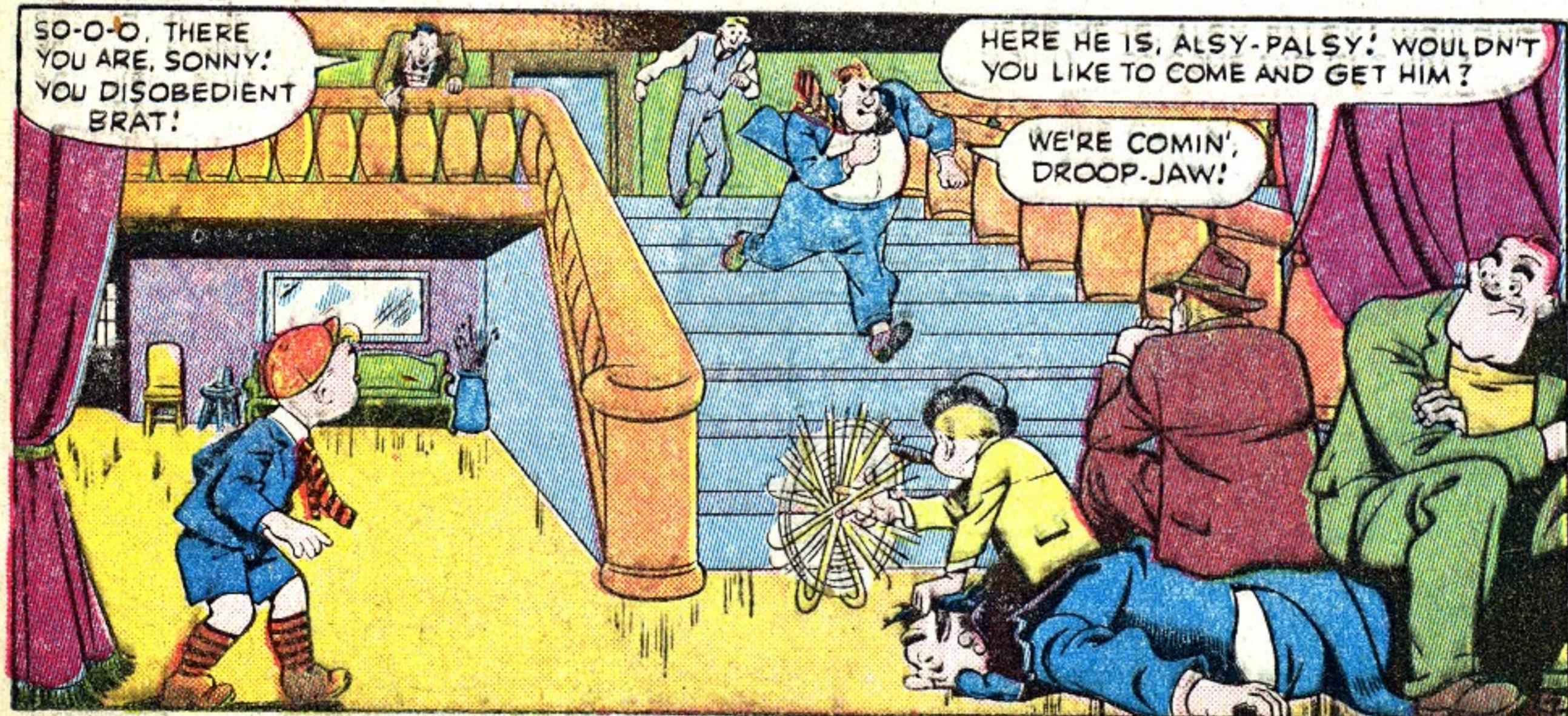
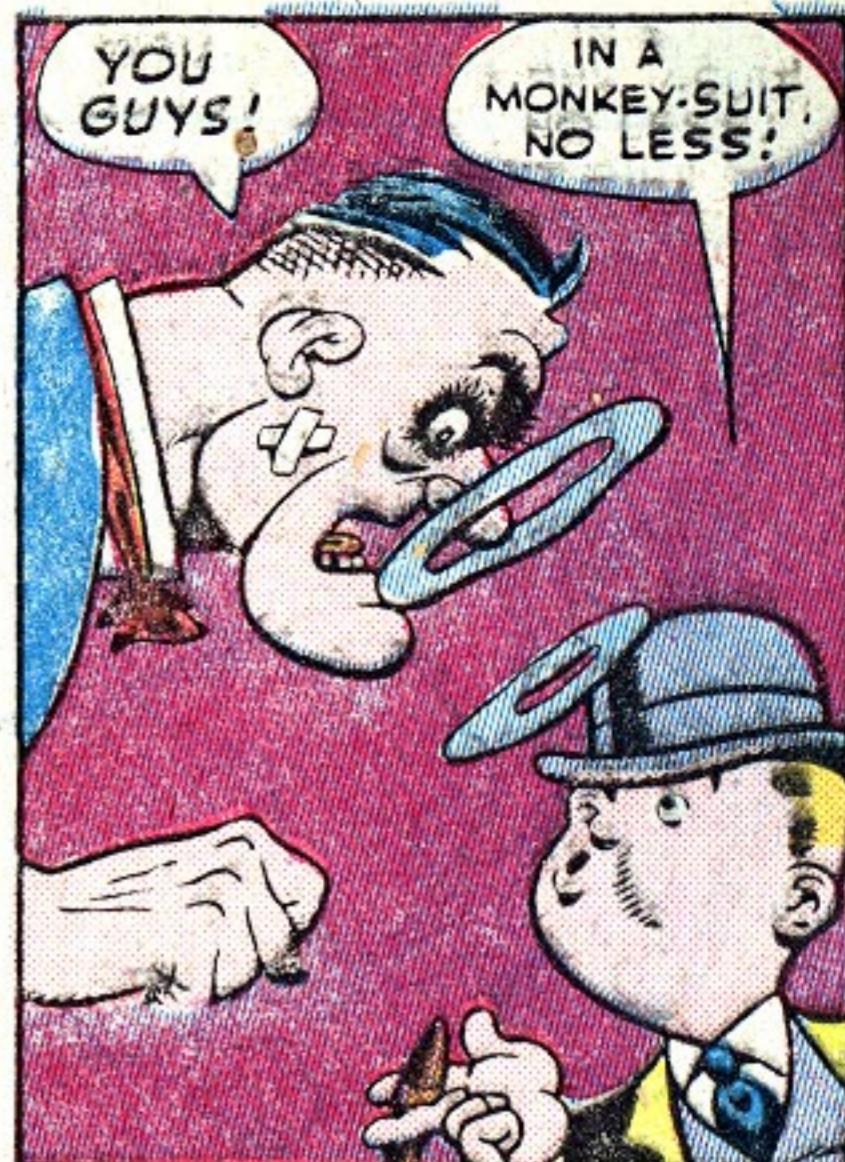
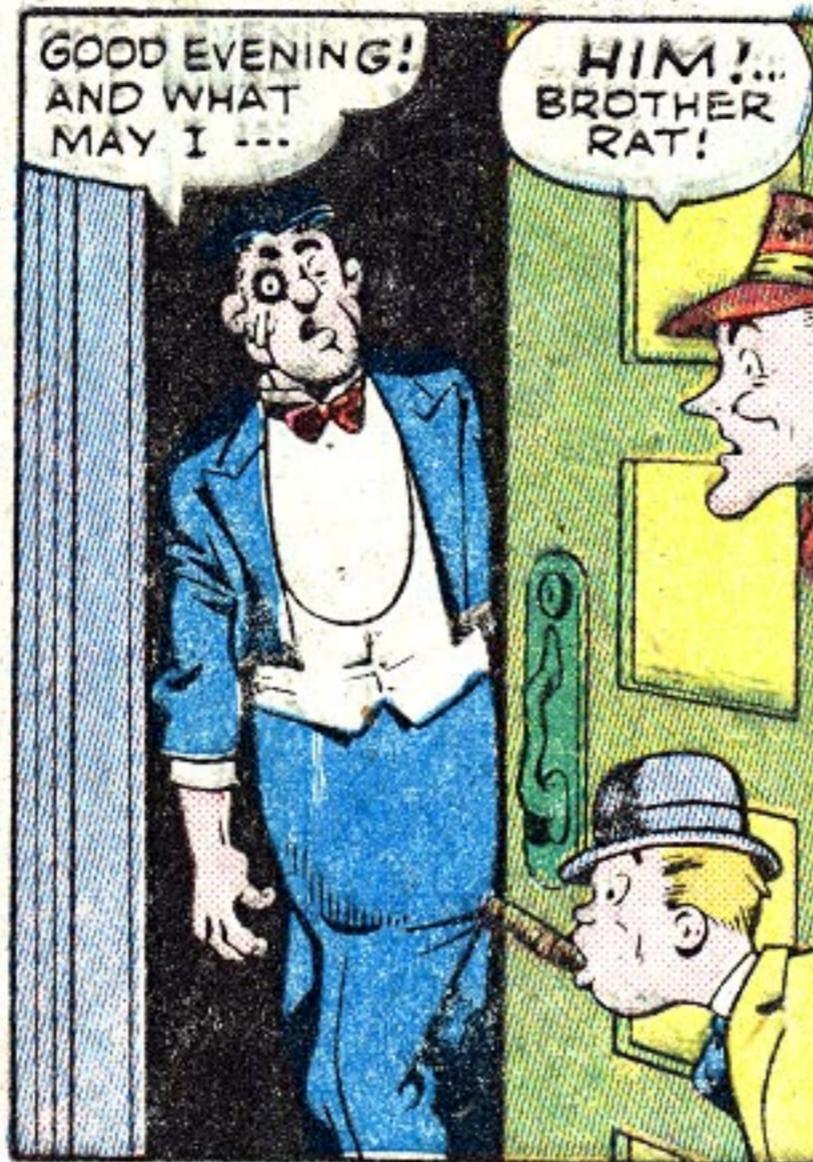
MATTER OF OPINION, CHUM!

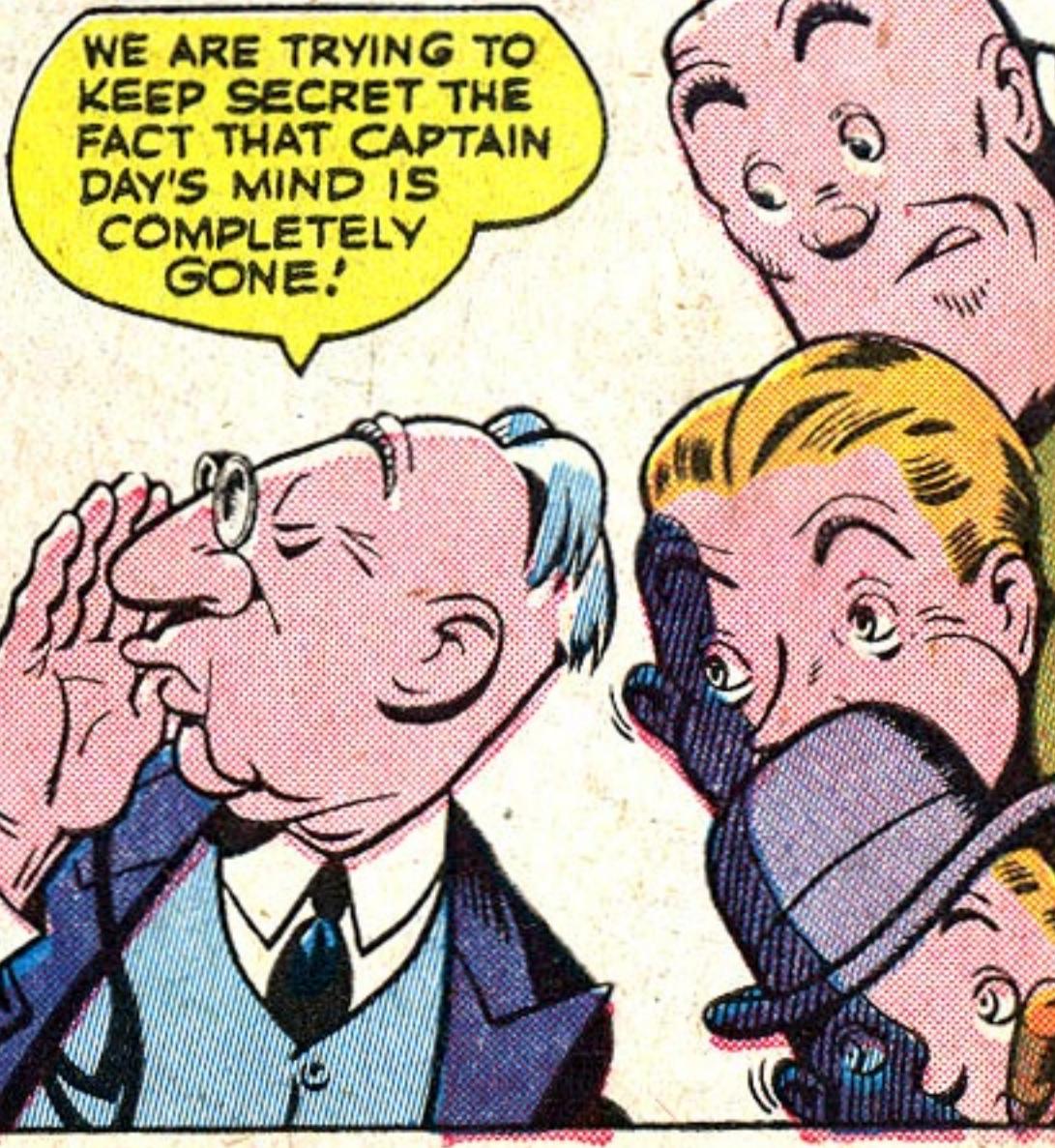
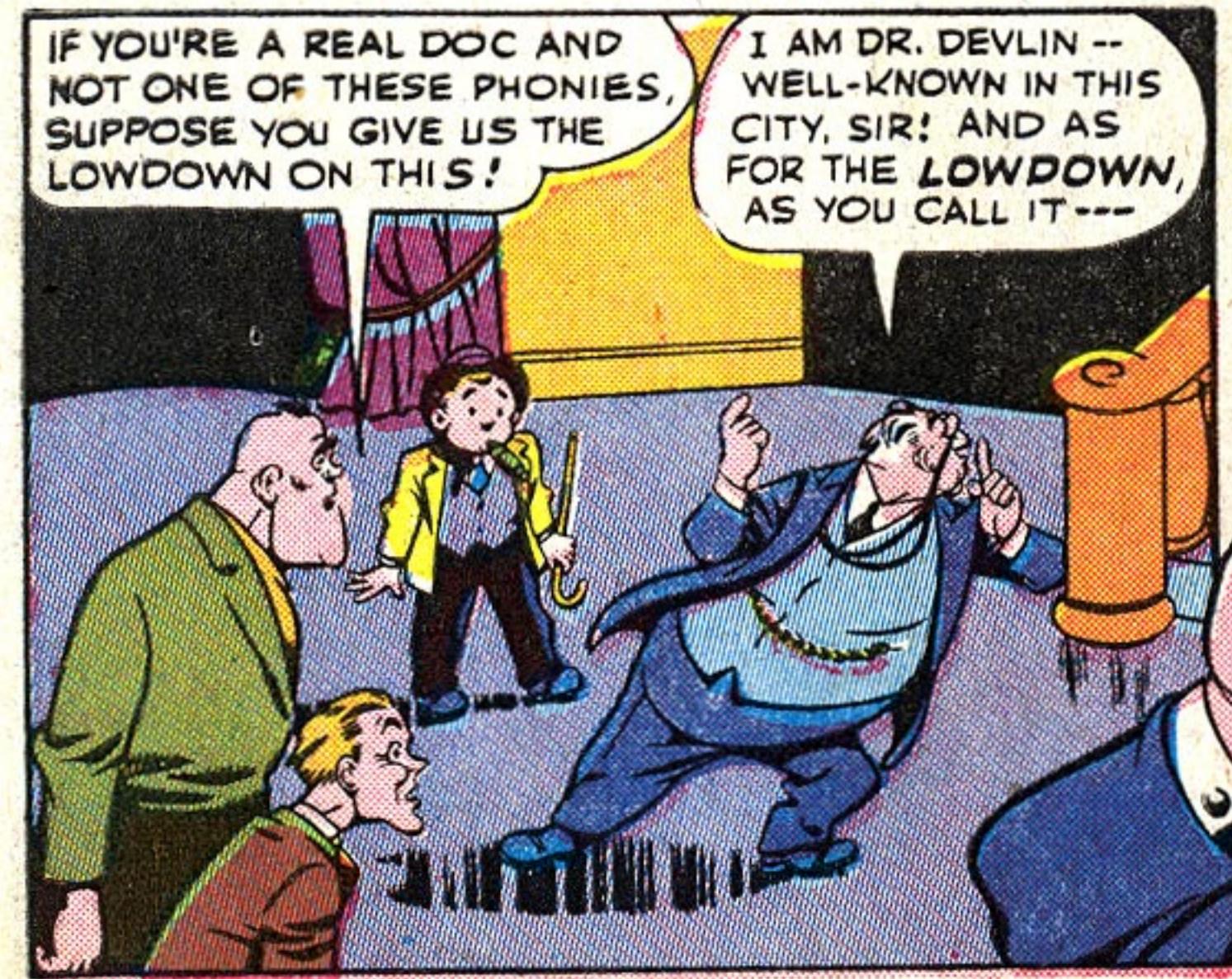
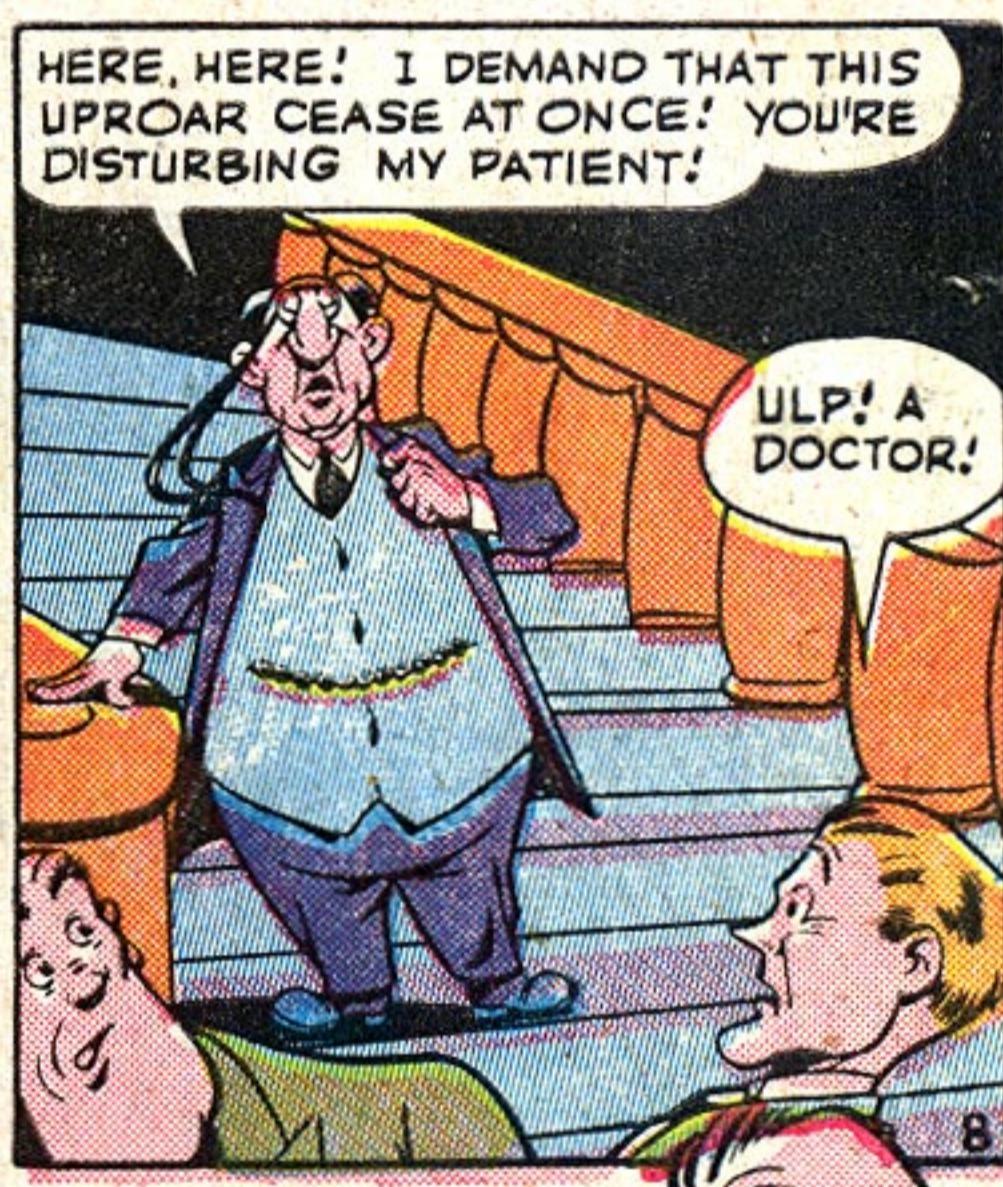
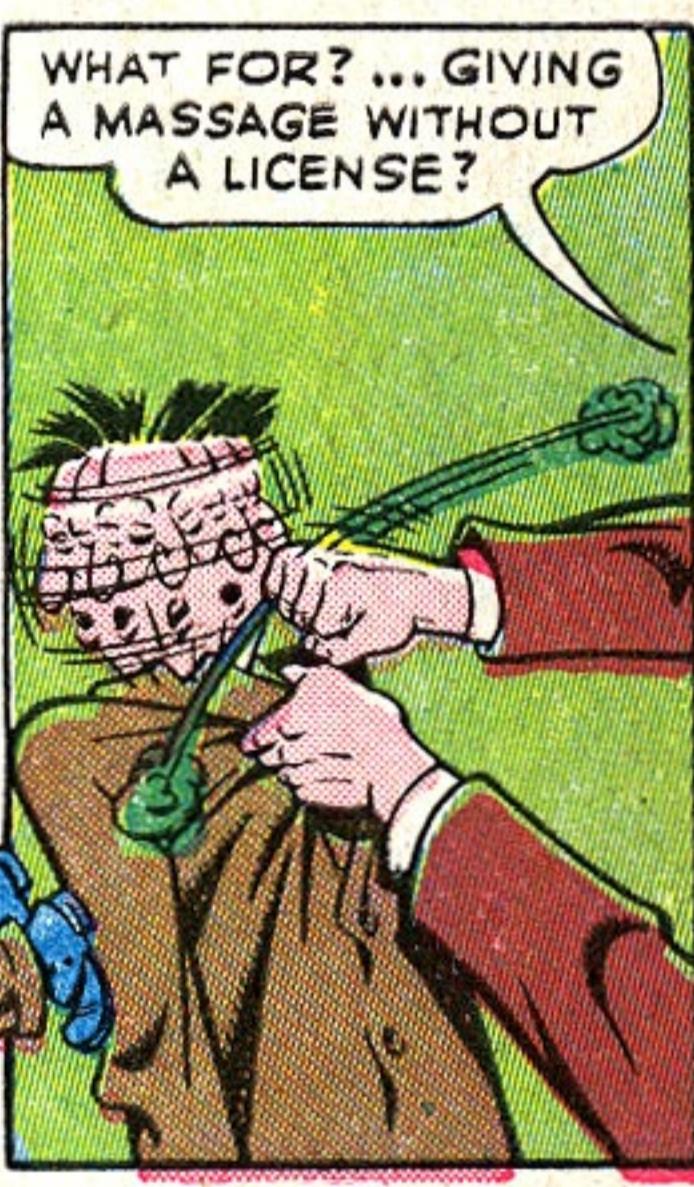
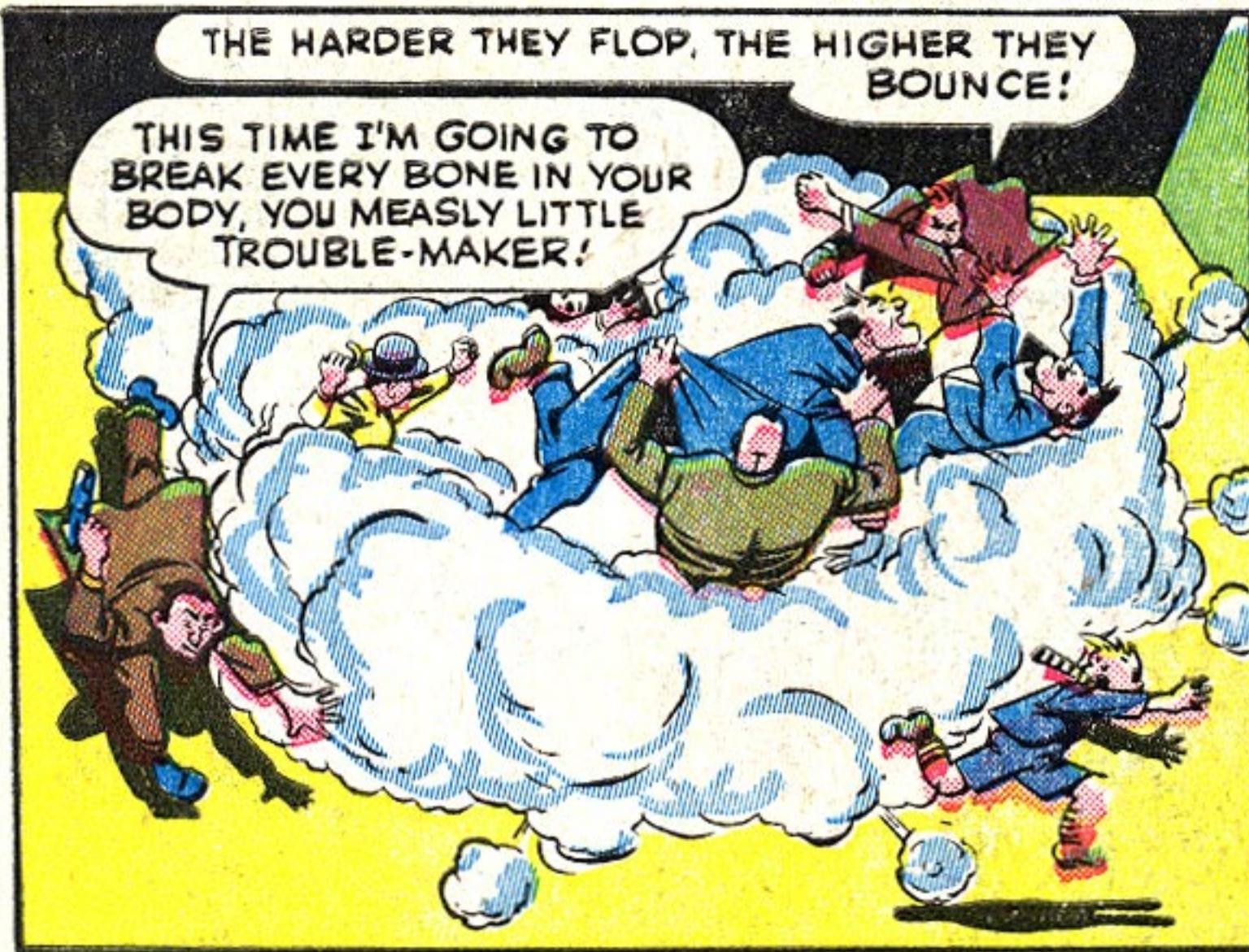






NATIONAL COMICS





HIS FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE AND HIS WOUND COMBINED TO CRACK AN OTHERWISE FINE MIND! I AM TRYING TO TREAT HIM QUIETLY...

WHY ALL THE HUSH-HUSH?

SIMPLE, SIR! IF CAPTAIN DAY'S CONDITION BECAME KNOWN, IT MIGHT DEPRESS THE COMPANY STOCK TO A POINT OF BANKRUPTCY...

A RIVAL AIRLINE IS TRYING TO SMASH THE DAY-LINE! THAT IS WHY AL HIRED --ER--BOUNCERS, SHALL WE SAY, AS SERVANTS! I'M SORRY YOU WERE DECEIVED!...

THEN NOBODY BEATS UP SONNY, HERE?

HARDLY, SIR! WE'RE ALL A BIT SHORT-TEMPERED, BUT YOU KNOW HOW BOYISH IMAGINATIONS RUN WILD AT HIS AGE! NOW IF YOU WILL LEAVE...

SO LONG, SONNY!... YOU'LL BE OKAY HERE!

TH-THANK YOU FOR EVERYTH-THING, M-MISTER BARKER!

AWRIGHT, GET GOING...

NOW...

SH-H-H...

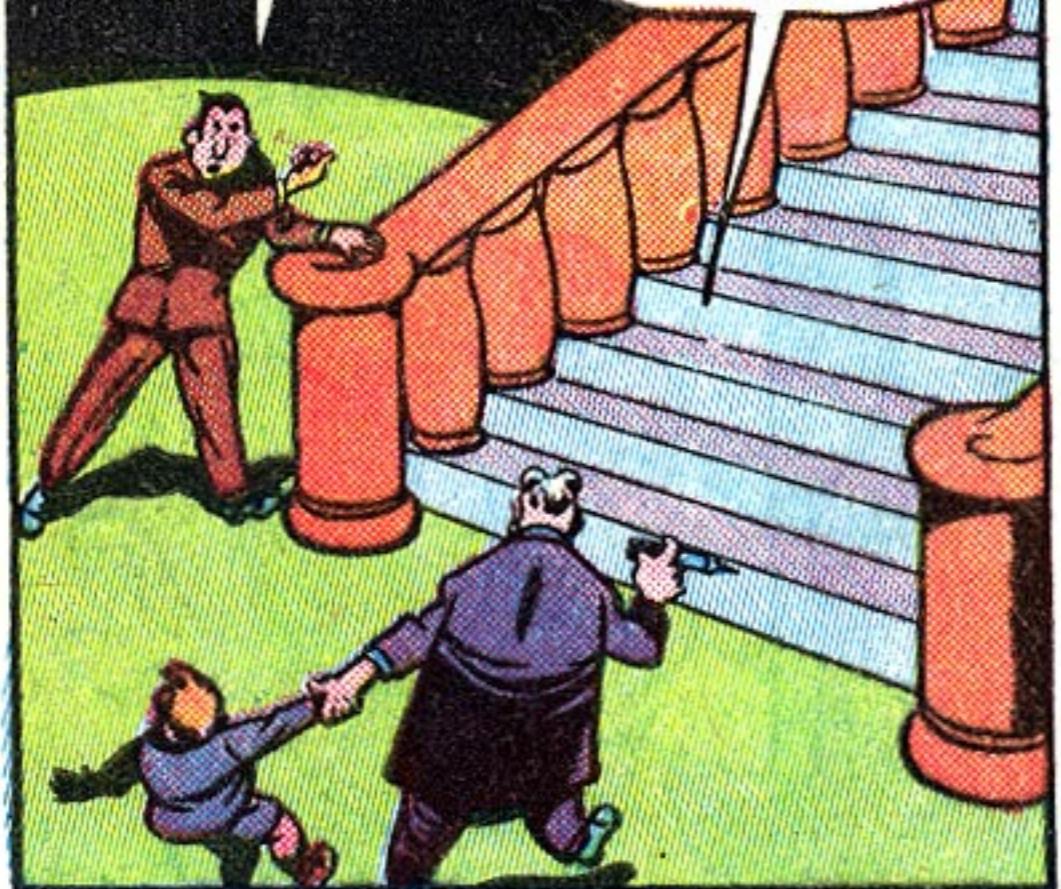
THEY'VE GONE! NOW I'M GONNA...

STOP IT, AL! HASN'T THAT UNCONTROLLED TEMPER OF YOURS CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE? YOU ALMOST RUINED EVERYTHING...

A SHOT OF THIS IN THE ARM AND I GUARANTEE HE'LL NEVER RUN AWAY AGAIN! HOLD HIM, AL!

WAIT, DOC! LET'S DO IT UPSTAIRS IN FRONT OF HIS OLD MAN!

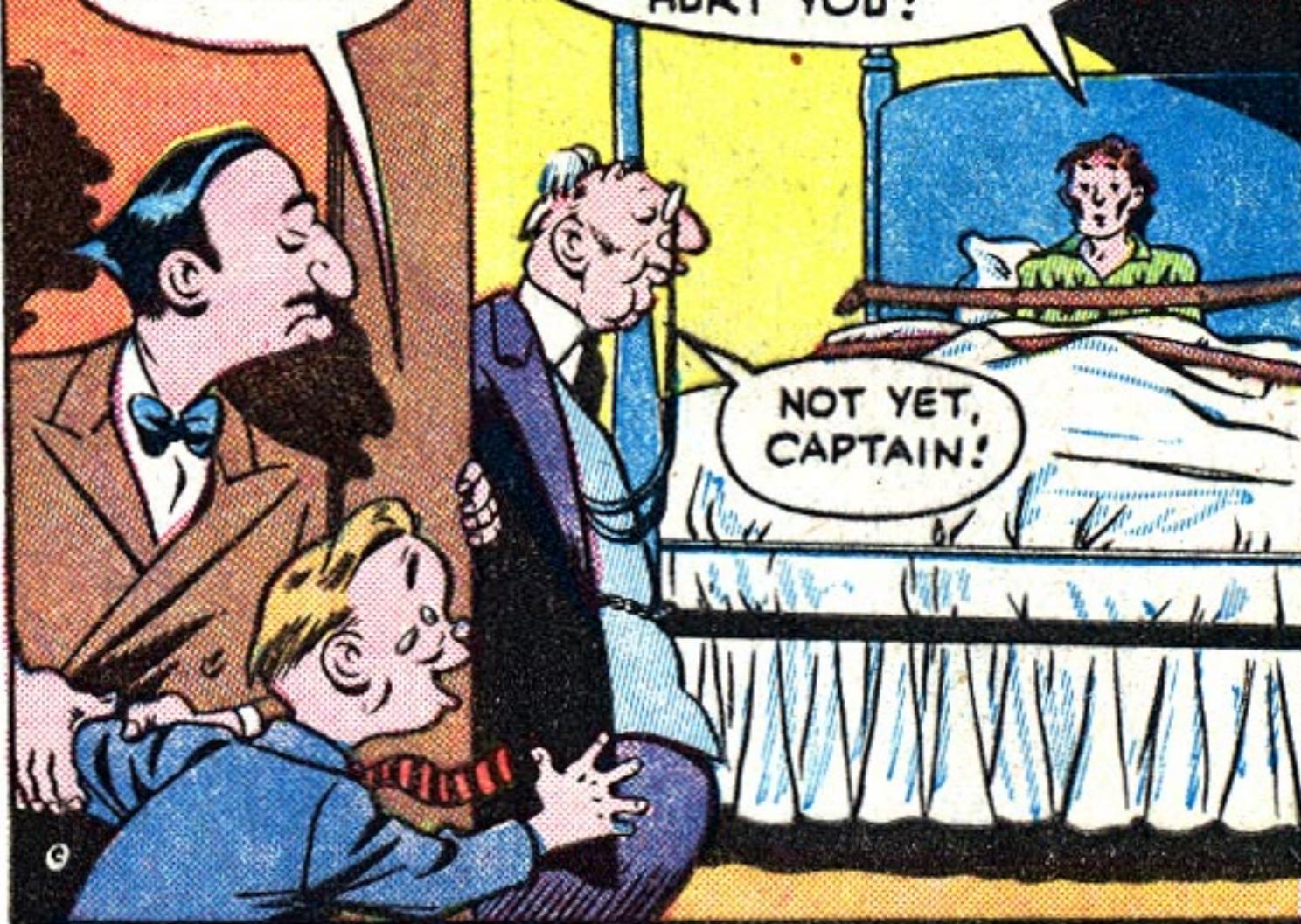
YOU'RE RIGHT! MAYBE THAT'LL BE THE THING THAT CRACKS HIM!



DADDY!!

SONNY! HAVE THEY HURT YOU?

NOT YET, CAPTAIN!



BUT SONNY'S BECOMING A NUISANCE WITH HIS RUNNING AWAY! I THINK A SHOT OF THIS, HOWEVER, WILL OFFER A PERMANENT CURE ...

YOU DIRTY, THIEVING SKUNK!



OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE READY TO SIGN THE POWER-OF-ATTORNEY OVER TO AL, GIVING HIM FULL CONTROL OF YOUR PROPERTY...

YOU WIN! .. I'LL SIGN! ... BUT DON'T HURT SONNY!

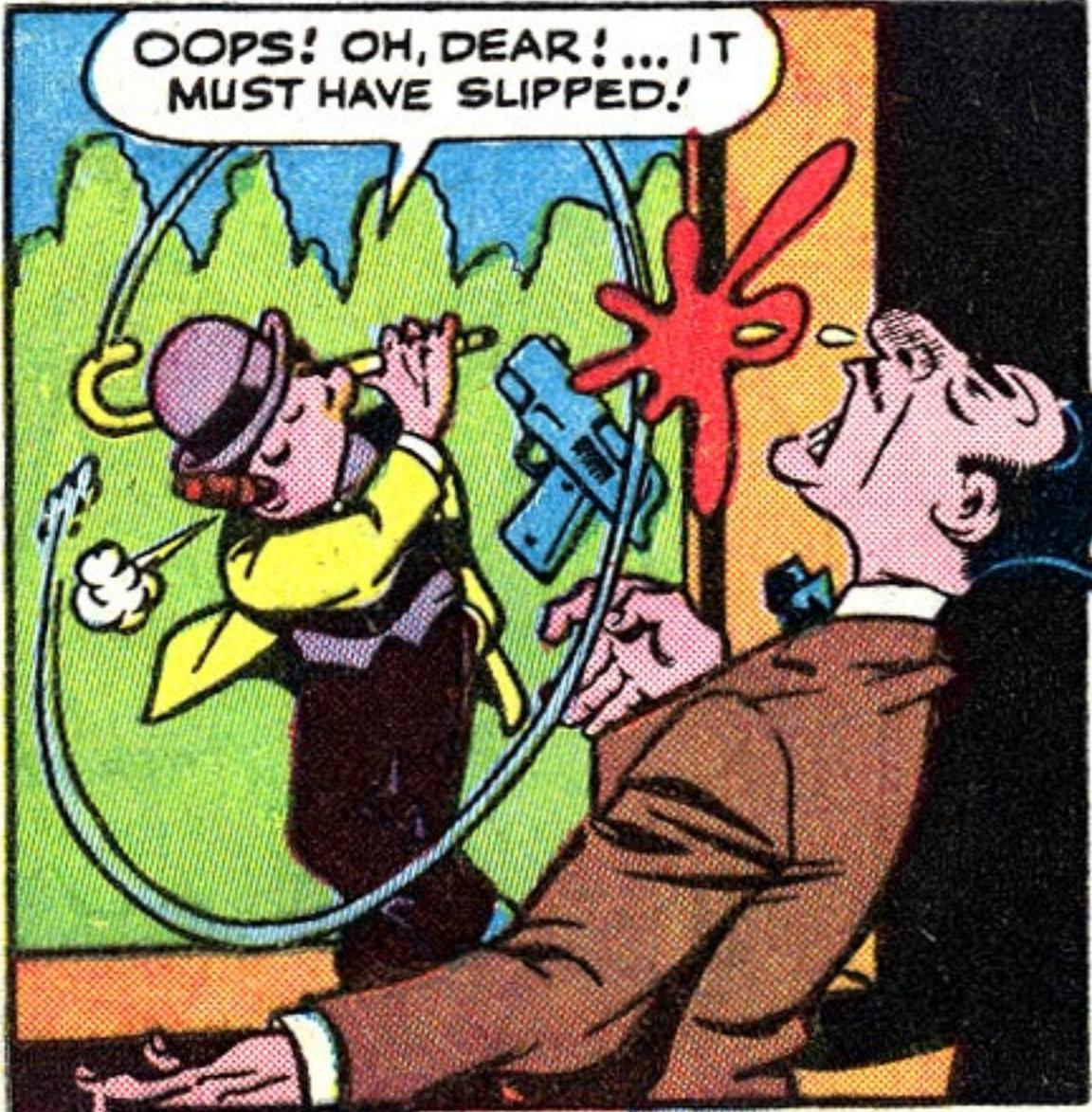


I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU, CAPTAIN! NOT NECESSARY AT ALL, I ASSURE YOU! ...

HIM AGAIN!... GET HIM, AL!



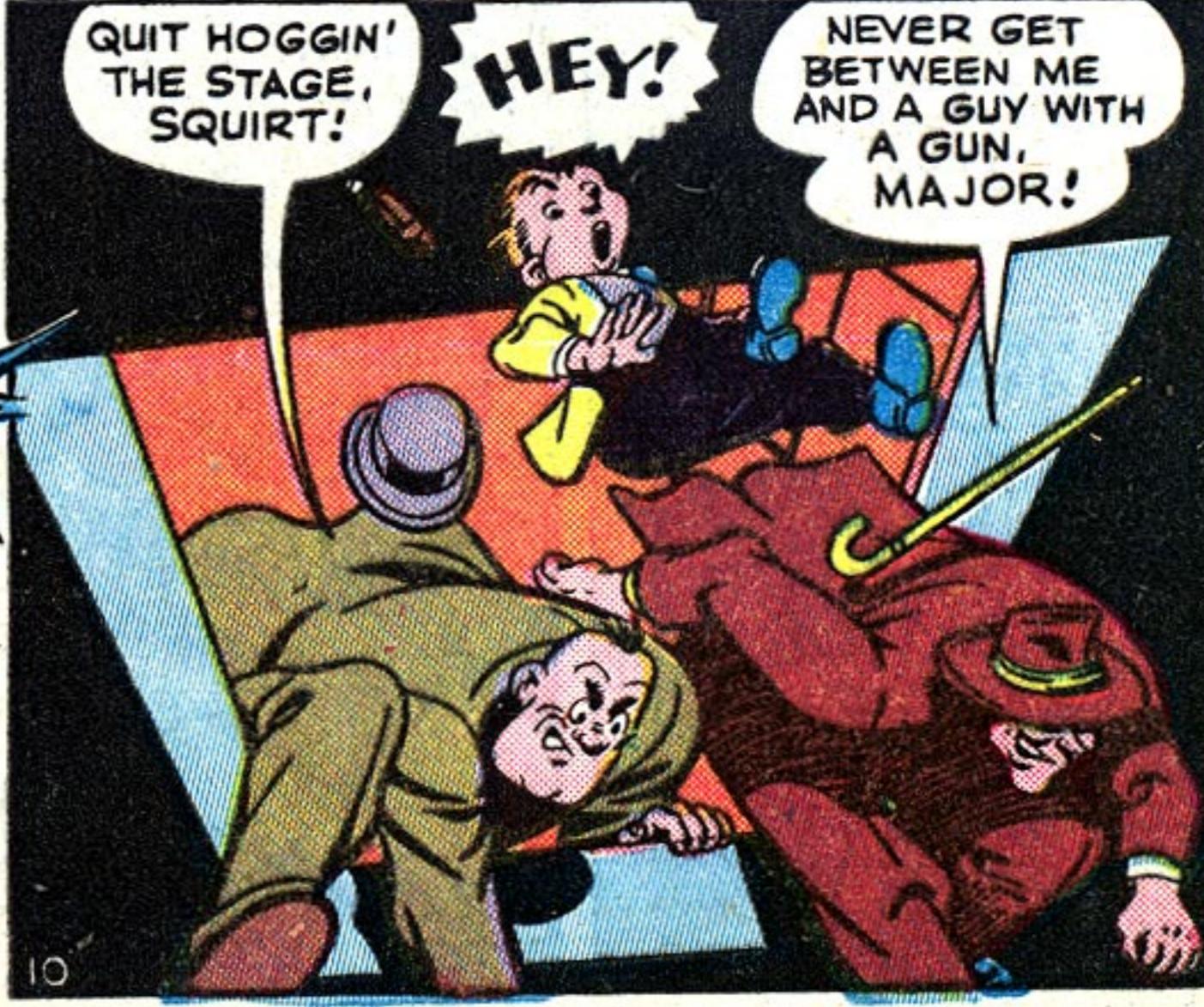
OOPS! OH, DEAR! ... IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED!

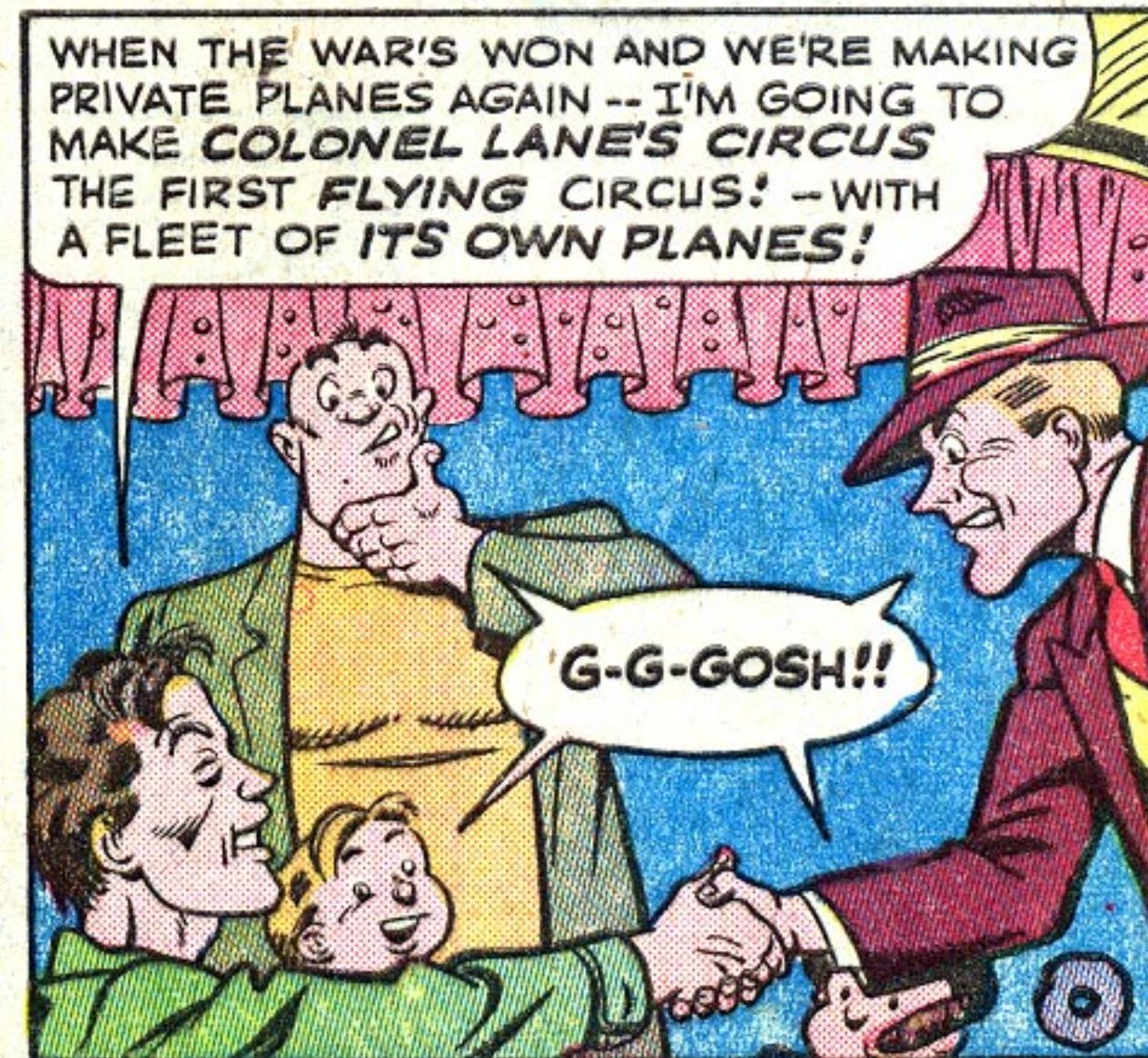
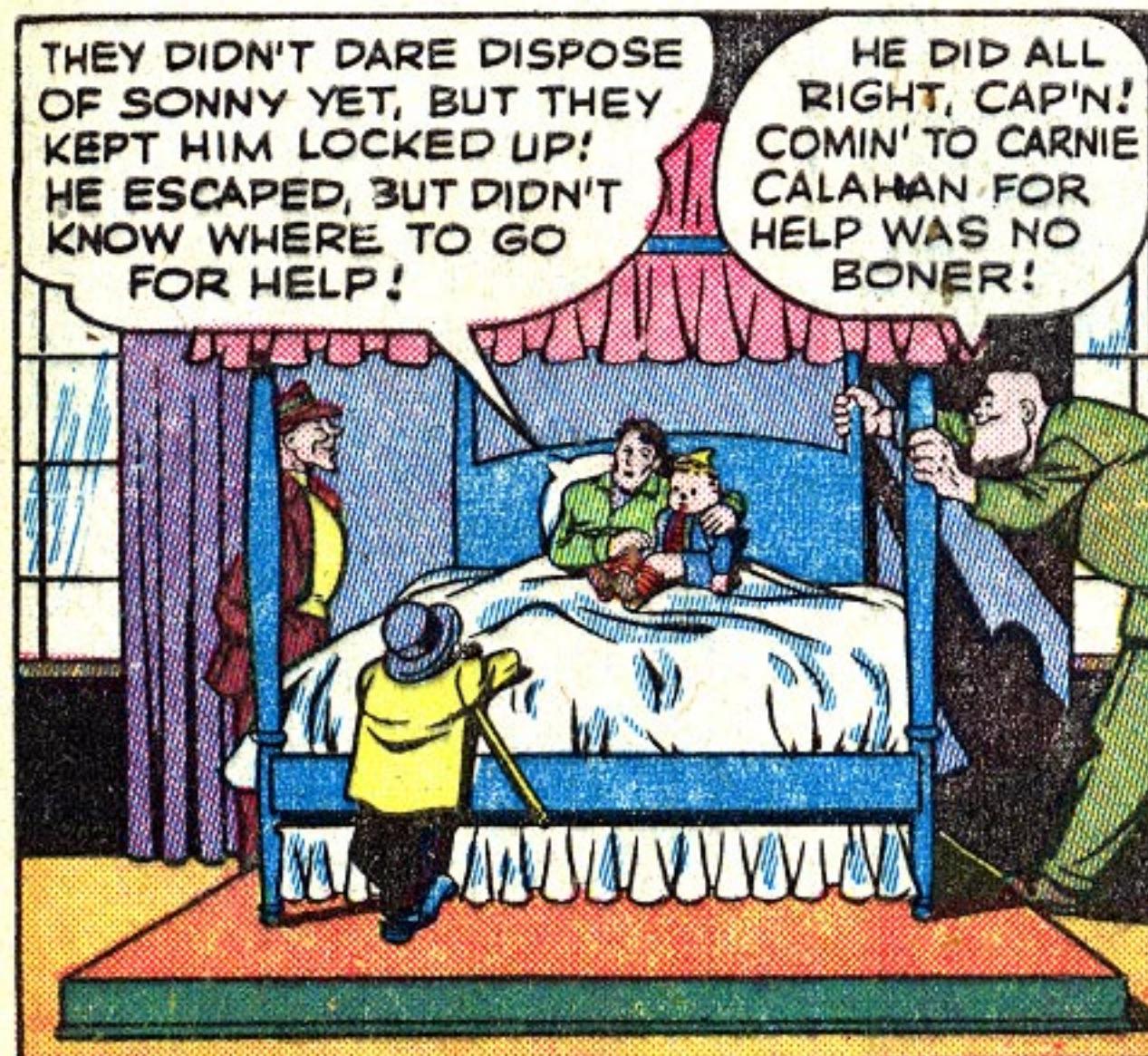
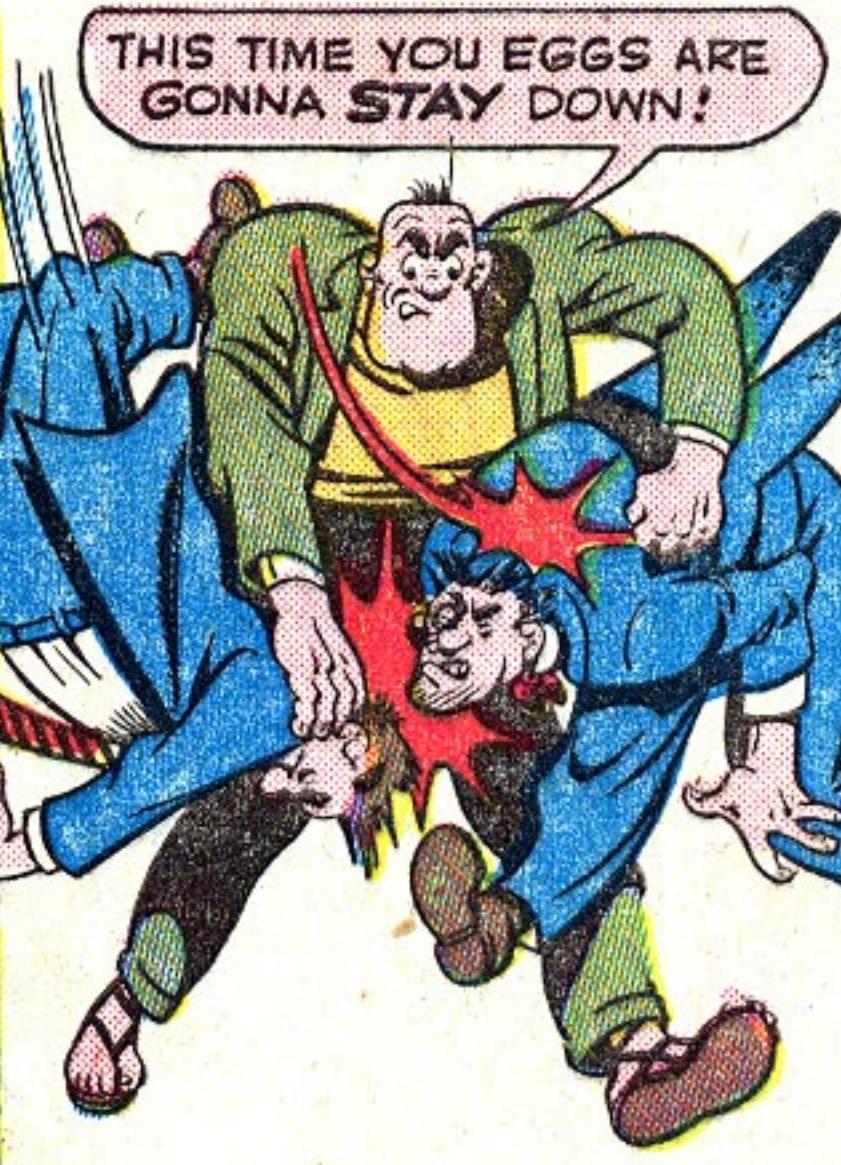


QUIT HOGGIN' THE STAGE, SQUIRT!

HEY!

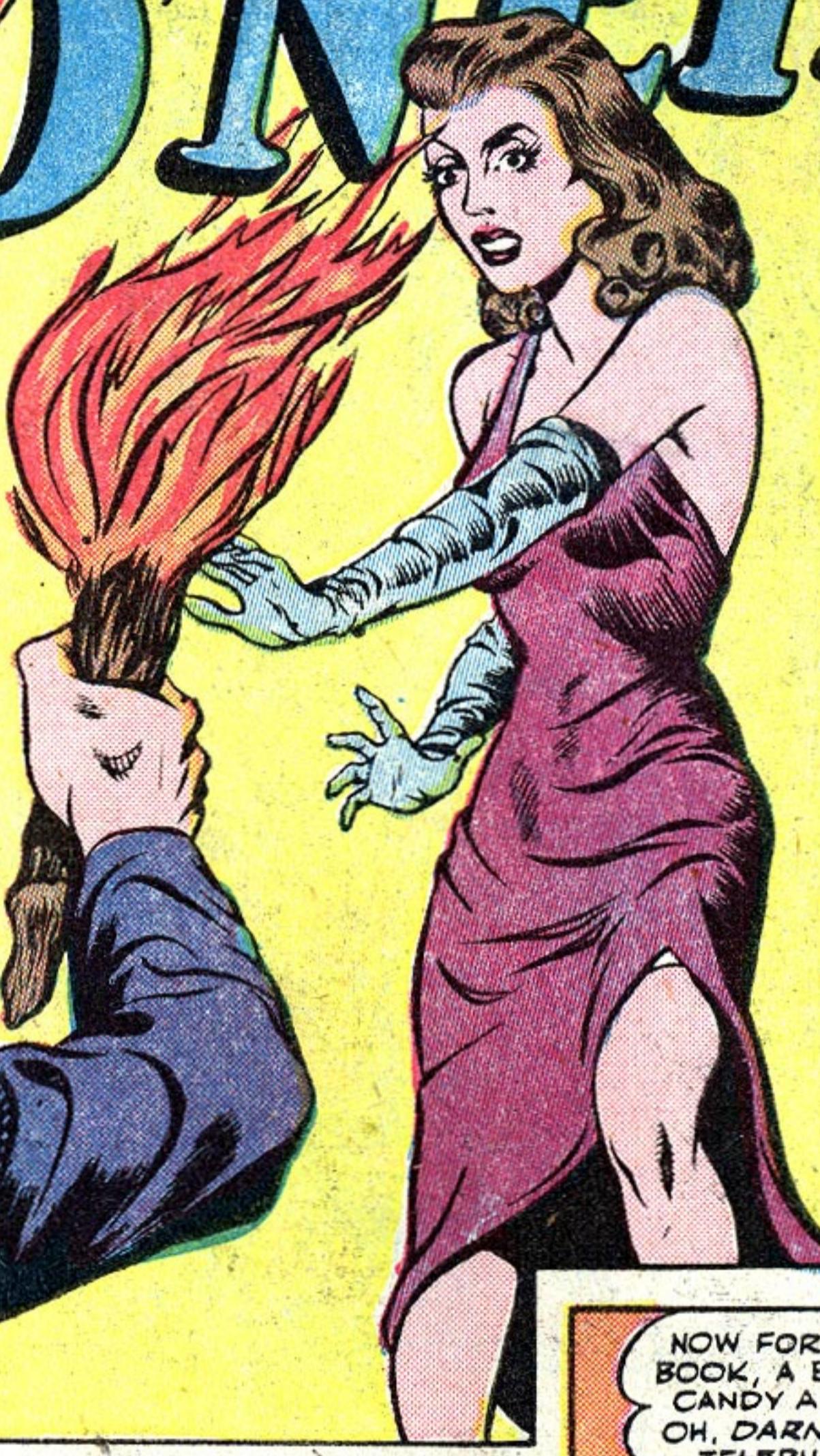
NEVER GET BETWEEN ME AND A GUY WITH A GUN, MAJOR!





# Sally O'NEIL

"SING ME A TORCH SONG!" CRIED THE INHUMAN VOICE-- AND ONE AFTER ANOTHER THE BRIGHTEST STARS OF THE CITY'S NIGHT CLUB TRAIL SANG THEIR TORCH SONGS AND DIED-- EACH A FLAMING TORCH HERSELF!"



IT TOOK POLICEWOMAN SALLY O'NEIL, COOPERATING WITH THE CITY FIRE MARSHAL, TO TRACK DOWN THE MANIACAL TORCH KILLER WHOSE FIENDISH HOBBY WAS FILLING THE MORGUE WITH SCORCHED AND BLACKENED CORPSES!

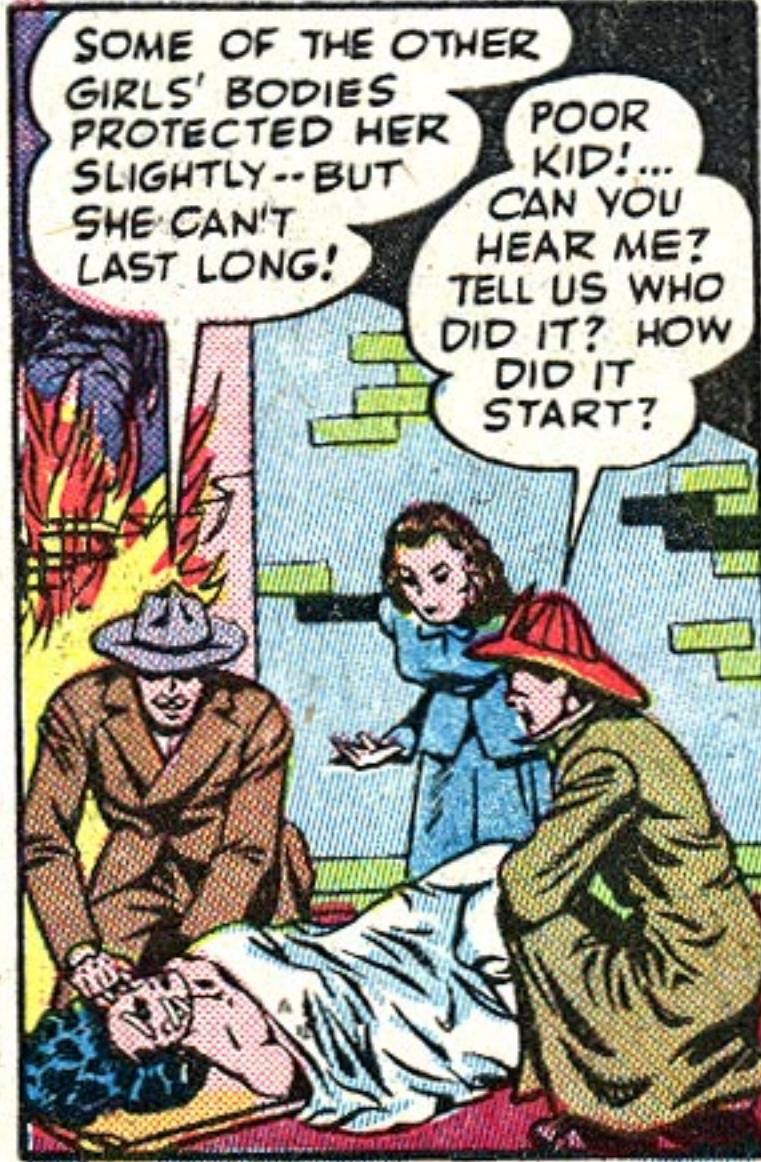
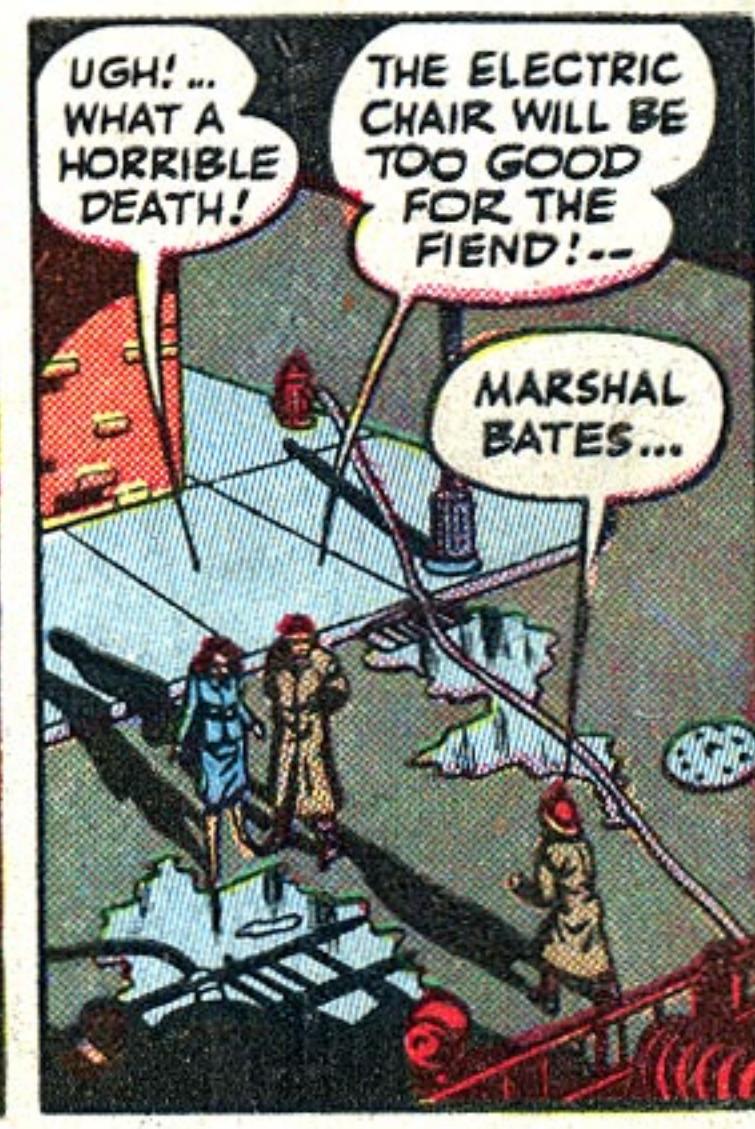
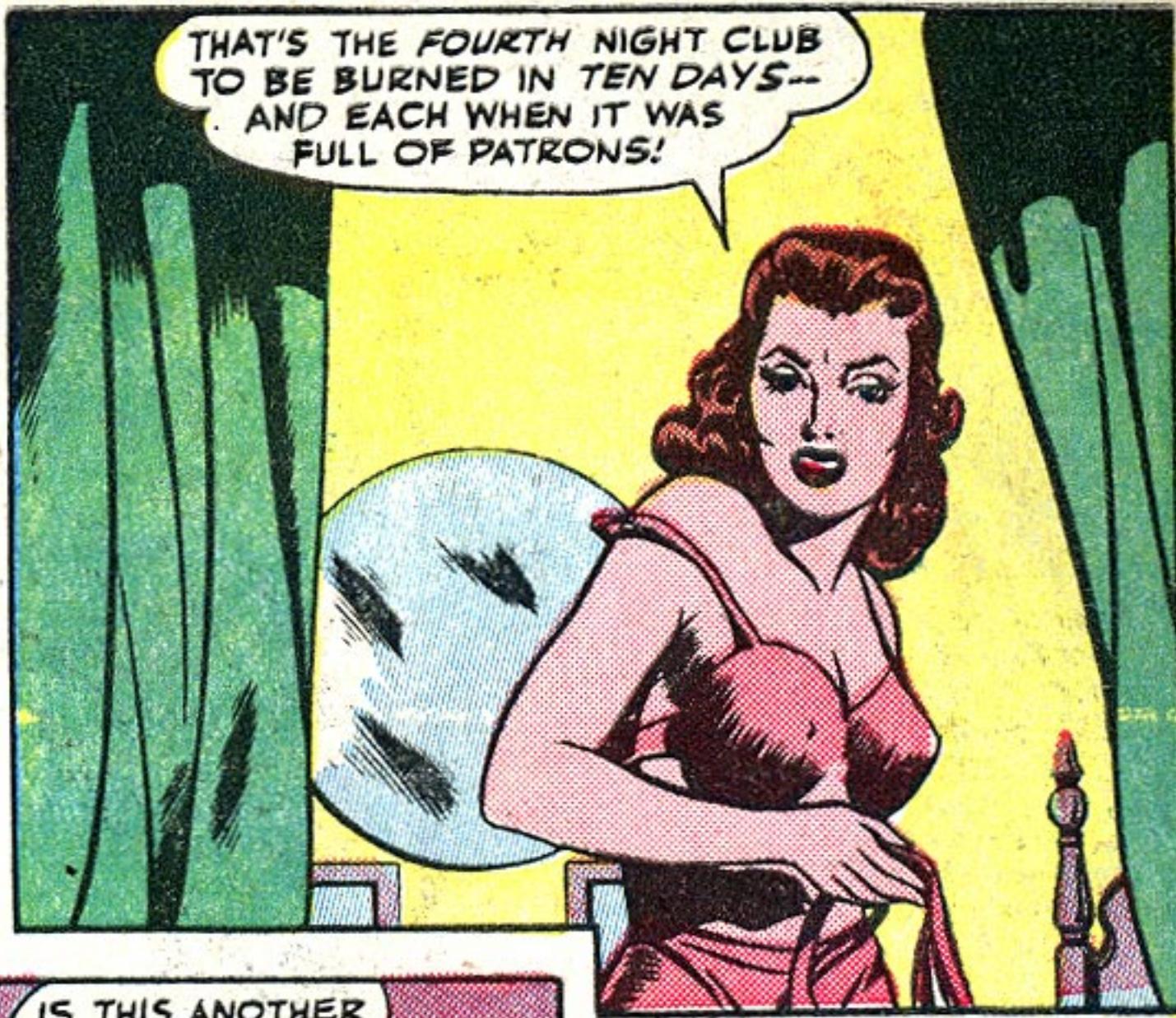
EVEN A BUSY POLICEWOMAN MUST HAVE HER NIGHT OFF OCCASIONALLY...

HO-HMMM! BEING A POLICEWOMAN IS EXCITING-- BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE AN EVENING AT HOME ONCE IN A WHILE!

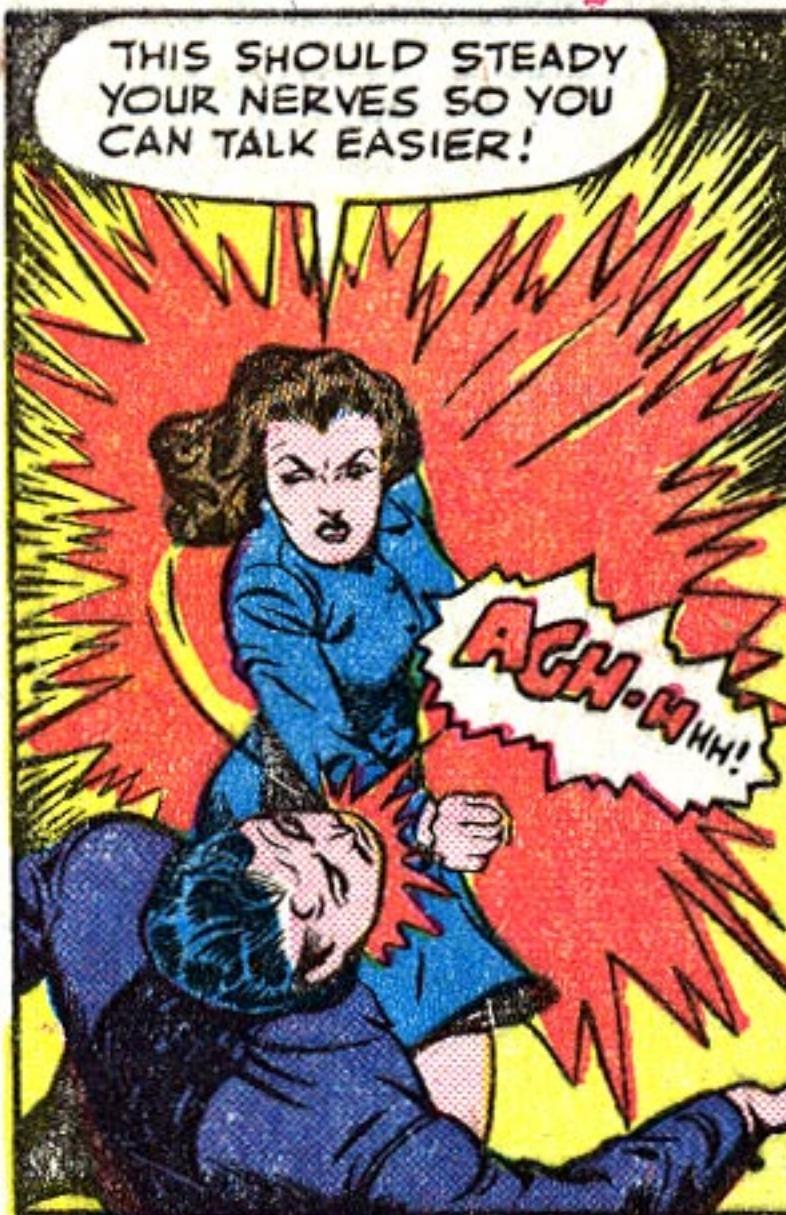
I WON'T NEED THIS FOR A FEW HOURS!

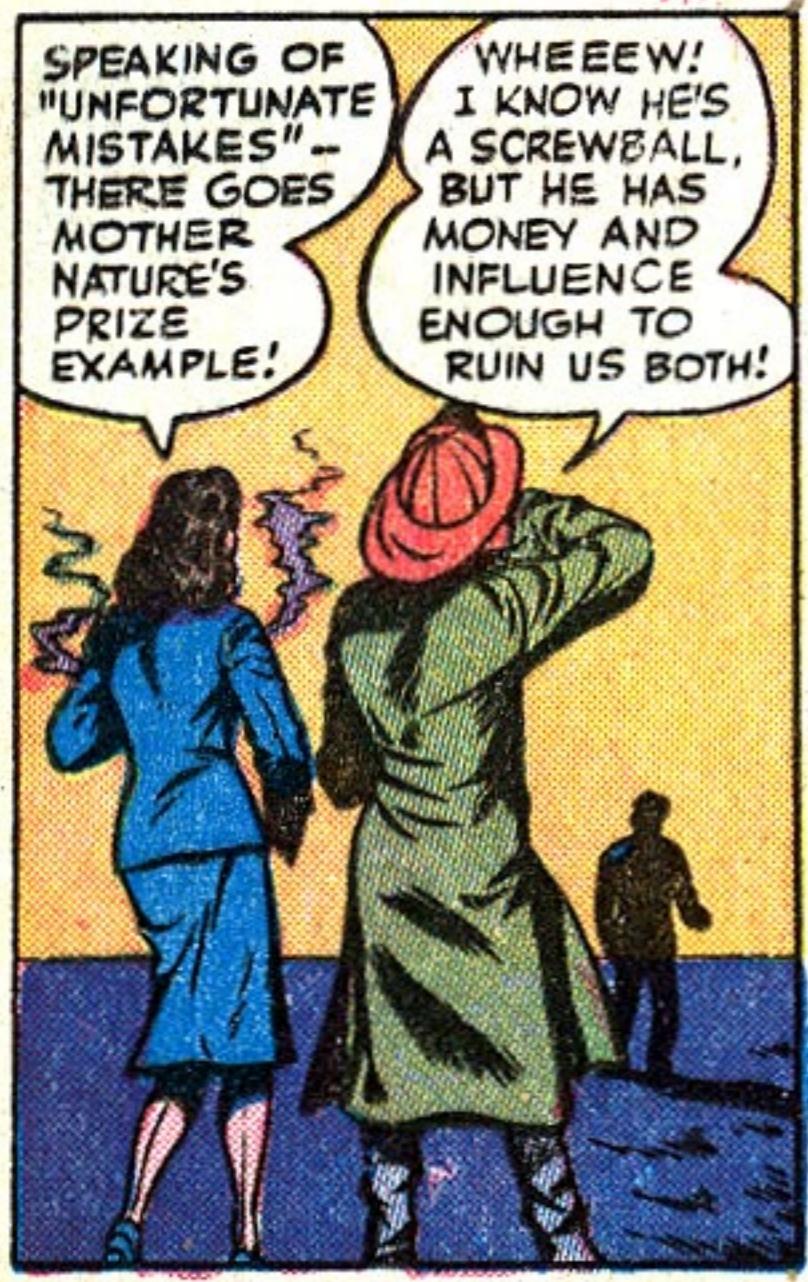
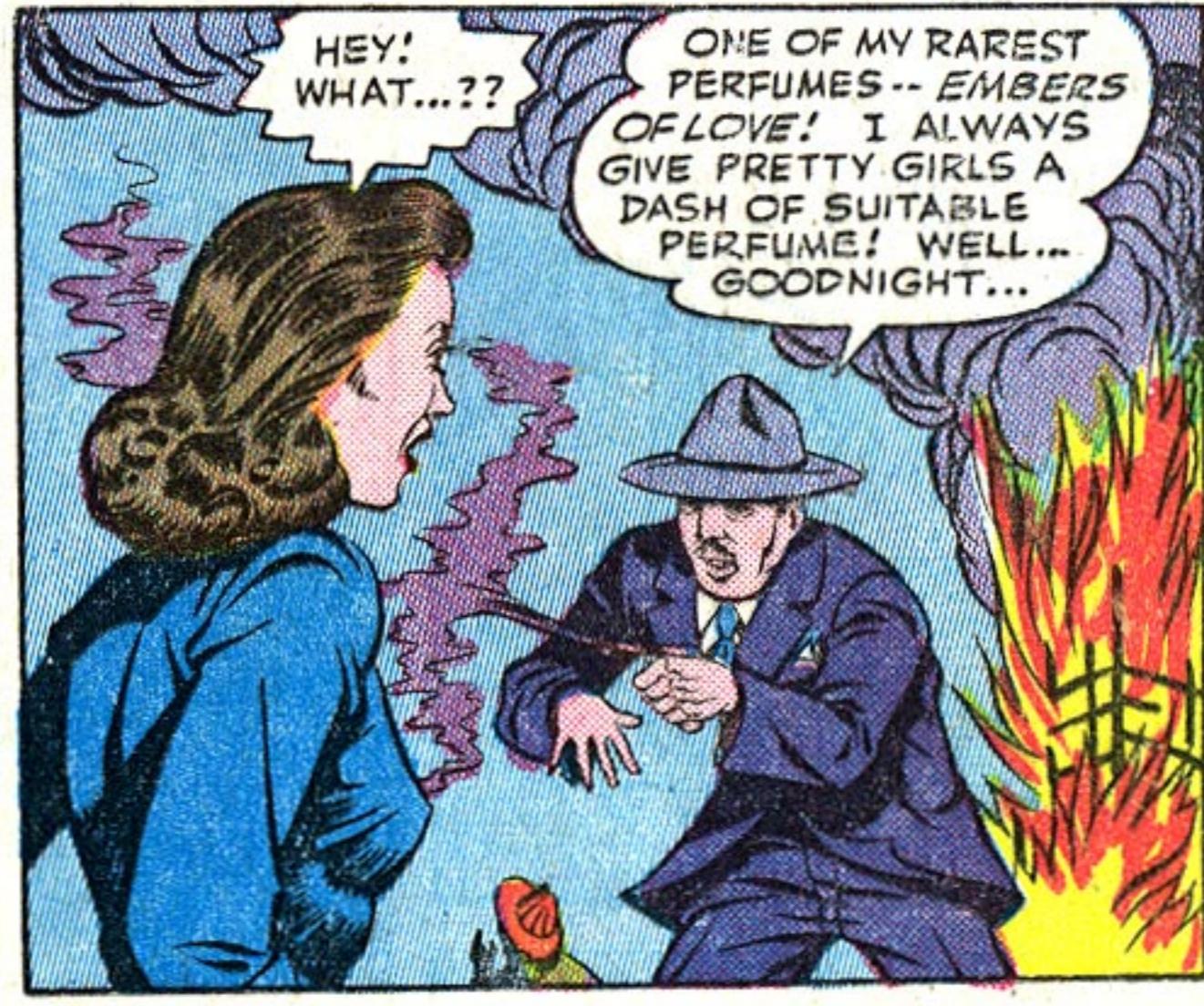
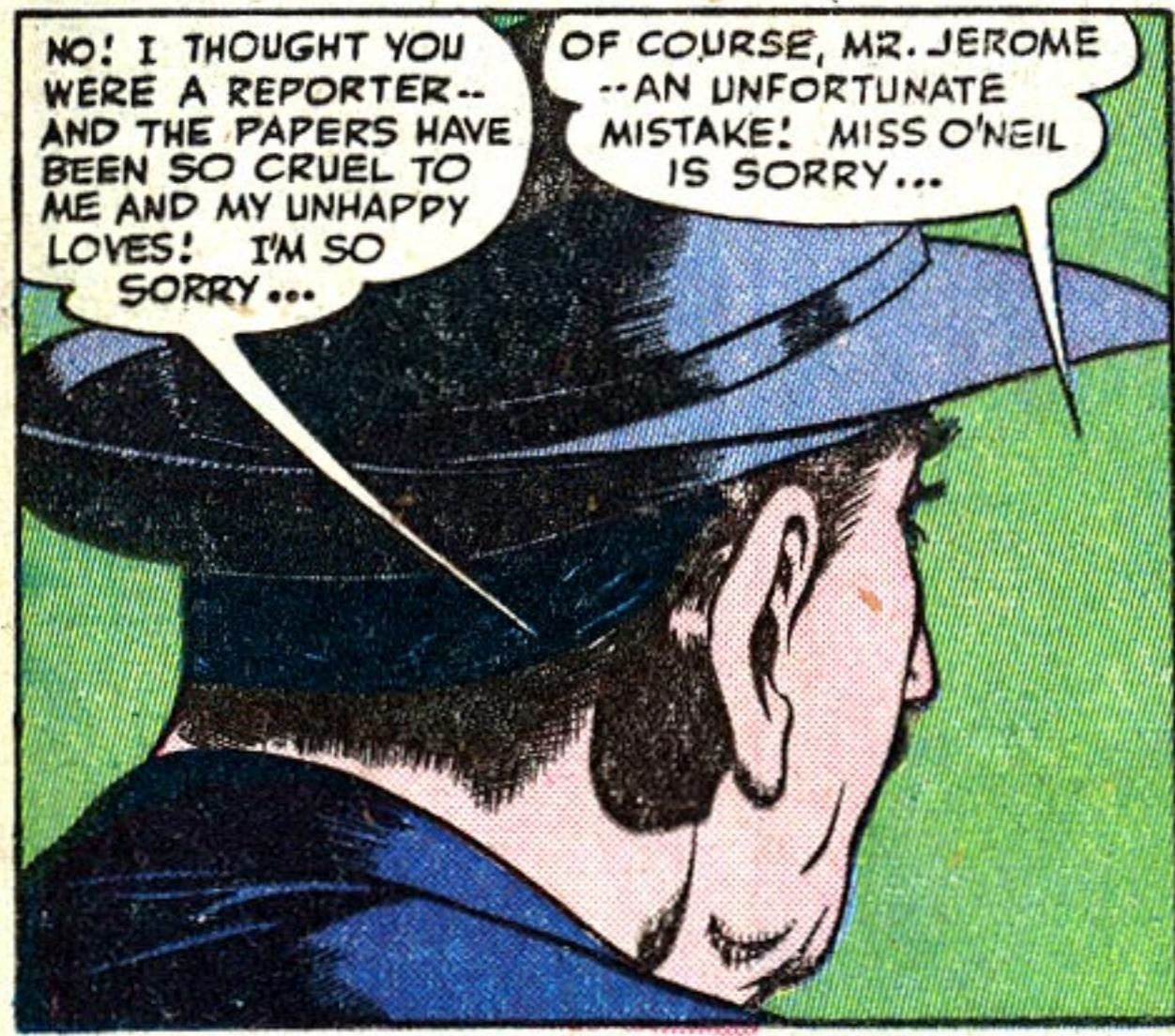
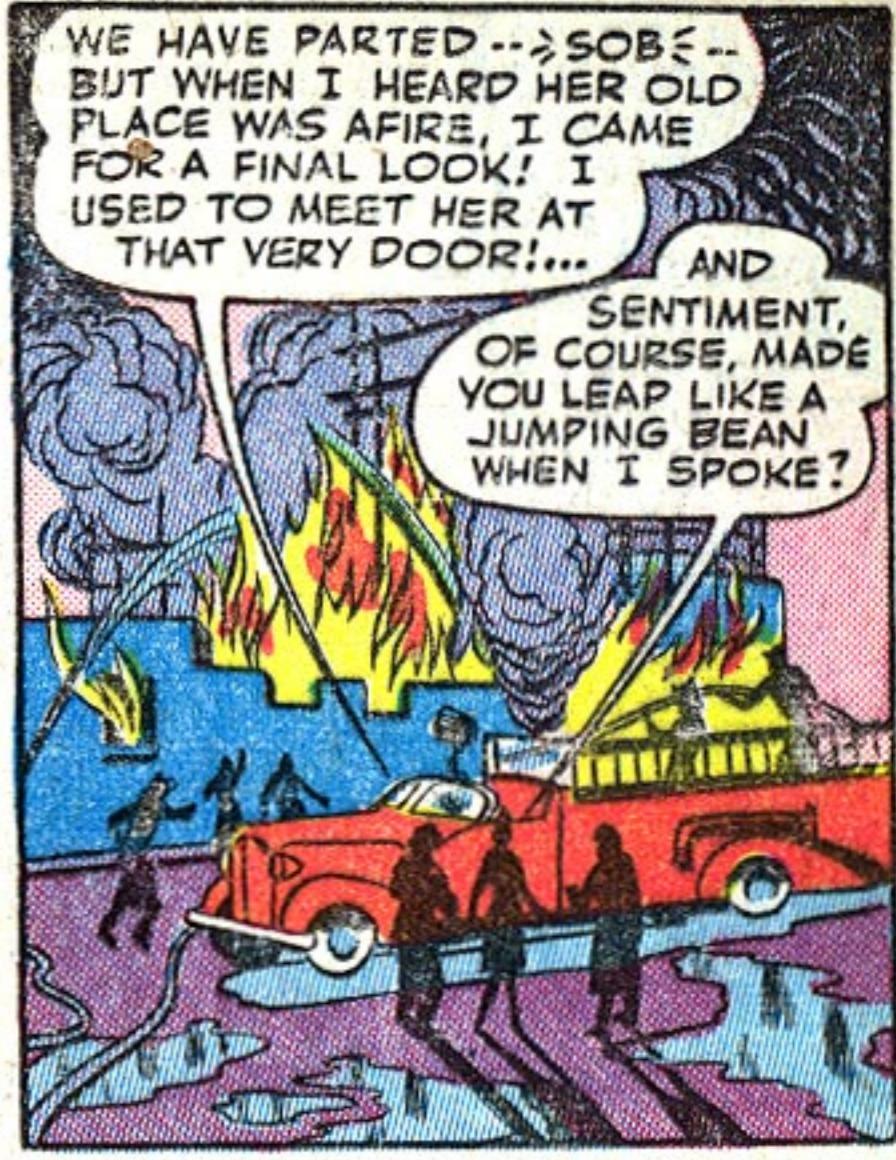
NOW FOR A GOOD BOOK, A BOX OF CANDY AND --- OH, DARN! THAT TELEPHONE!...

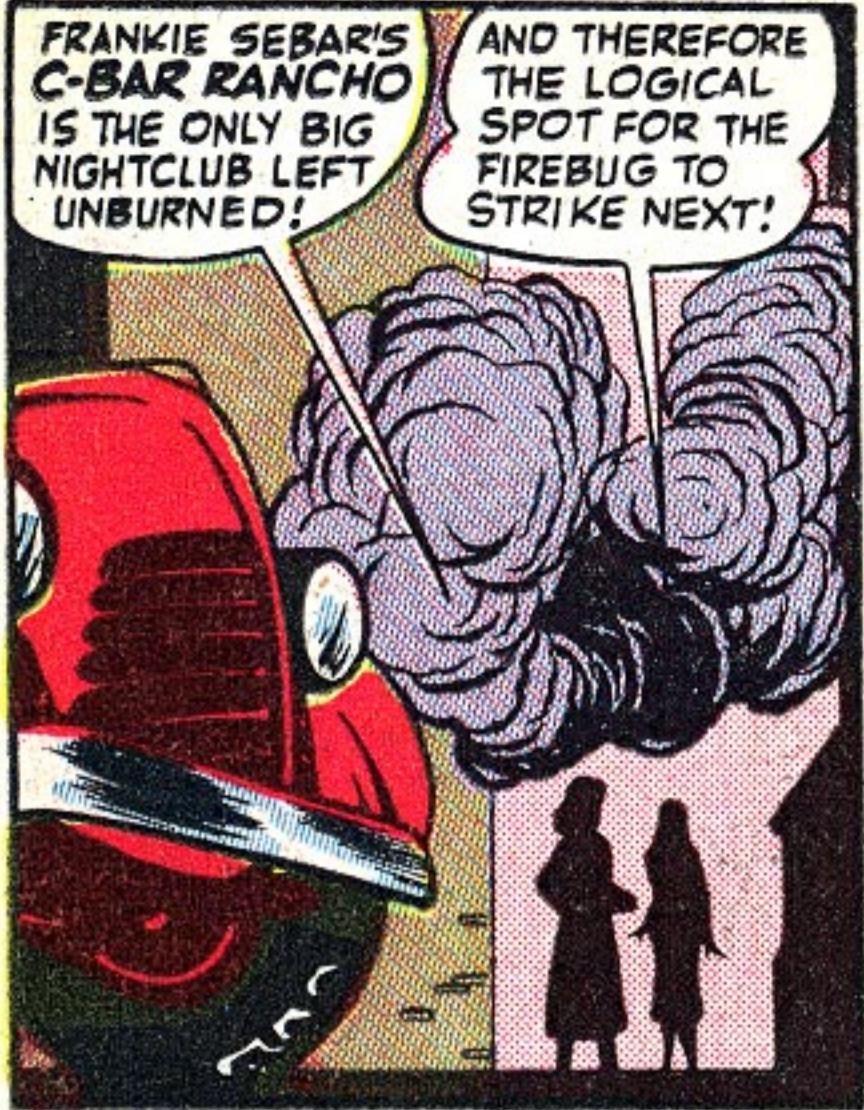




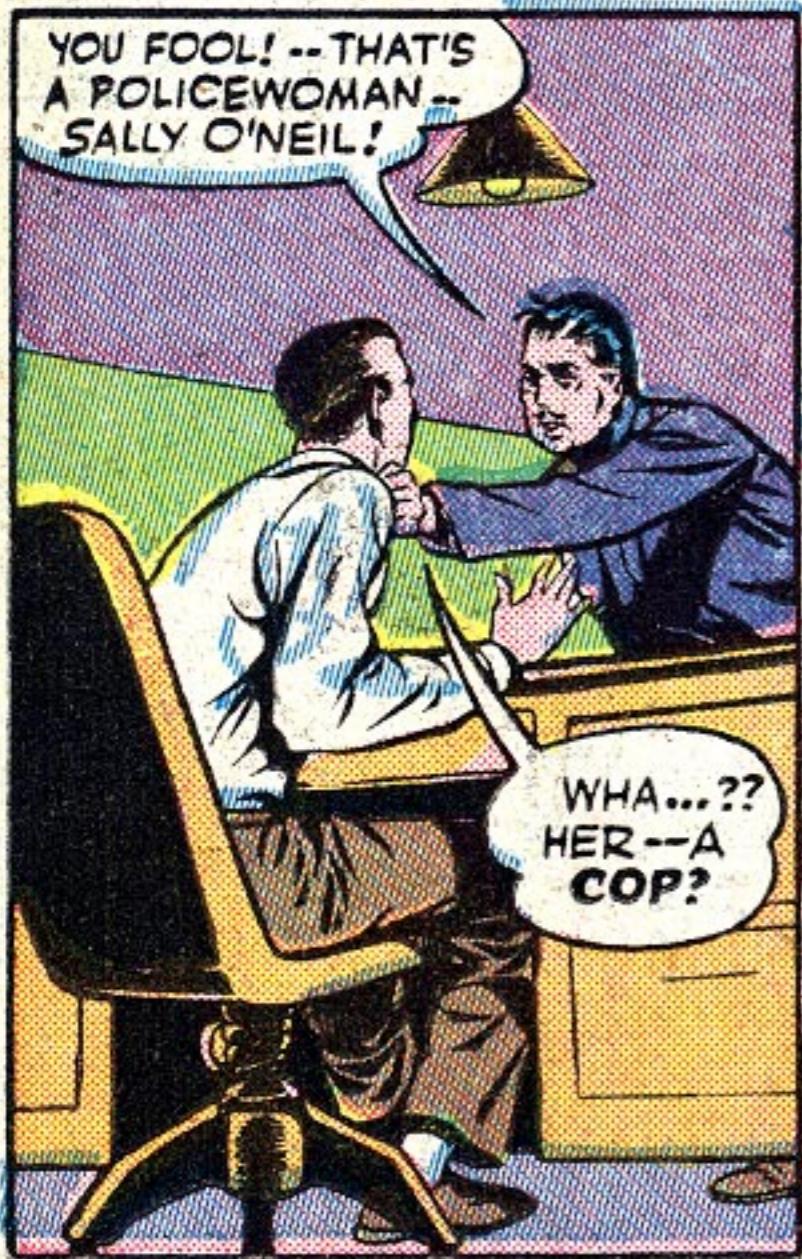
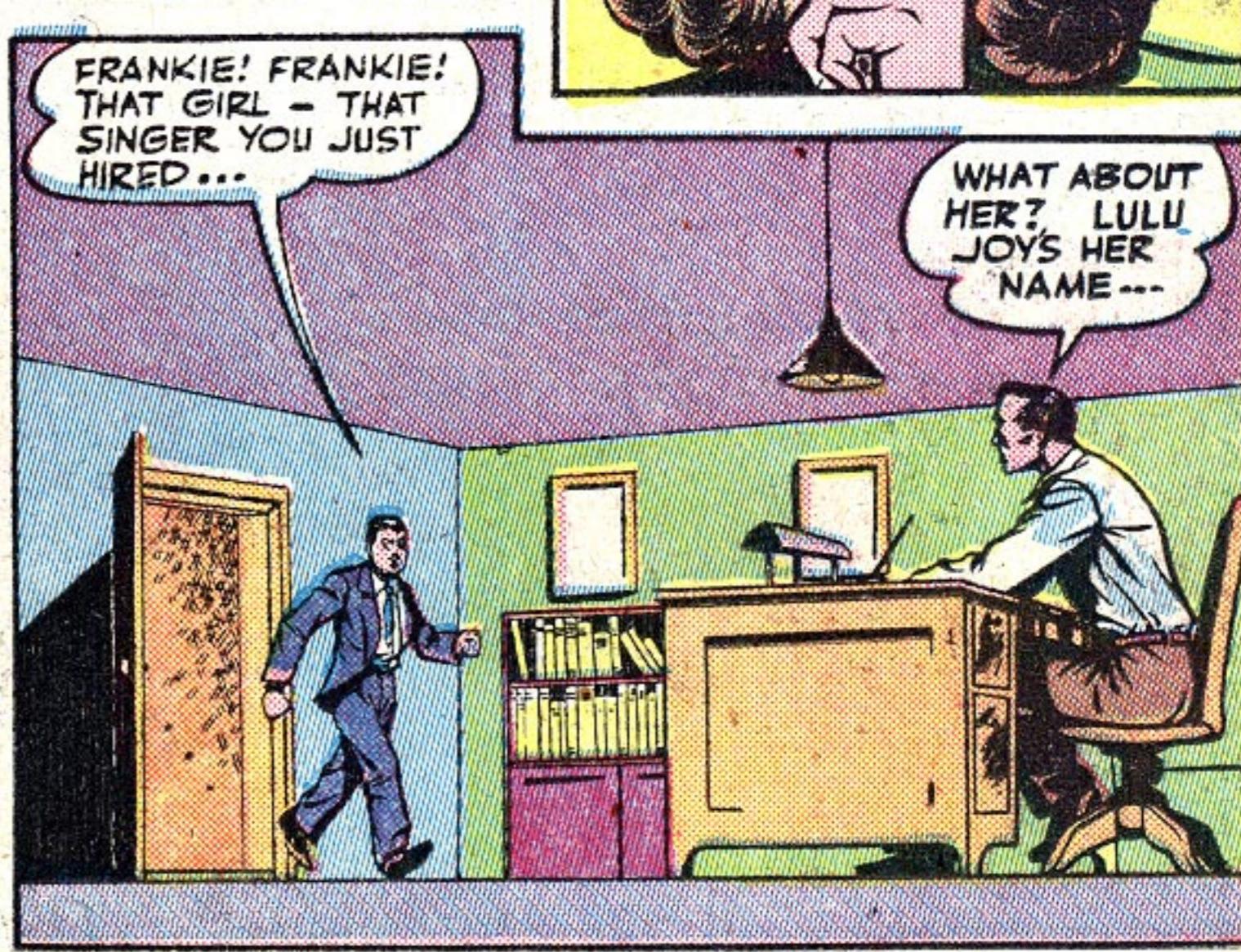
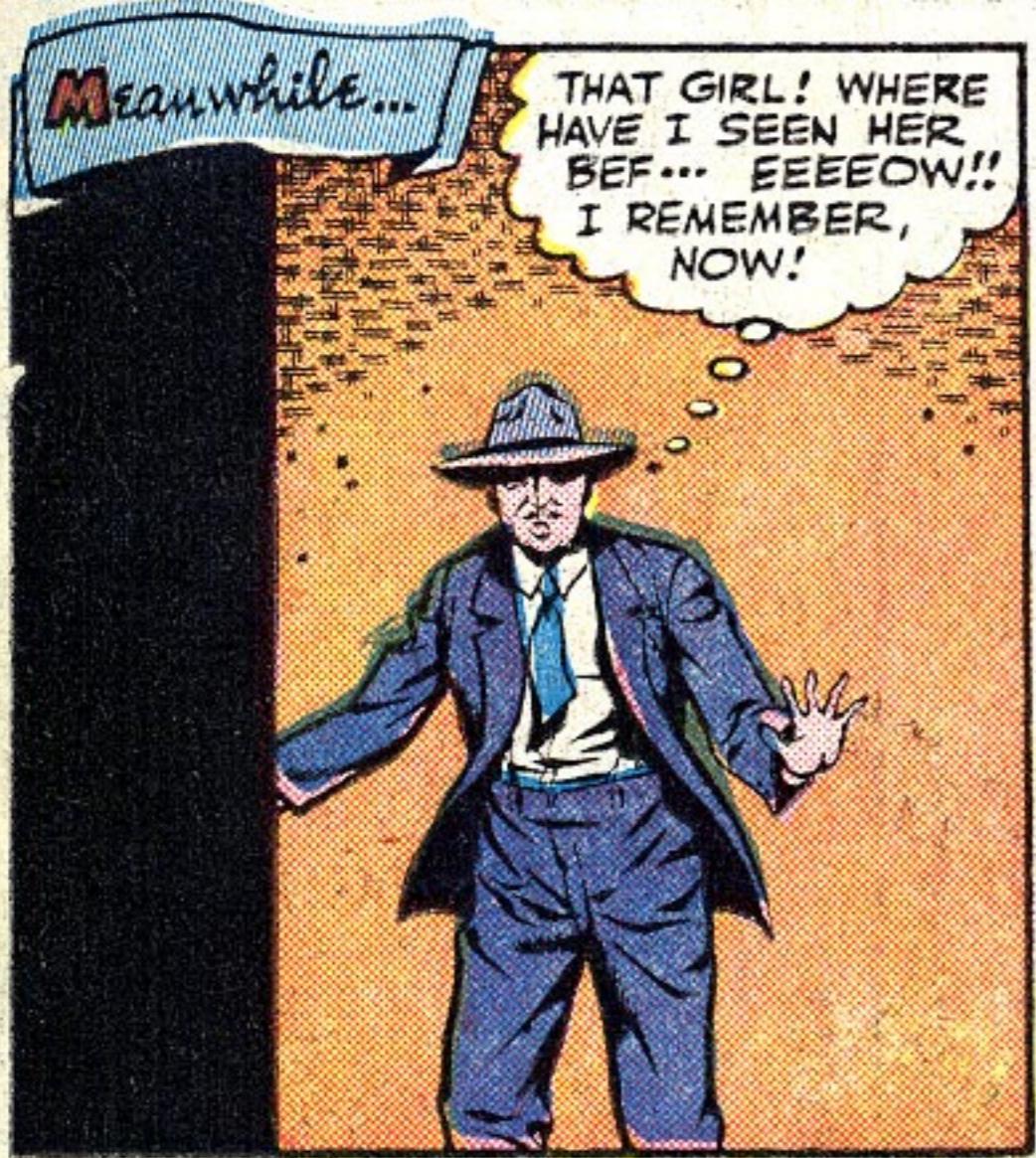
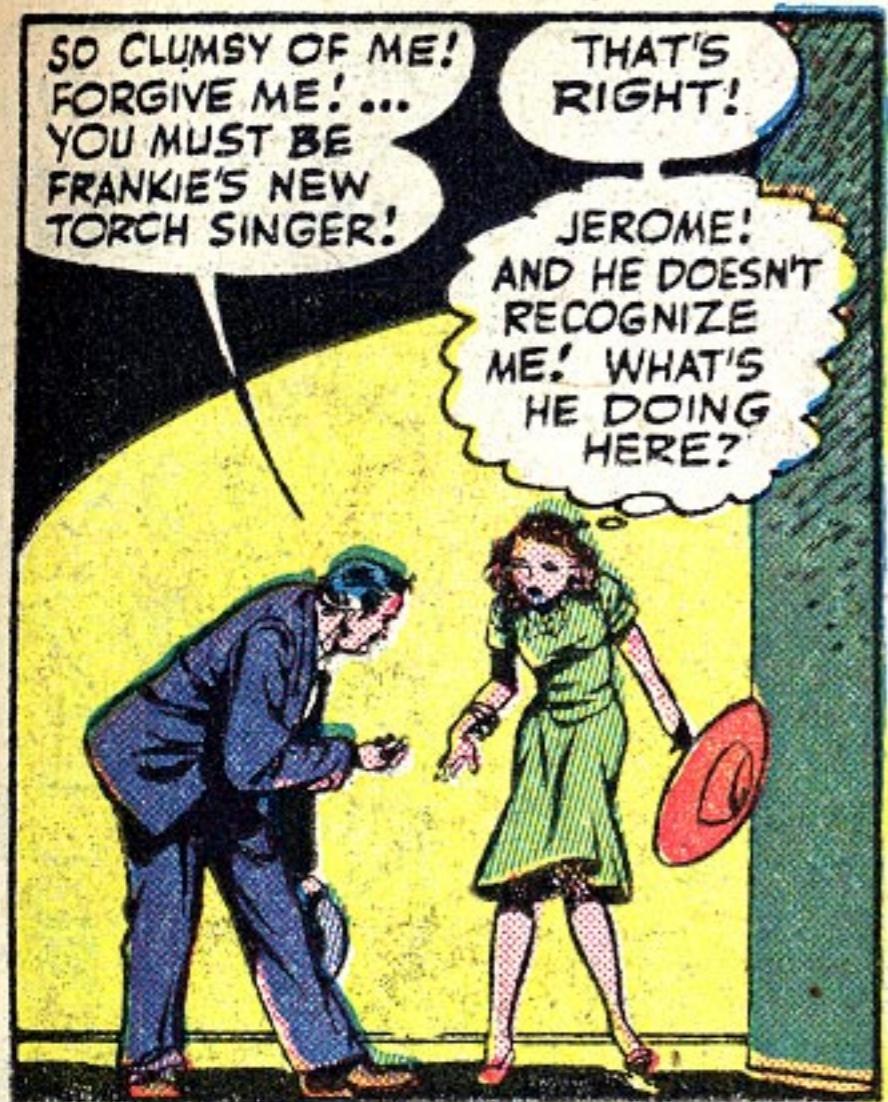
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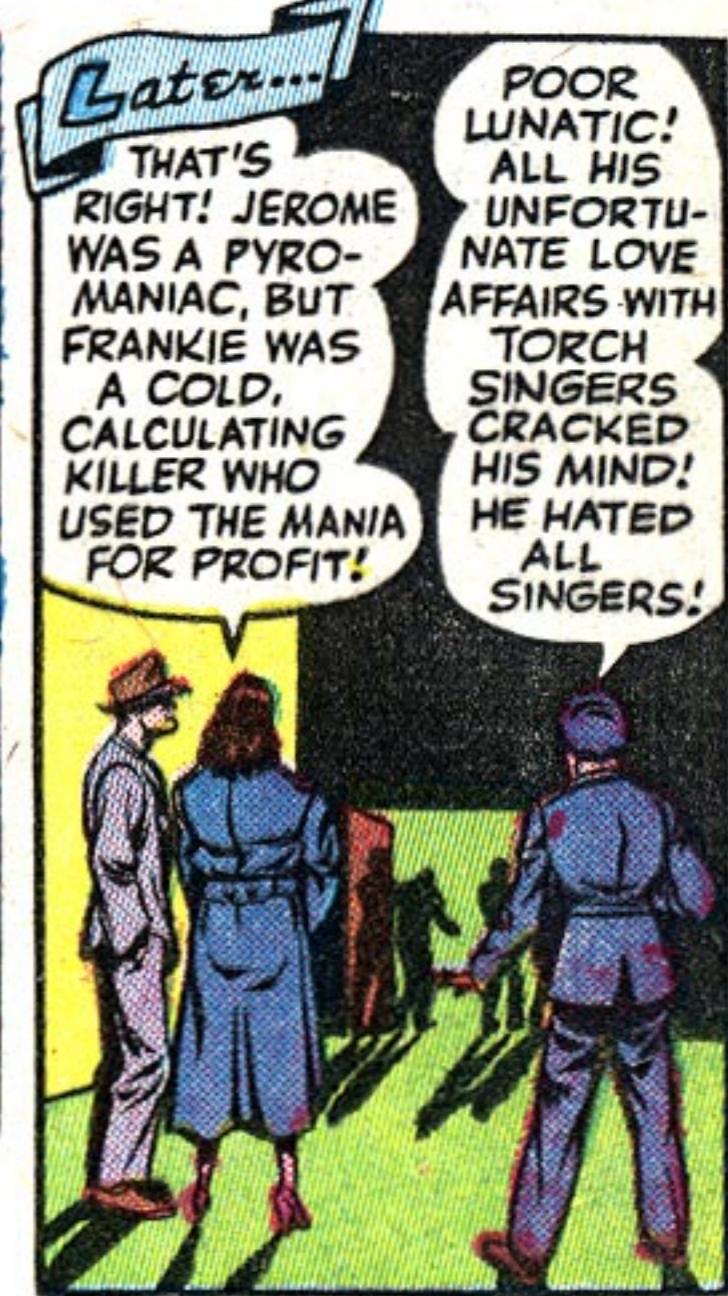
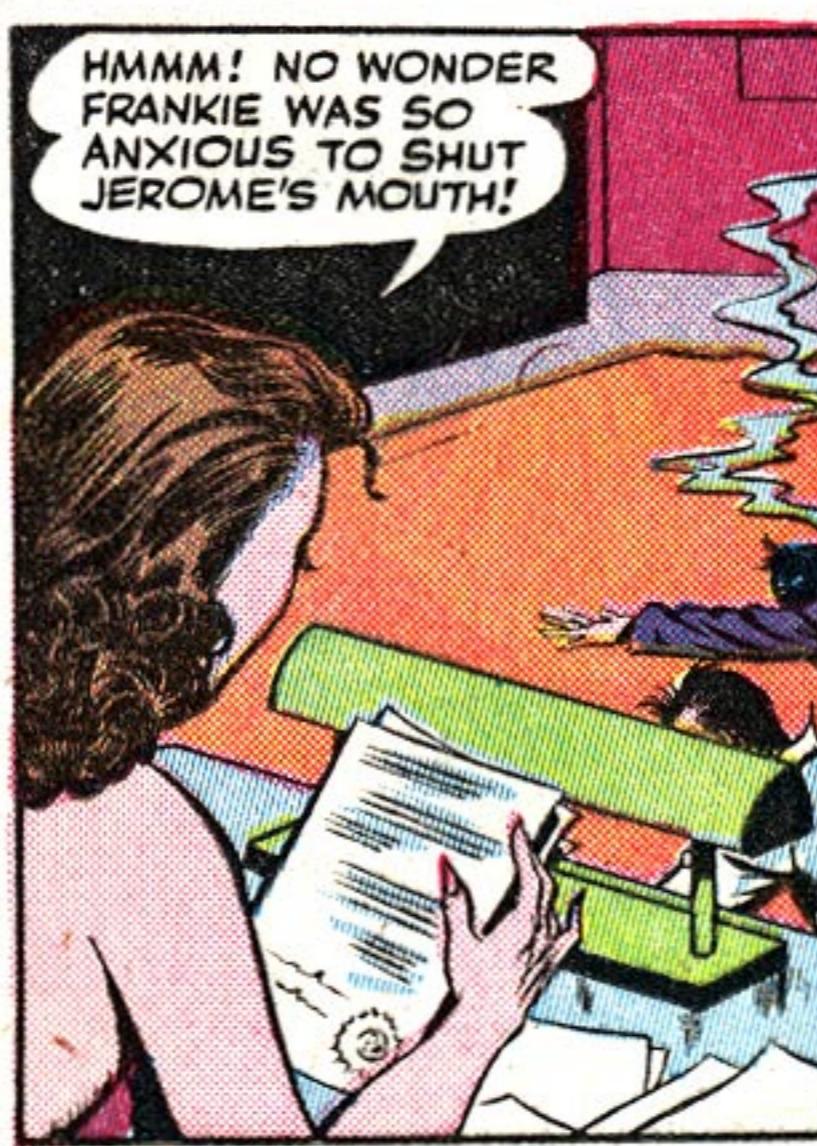


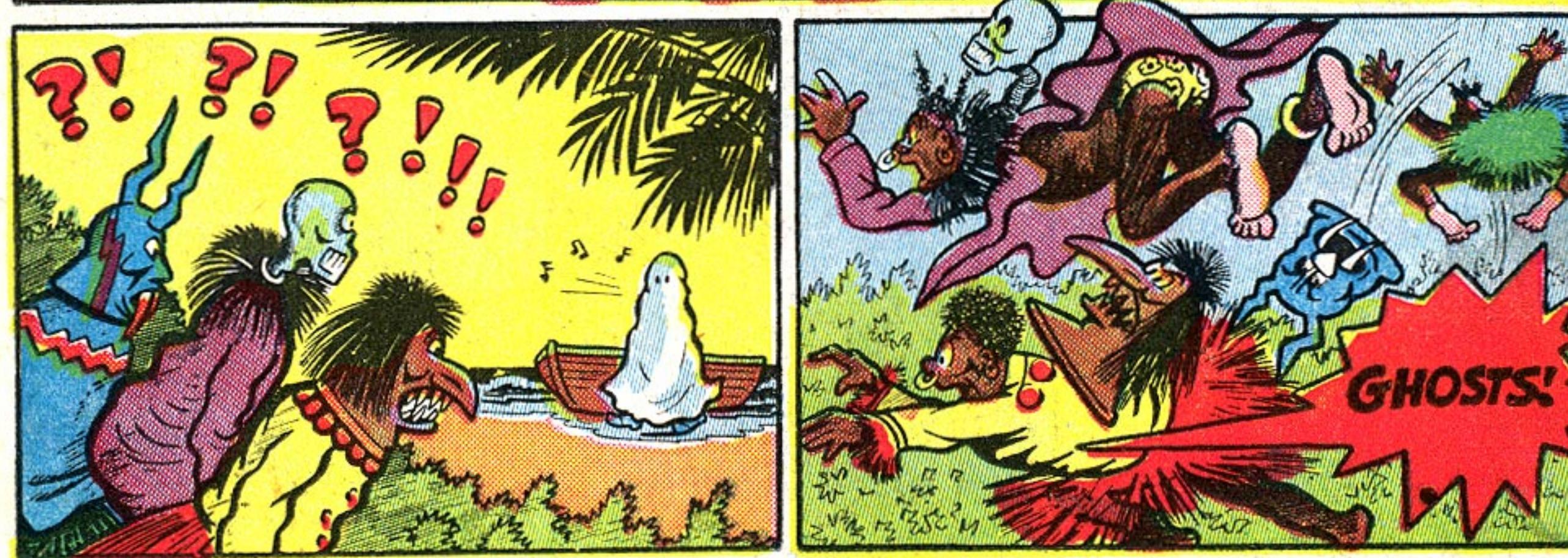
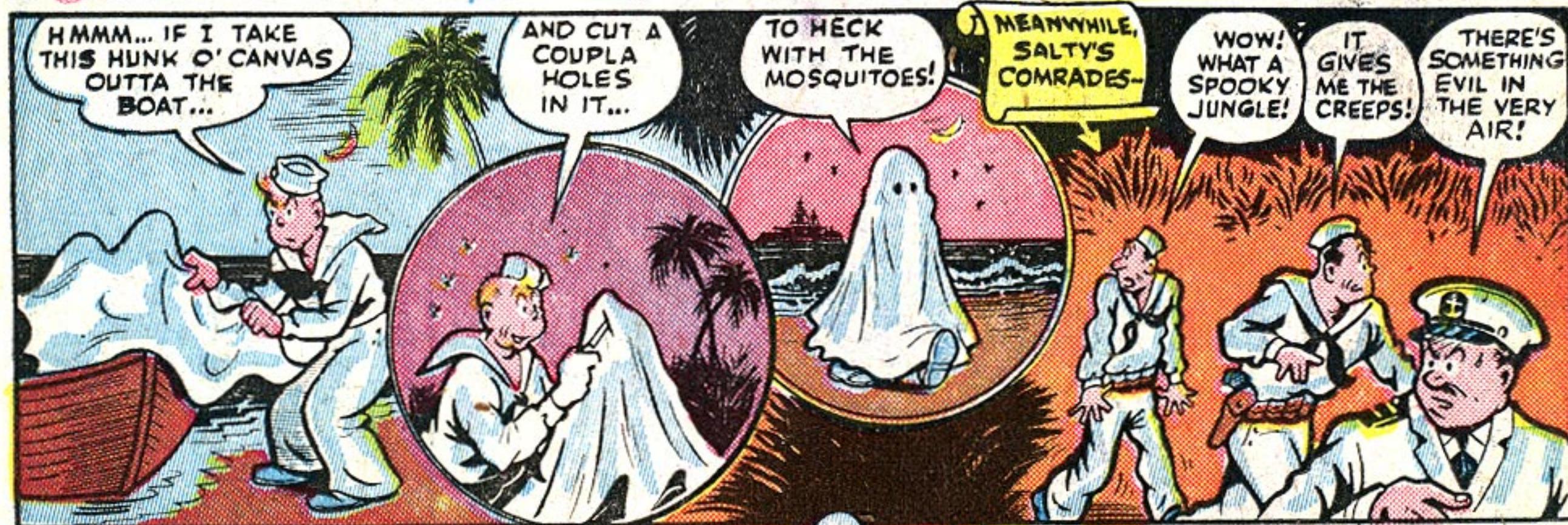
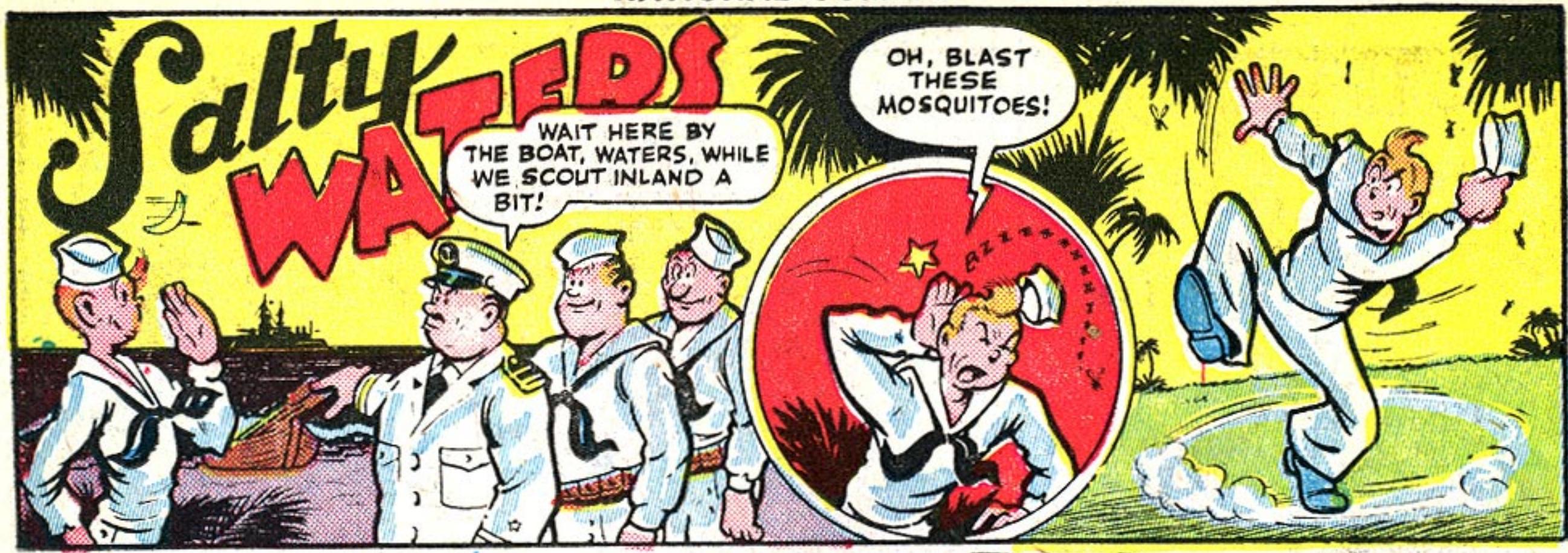
# NATIONAL COMICS



## NATIONAL COMICS







Case No. 20...  
"The Vase of  
Kwan-Yin"

# G-2



THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF ODD JOBS CONNECTED WITH INTELLIGENCE...  
... BUT ONE OF THE ODDEST WAS WISHED ON CAPTAIN DON LEASH BY Professor Joachim!

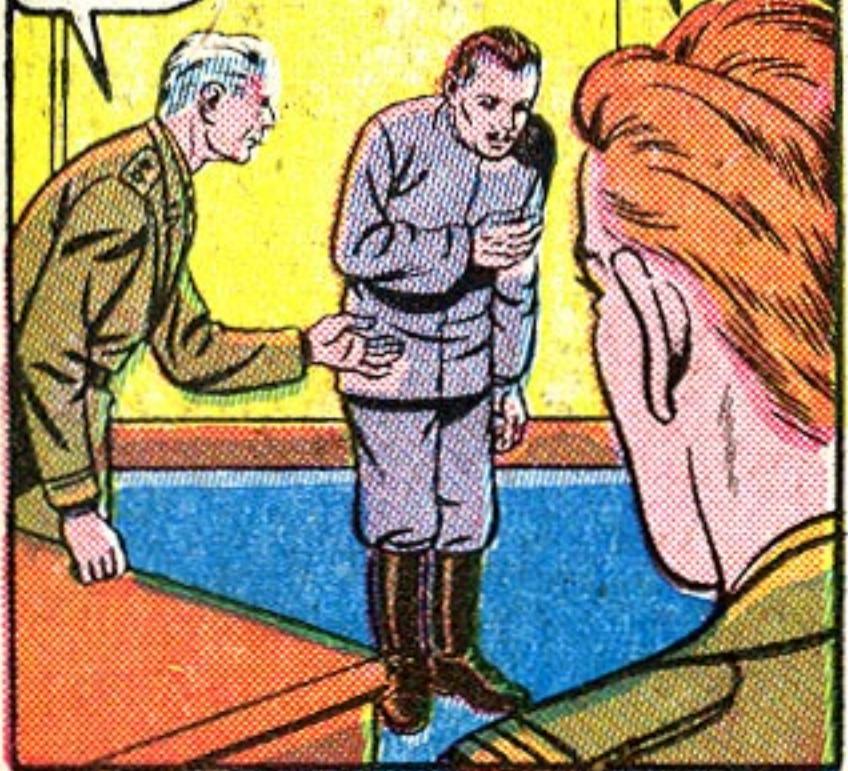
MEET PROFESSOR JOACHIM, THE ART EXPERT! HE'LL WORK WITH YOU, CAPTAIN LEASH!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR!

AS WE RECONQUER THIS PART OF THE WORLD, WE ALSO RETAKE ITS TREASURES -- AXIS LEADERS WERE ALWAYS GREEDY THIEVES OF ART -- AND I AM FAMILIAR WITH THE BEST ITEMS STOLEN BY THE JAPANESE HEREABOUTS!

FOR INSTANCE, THE ALLIES NOW MOVE TO ATTACK PORT TAMBANG -- THE HOME OF THE KWAN-YIN VASE AND ITS AMAZING LEGEND!

I'VE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THAT! ISN'T A GODDESS OF MERCY SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN THE VASE TO THE PEOPLE OF PORT TAMBANG?



RIGHT! SHE SAID THAT WHOEVER HELD THAT VASE WOULD BE THE RIGHTFUL RULER OF THIS LAND!

AND THE JAPS HAVE IT NOW, EH? WE'LL HAVE TO GET IT OUT OF THEIR HANDS!

THE PLANE IS WARMING UP, PROFESSOR!

AND NOW, PRAY EXCUSE ME THIS GENTLEMAN HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO TAKE ME FOR A SCOUTING FLIGHT OVER PORT TAMBANG!

AN HOUR LATER...

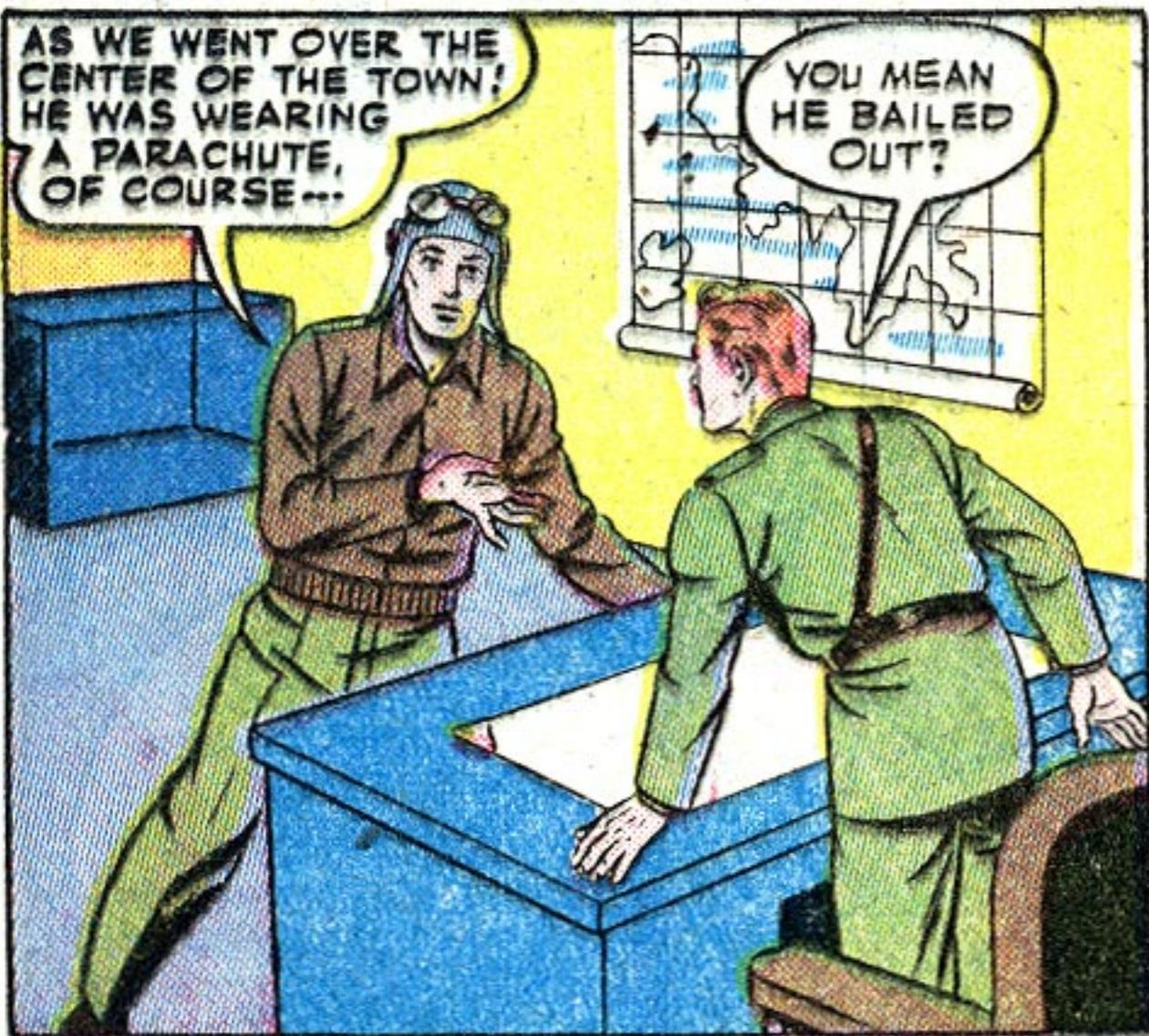
CAPTAIN LEASH, SIR! ... THAT PROFESSOR! ... I LOST HIM!

YOU... WHAT?!



AS WE WENT OVER THE CENTER OF THE TOWN! HE WAS WEARING A PARACHUTE, OF COURSE...

YOU MEAN HE BAILED OUT?



I WONDER IF HE WAS A SPY?

IT'S UP TO ME TO FIND OUT! GET A PARACHUTE FOR ME AND LET'S GO!



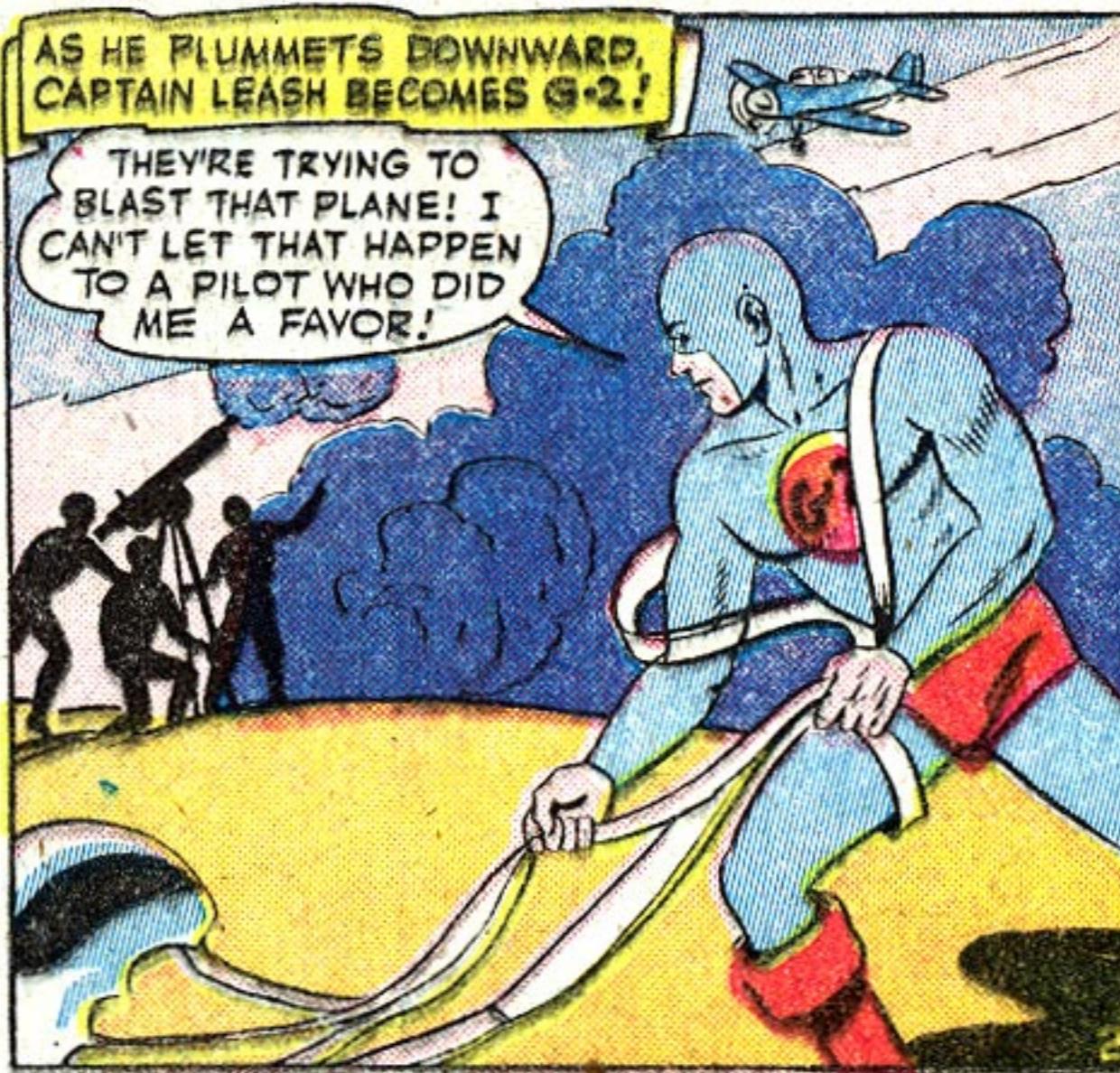
看! 另一个! LOOK!... ANOTHER ENEMY PARACHUTIST!

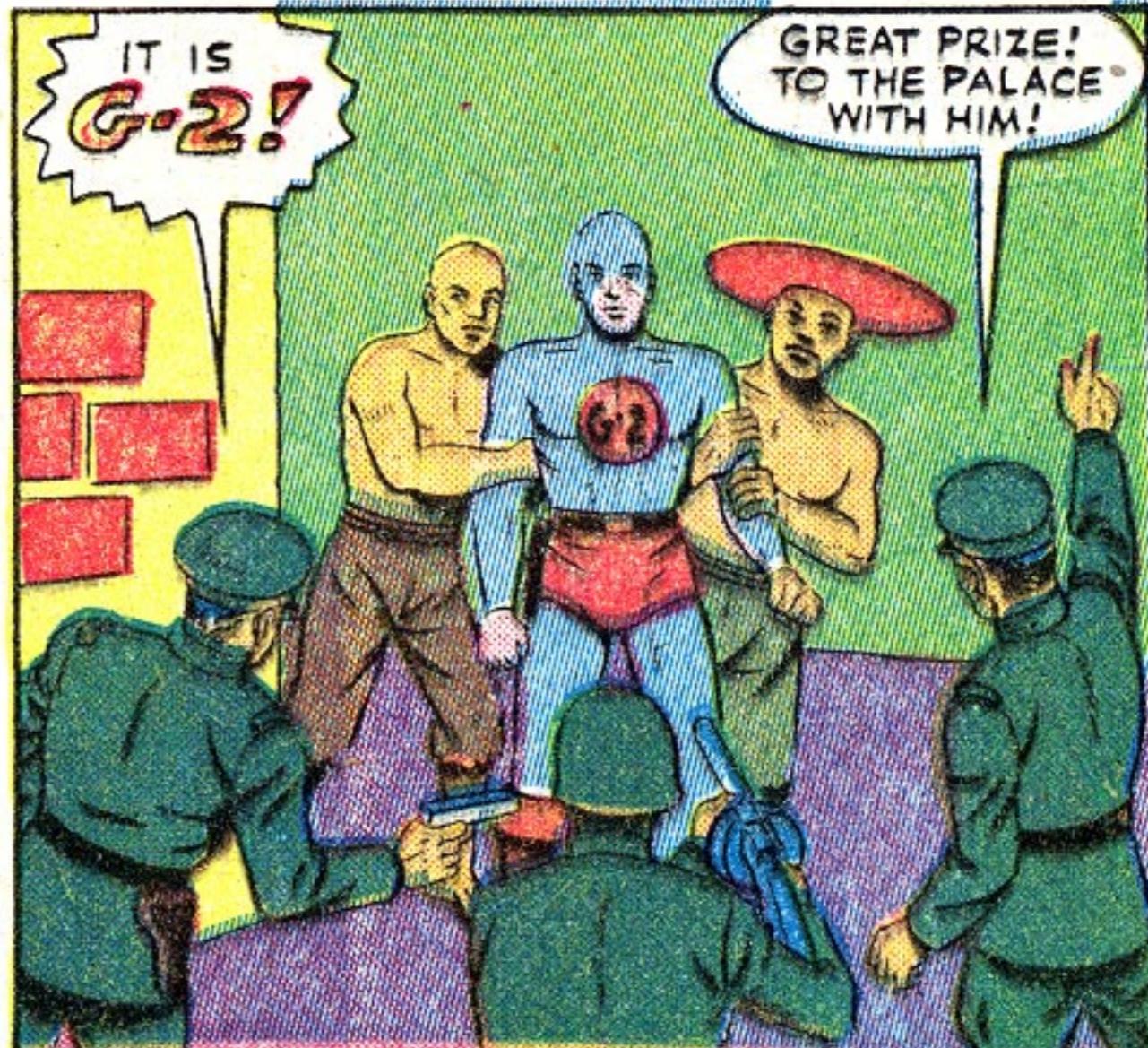
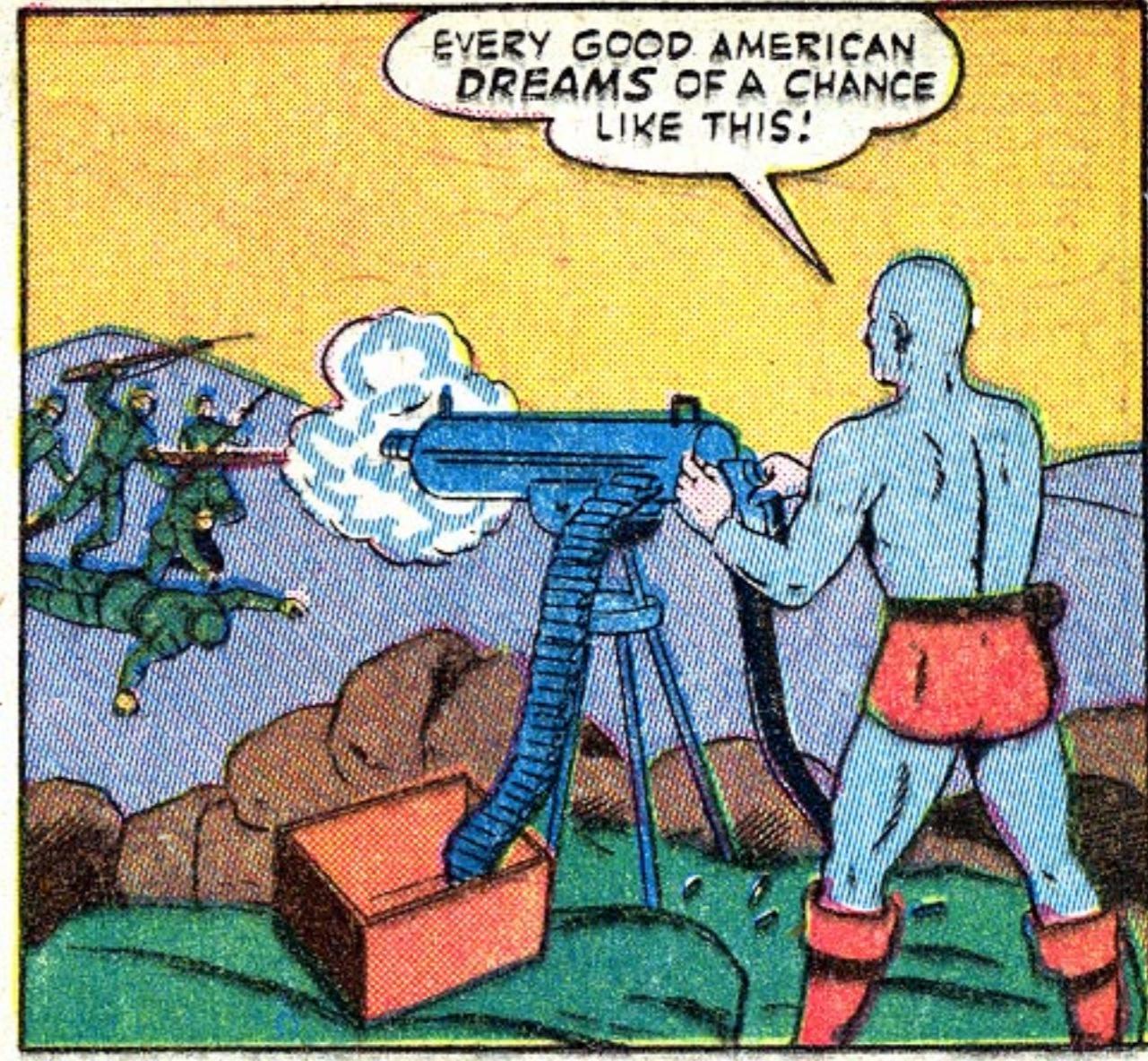
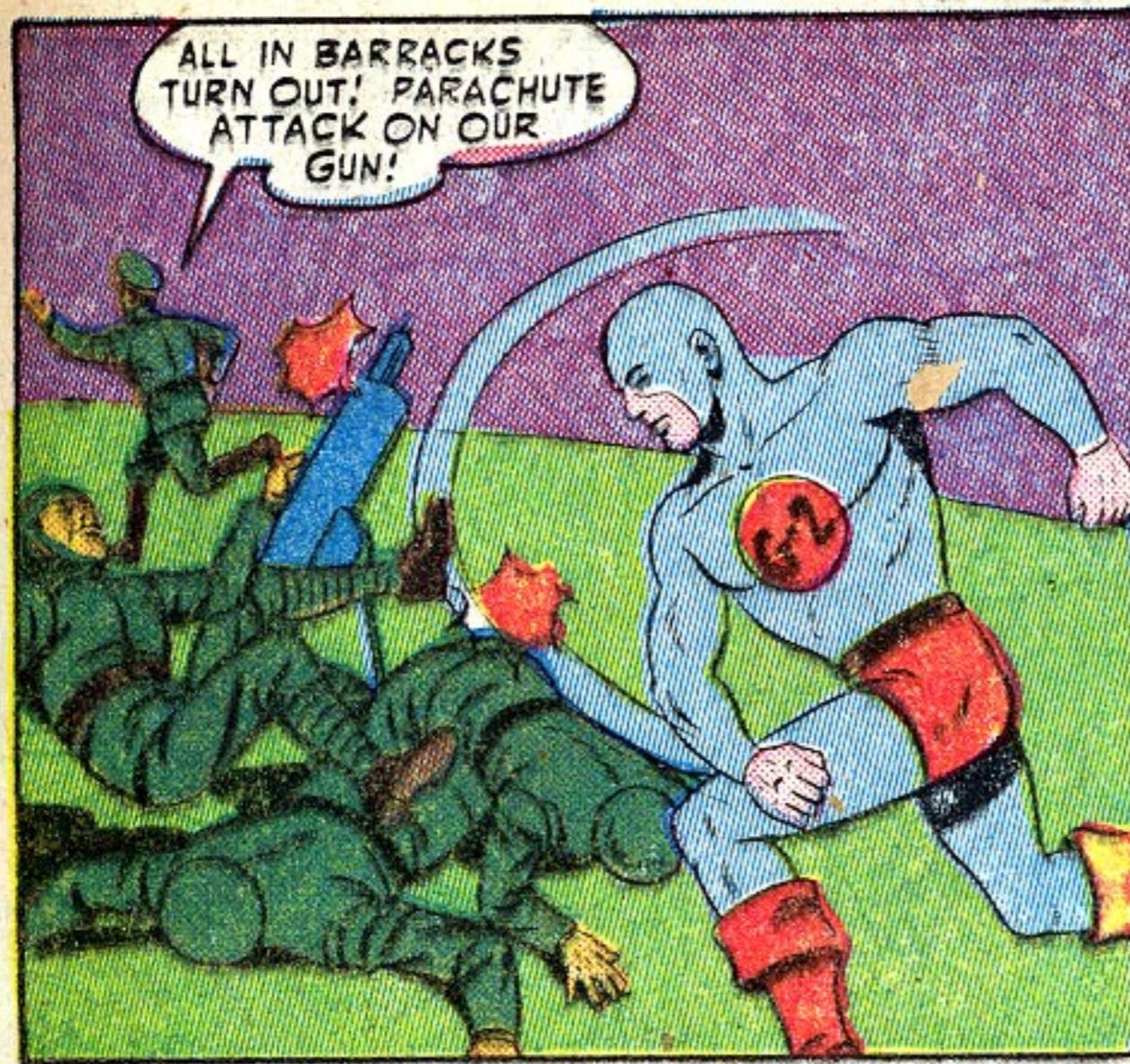
WE TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER! OPEN FIRE ON PLANE!



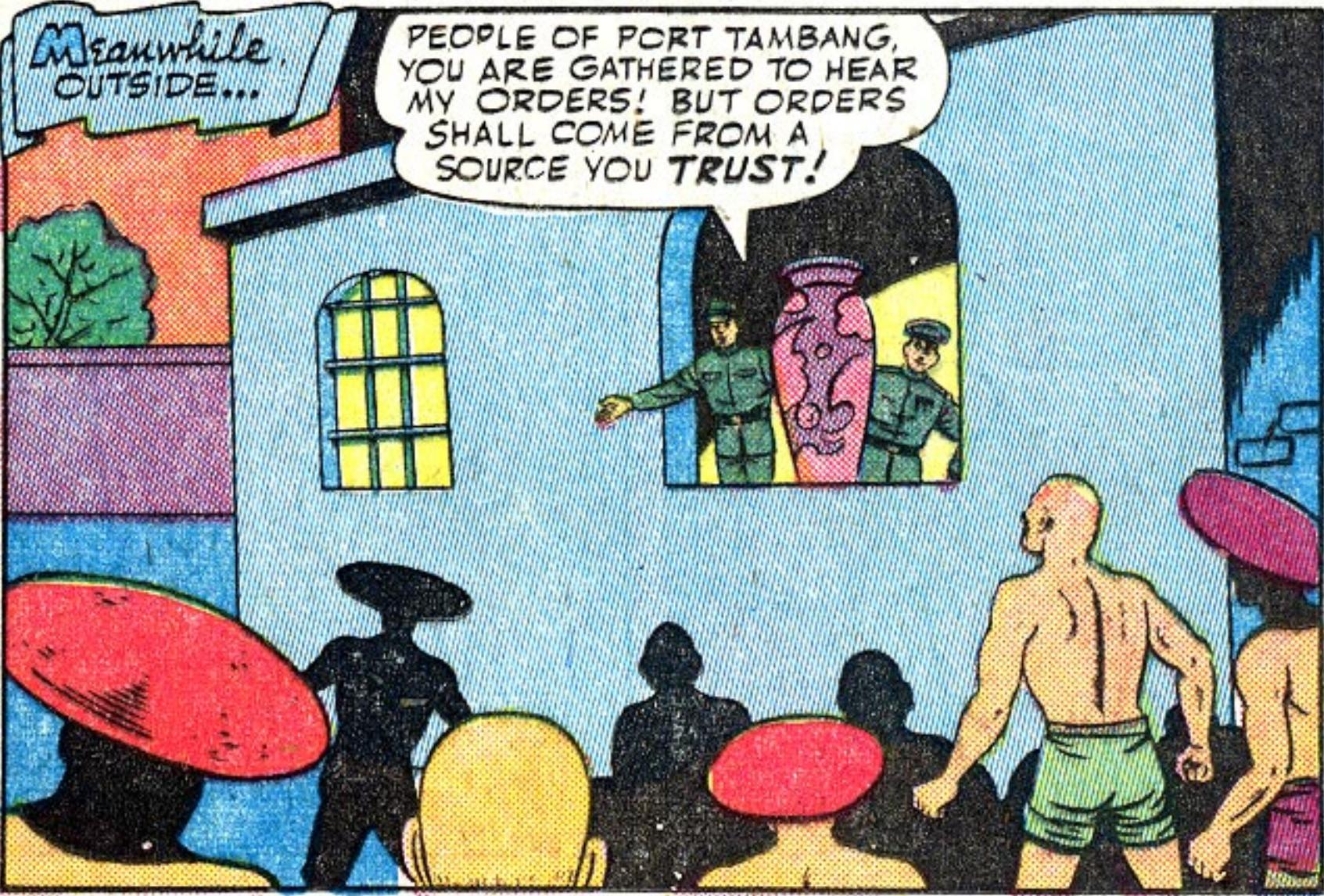
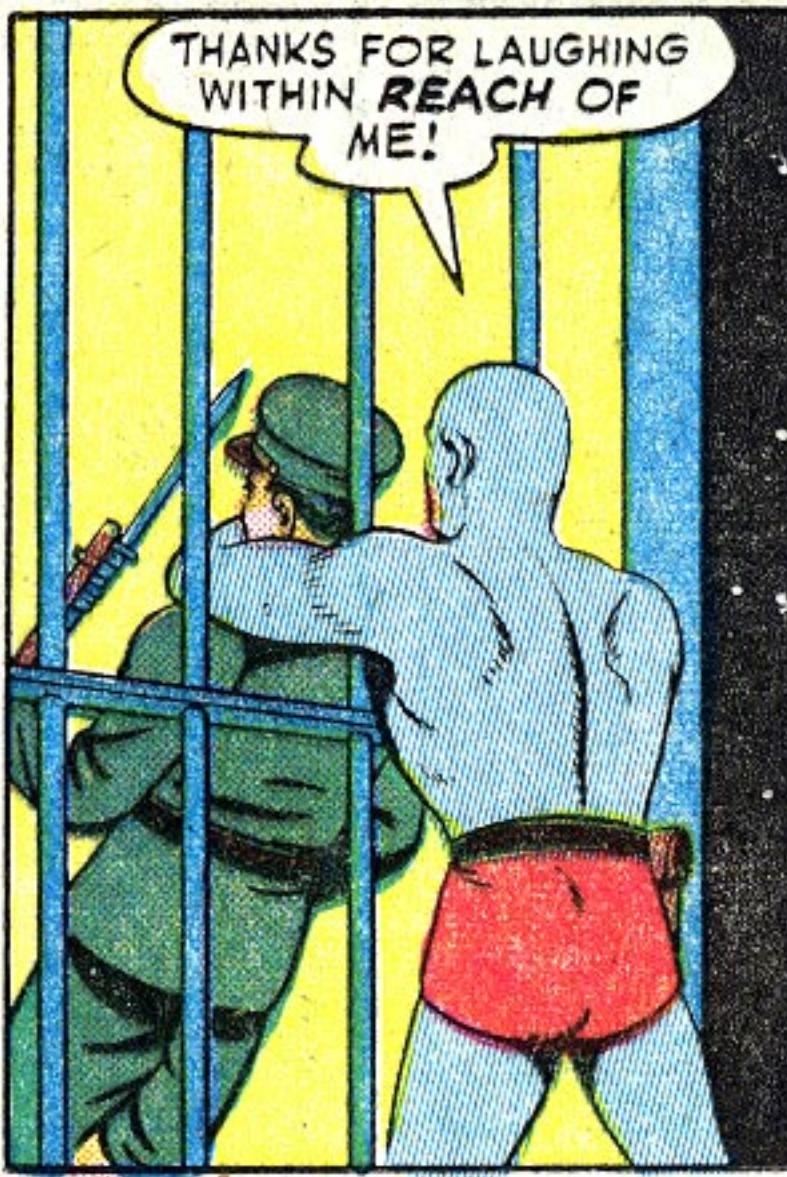
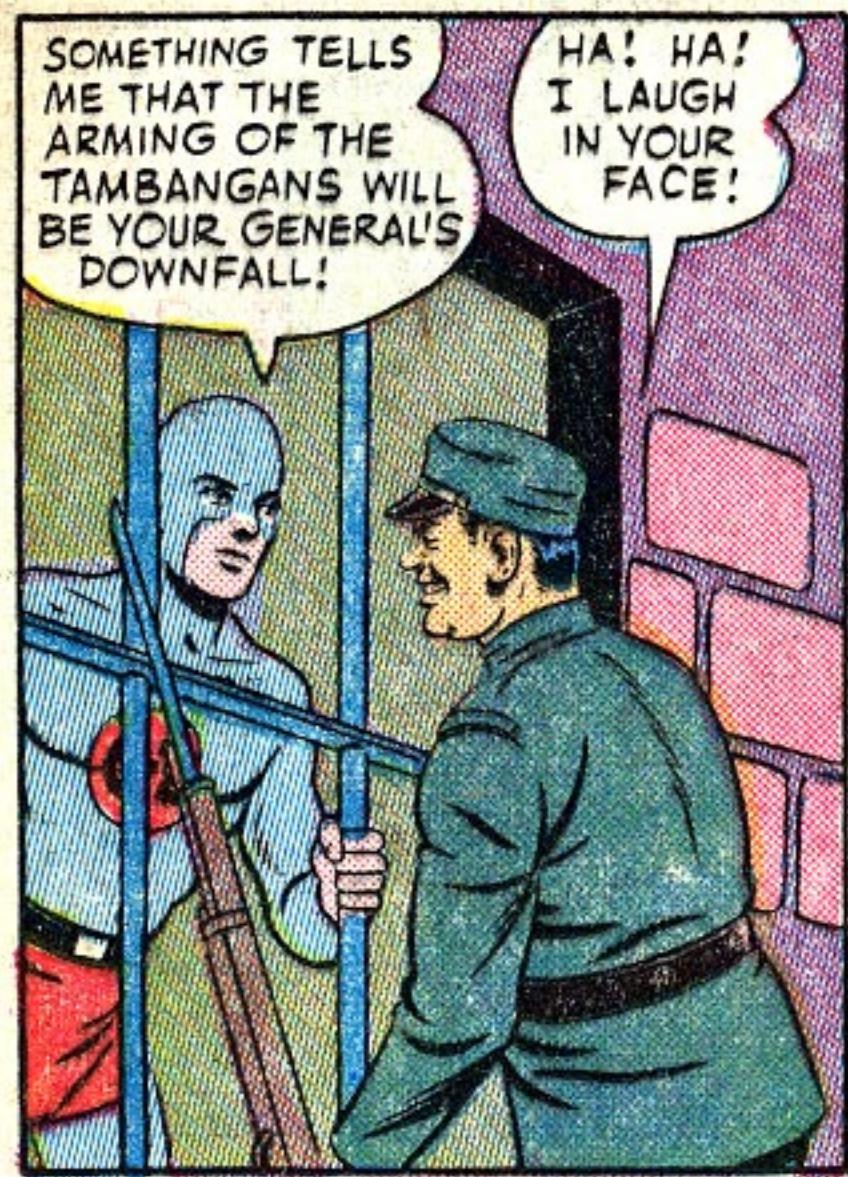
AS HE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD, CAPTAIN LEASH BECOMES G-2!

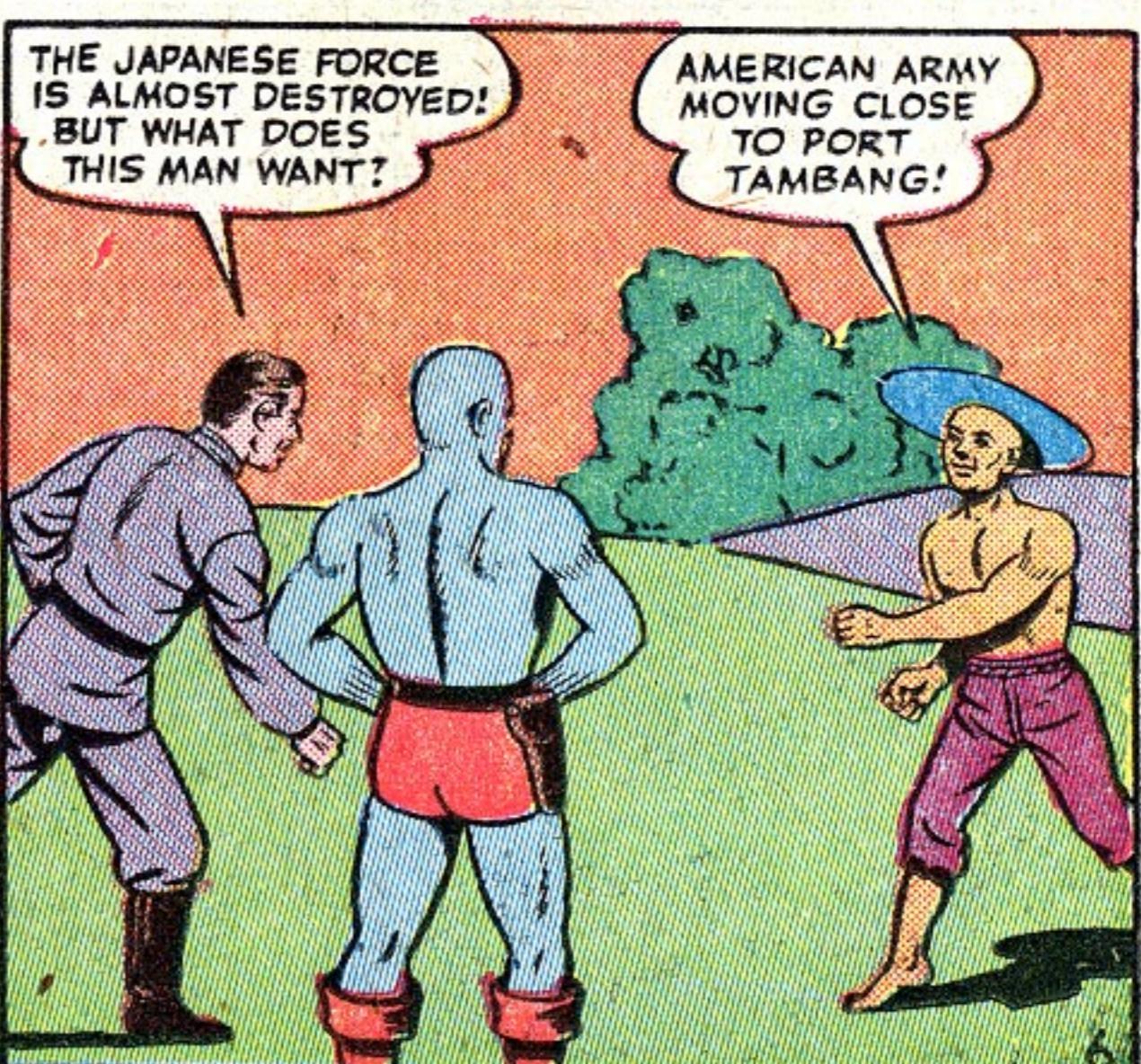
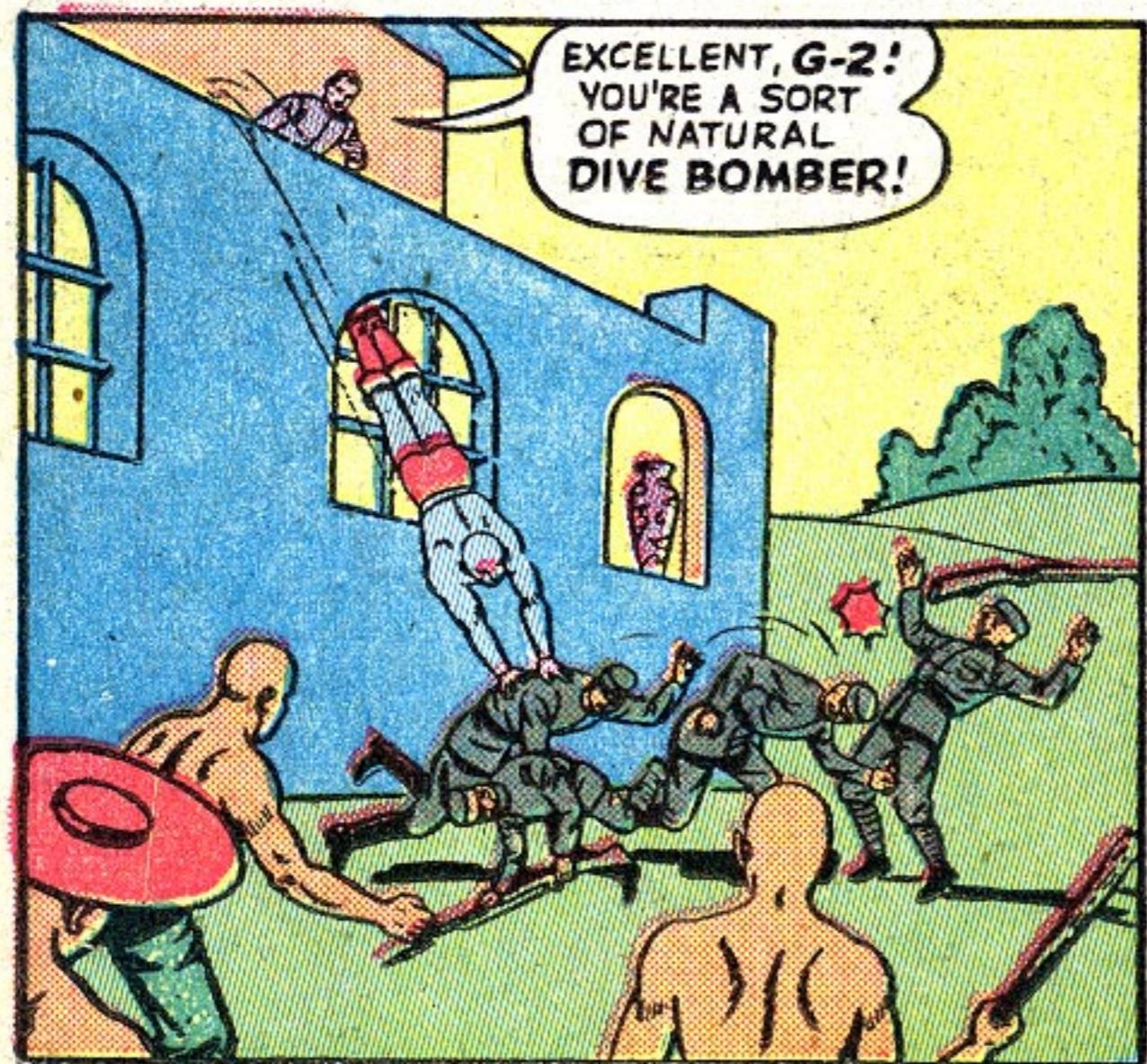
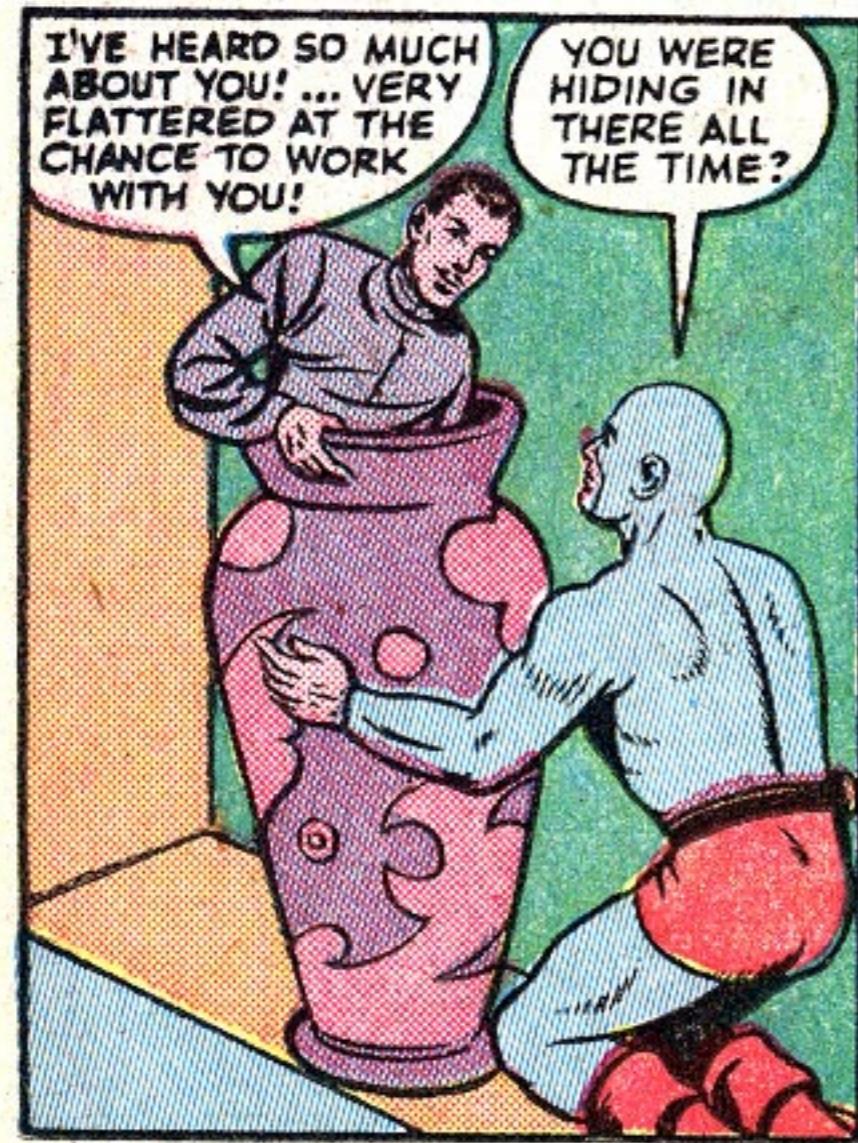
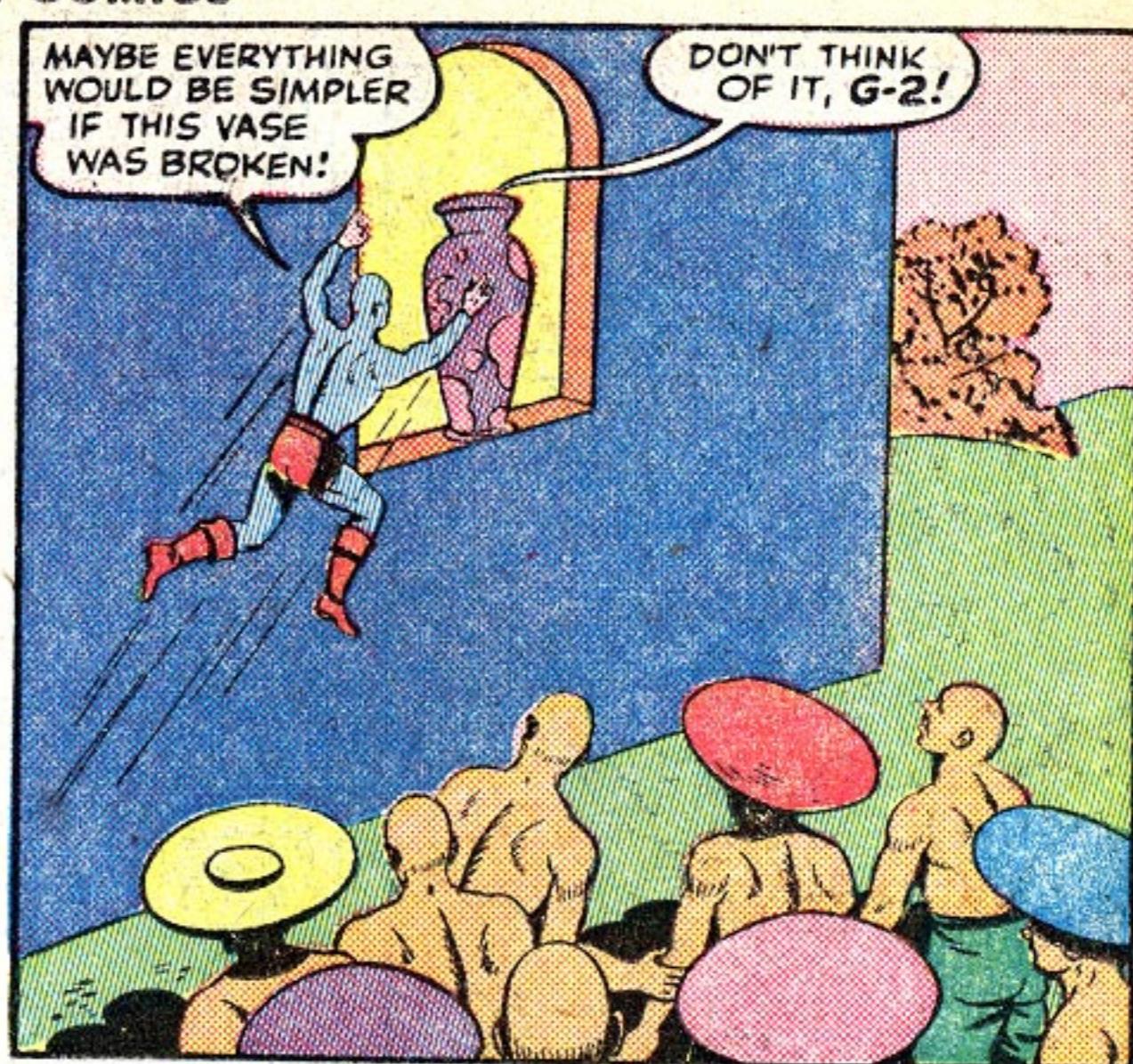
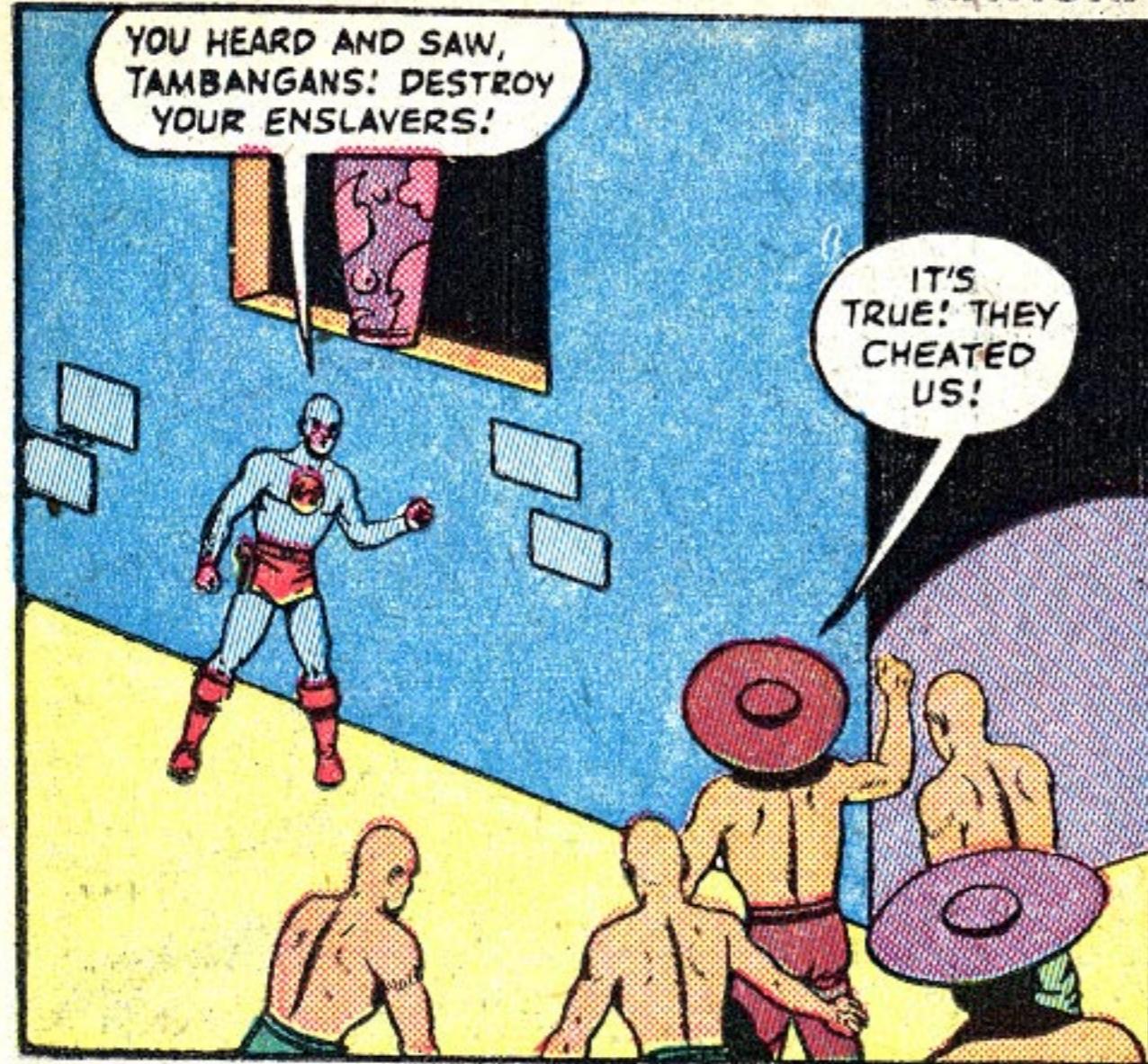
THEY'RE TRYING TO BLAST THAT PLANE! I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN TO A PILOT WHO DID ME A FAVOR!

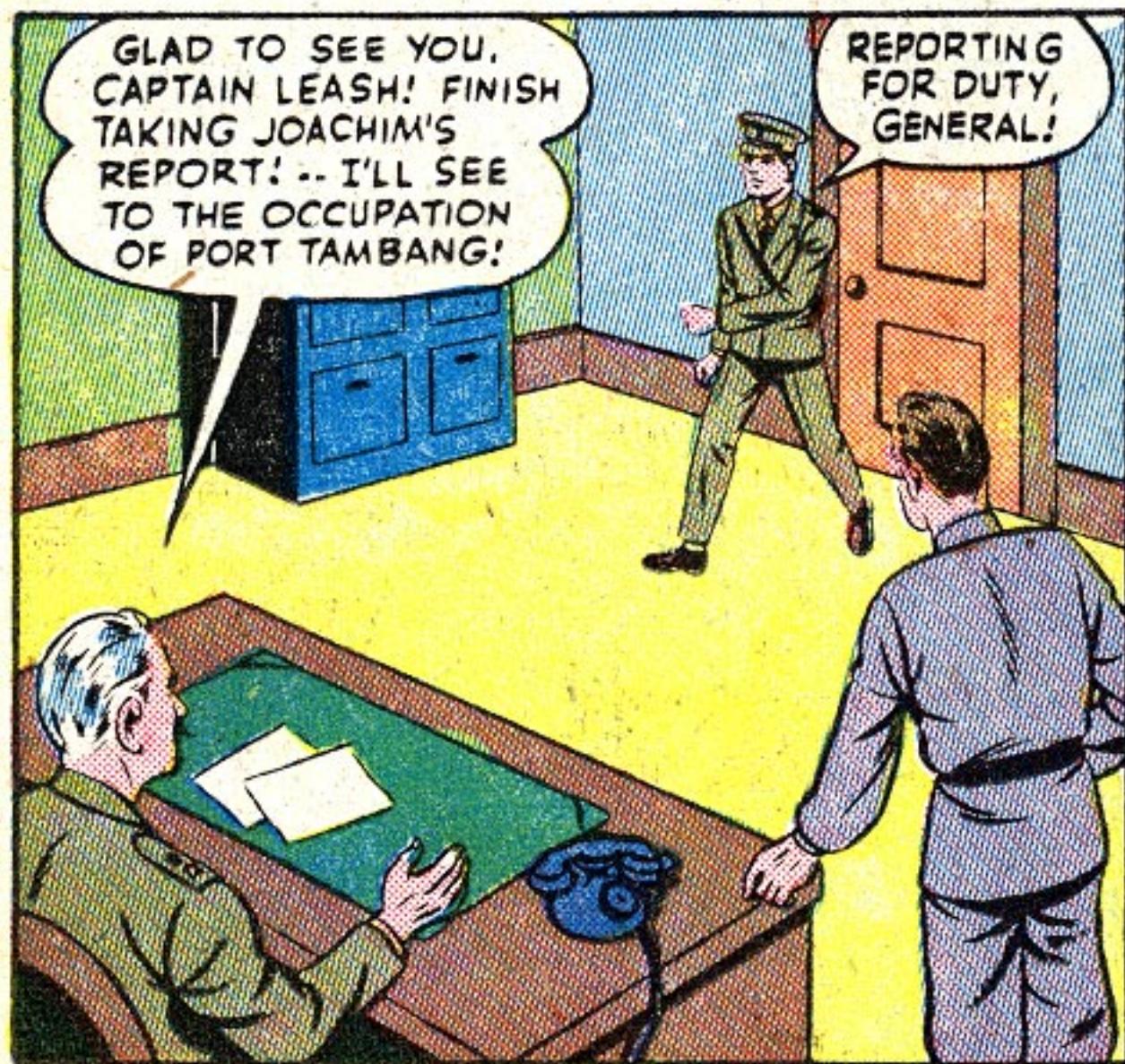
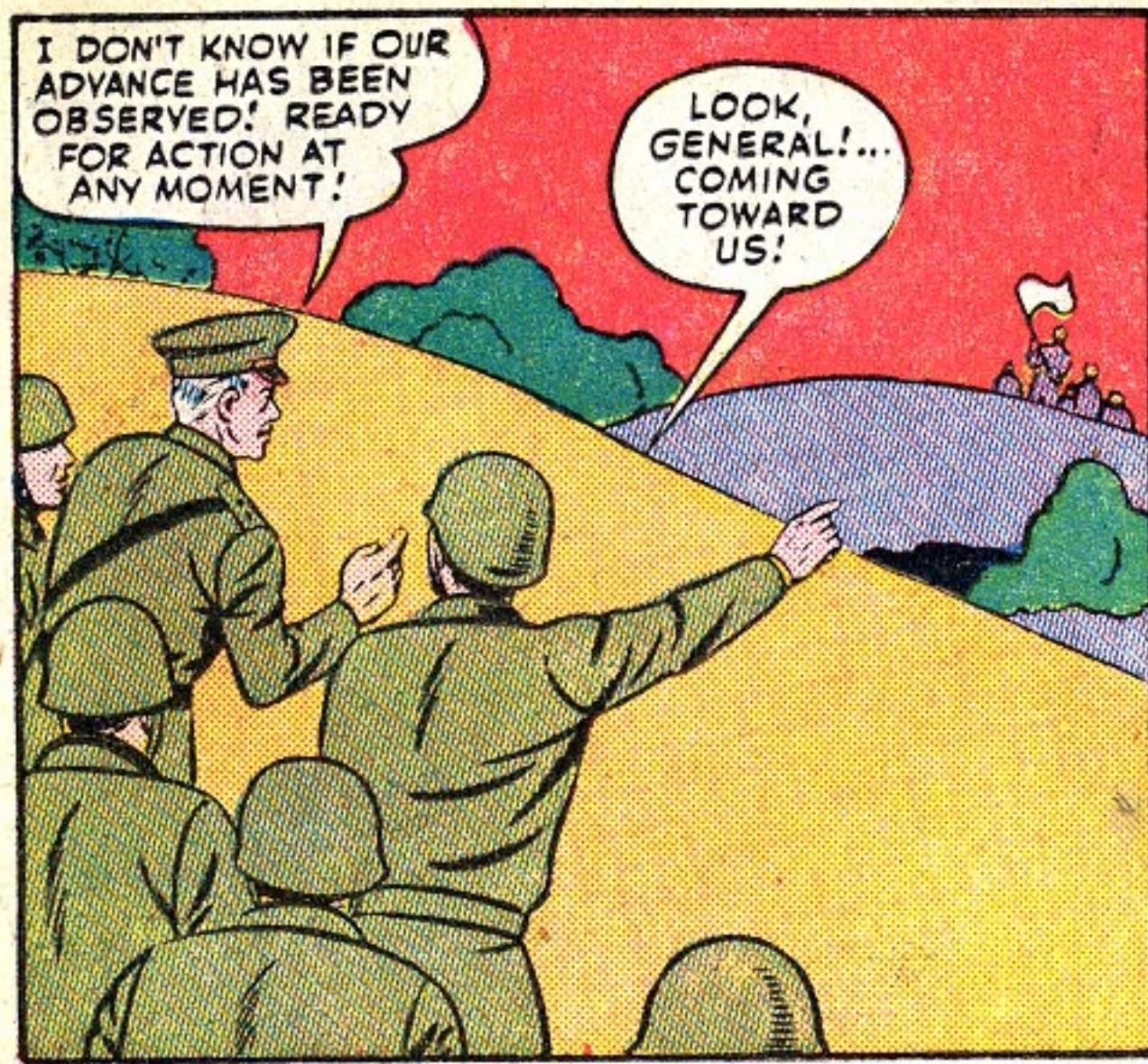












# INTELLECTUAL AMOS

Introducing:  
**AMOS**, THE LAD WITH  
A GENIUS FOR UNEARTHING  
THE MOST INCREDIBLE OF  
ADVENTURES!

**FOLLOW HIM ALONG THE**  
SKULL-STUDDED TRAIL  
IN THE ADVENTURE OF  
"The Lisper Hob-Goblin  
and The Ghost That  
Failed!"

SPIES AND  
SABOTEURS  
WE HAVE  
NO USE  
FOR!

By  
André  
LeBlanc

GRR-RR!

**T**WELVE O'CLOCK AT THE TOWN CEMETERY ... THE HOWLING OF THE WIND RISES TO A HIGH SHRIEK OF PROTEST AS A SMALL FIGURE PLODS UP THE HILL....

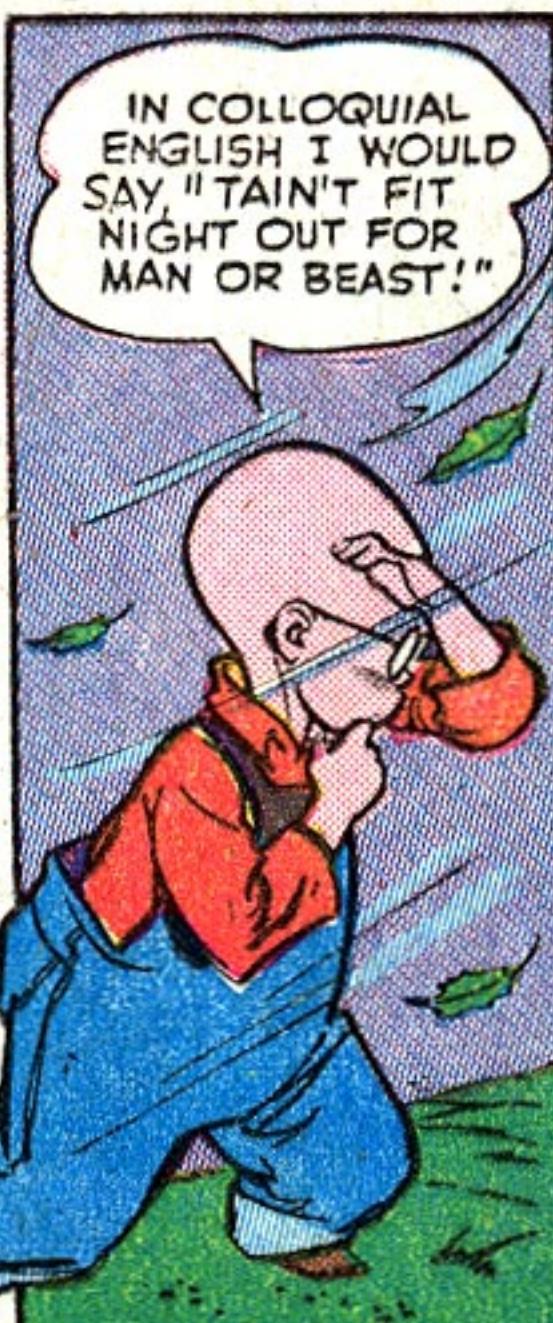
IN COLLOQUIAL ENGLISH I WOULD SAY, "TAIN'T FIT NIGHT OUT FOR MAN OR BEAST!"

ON A NIGHT SUCH AS THIS, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN ---

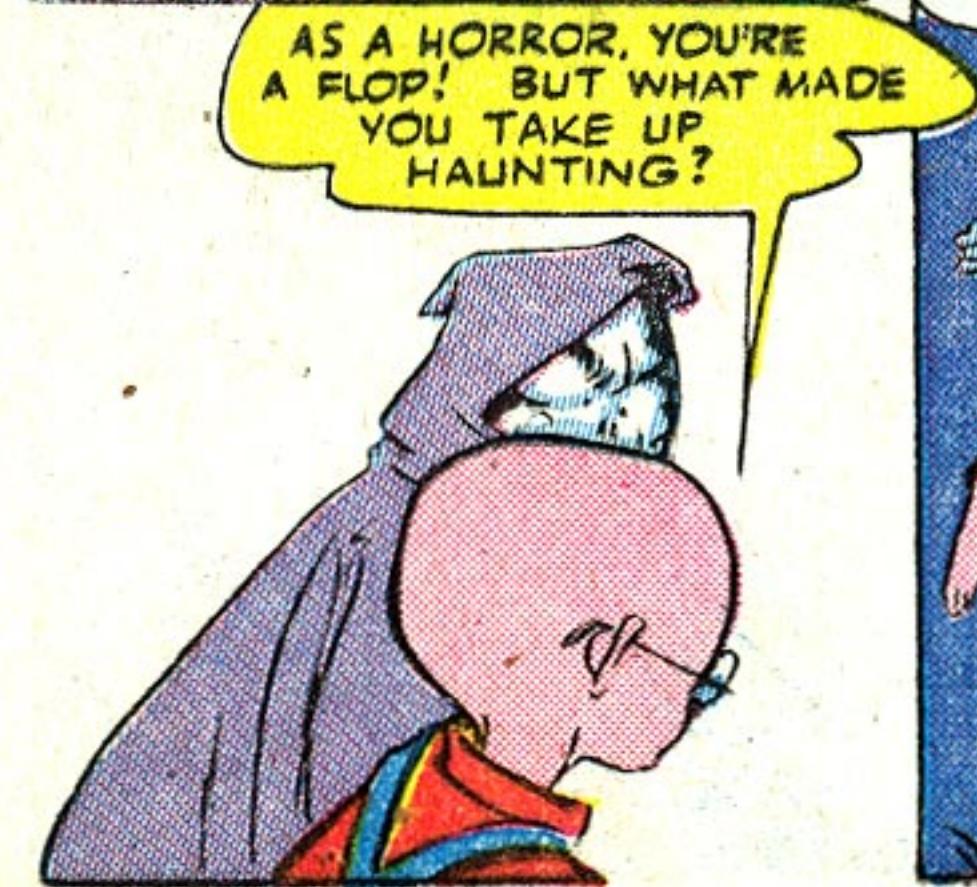
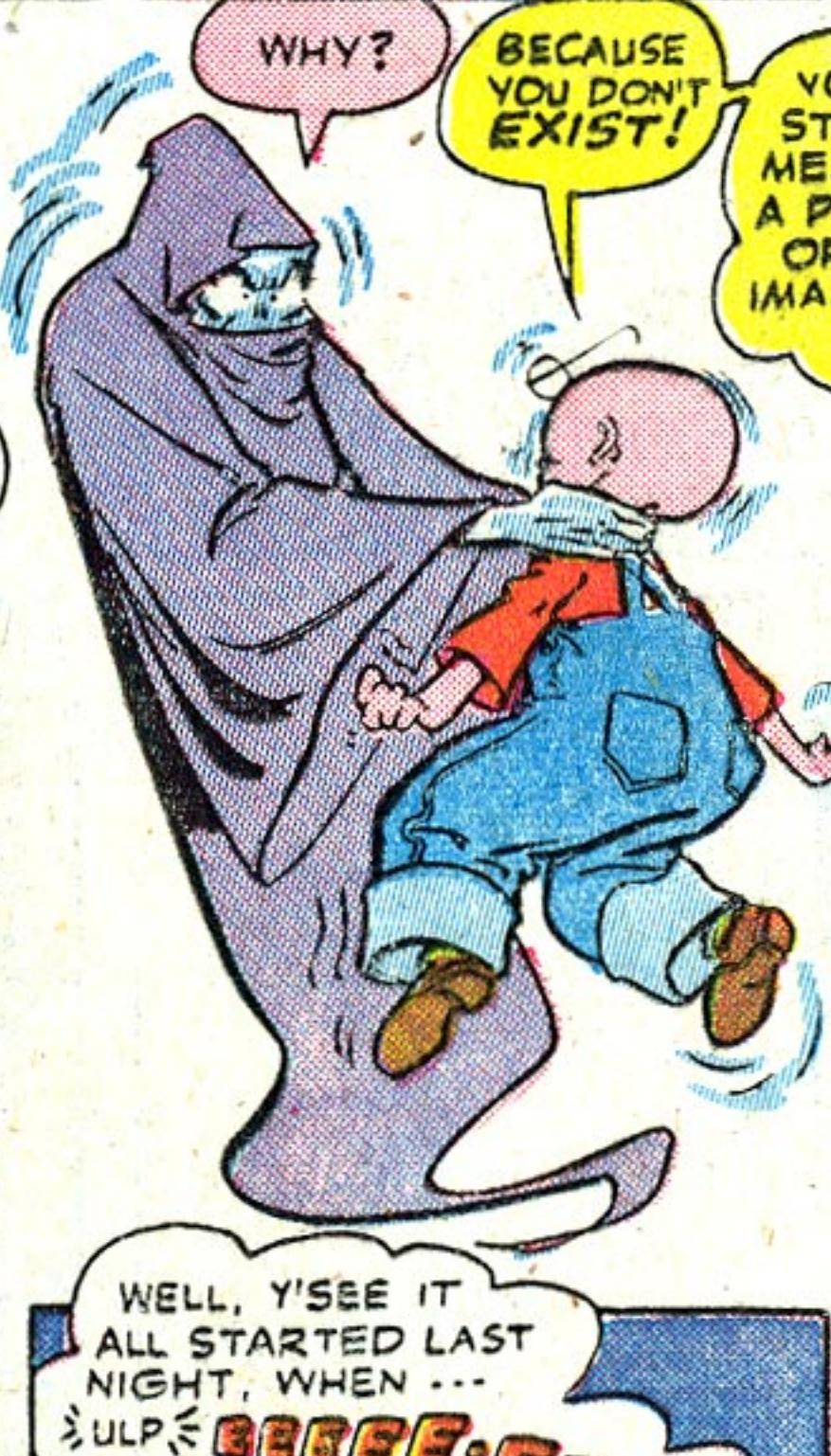
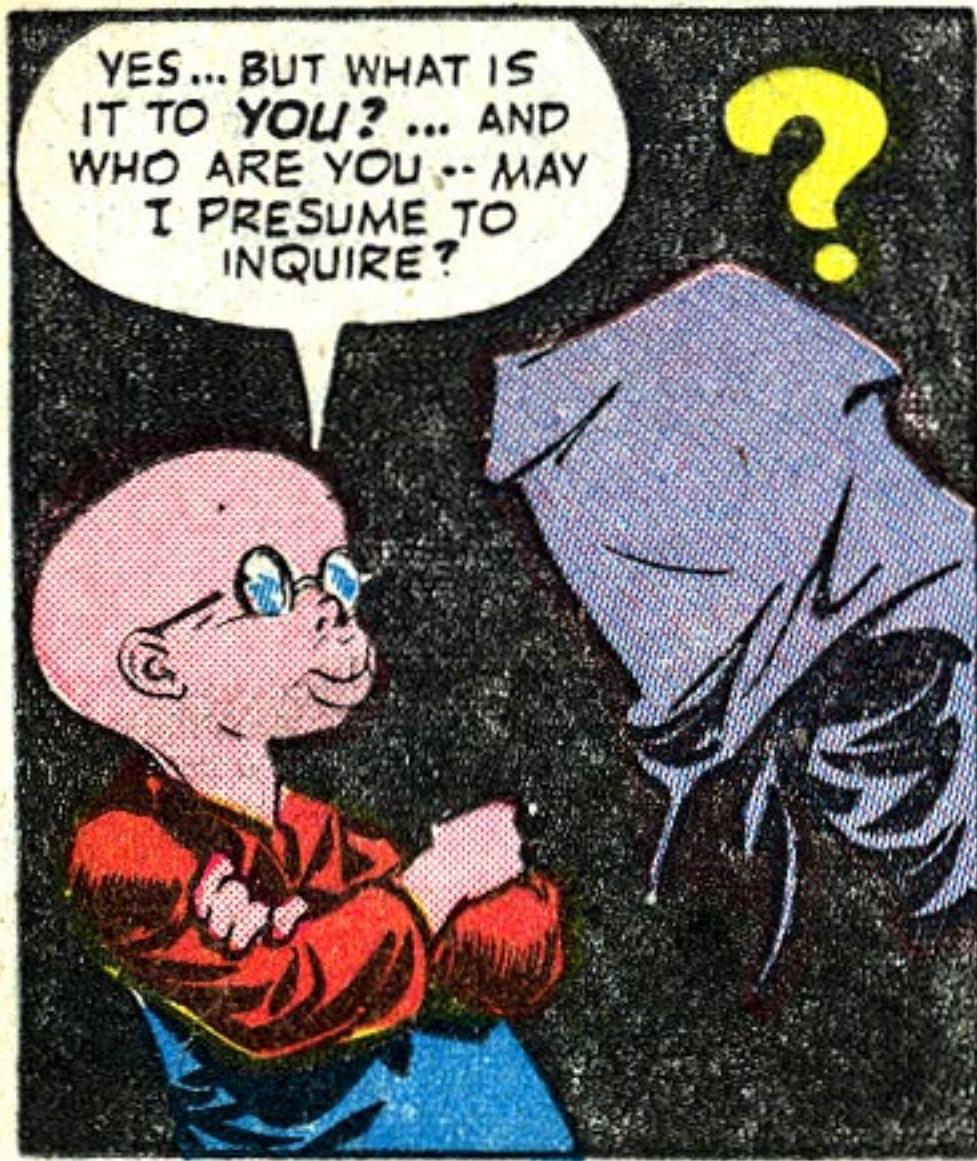
WHY, IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME TO SEE AN APPARITION OR SOME SUCH NONSENSE!

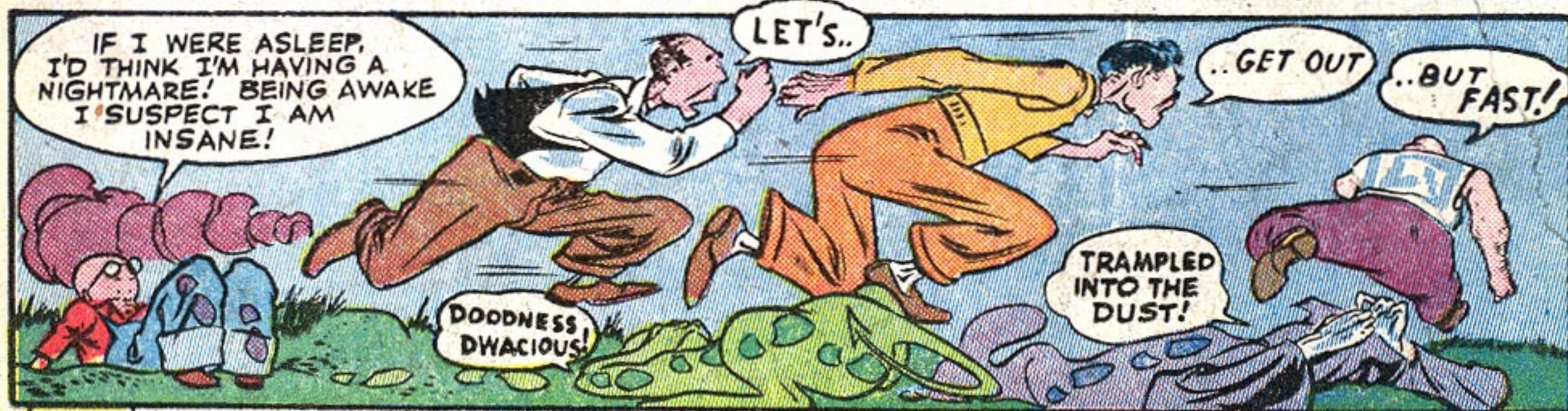
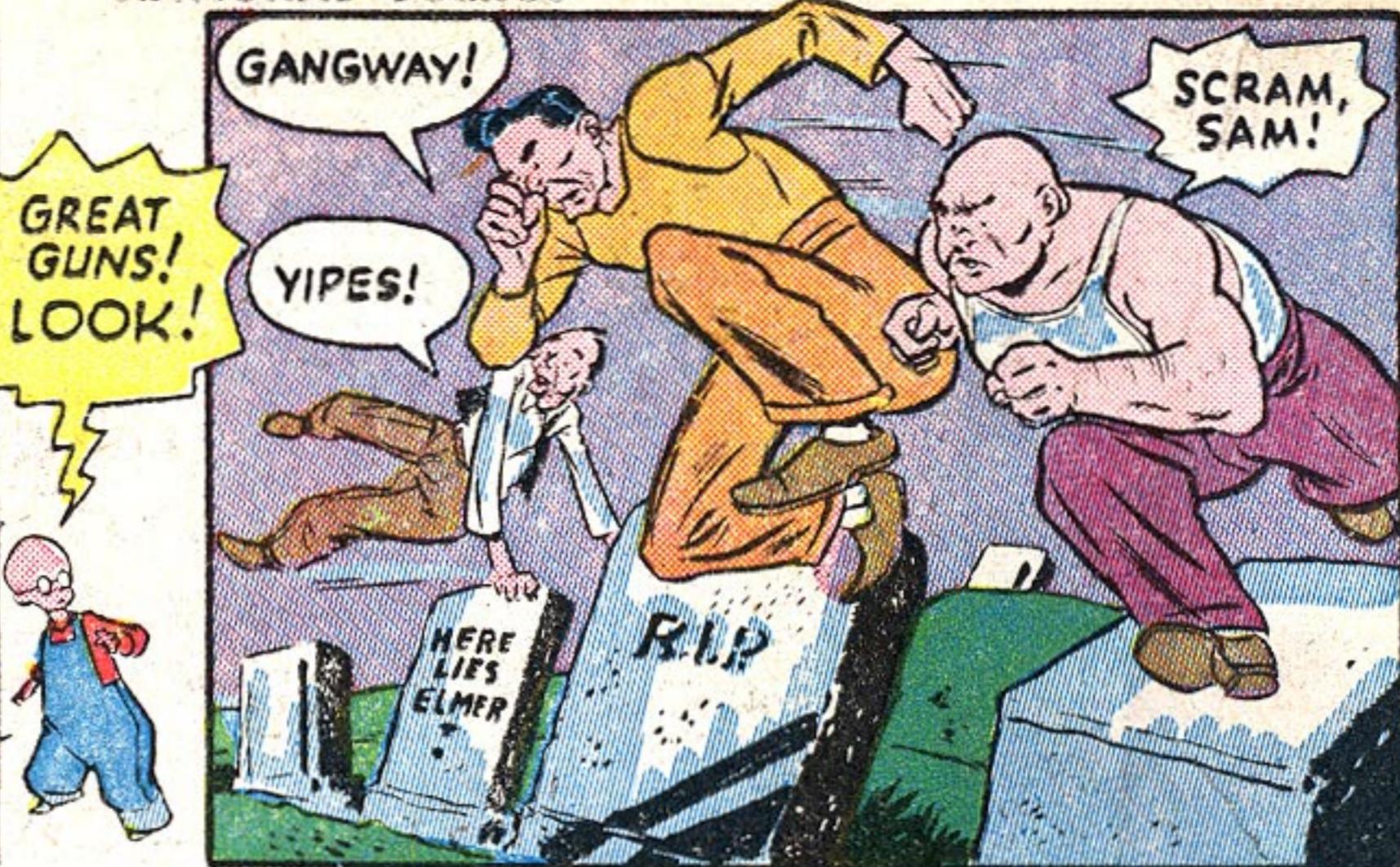
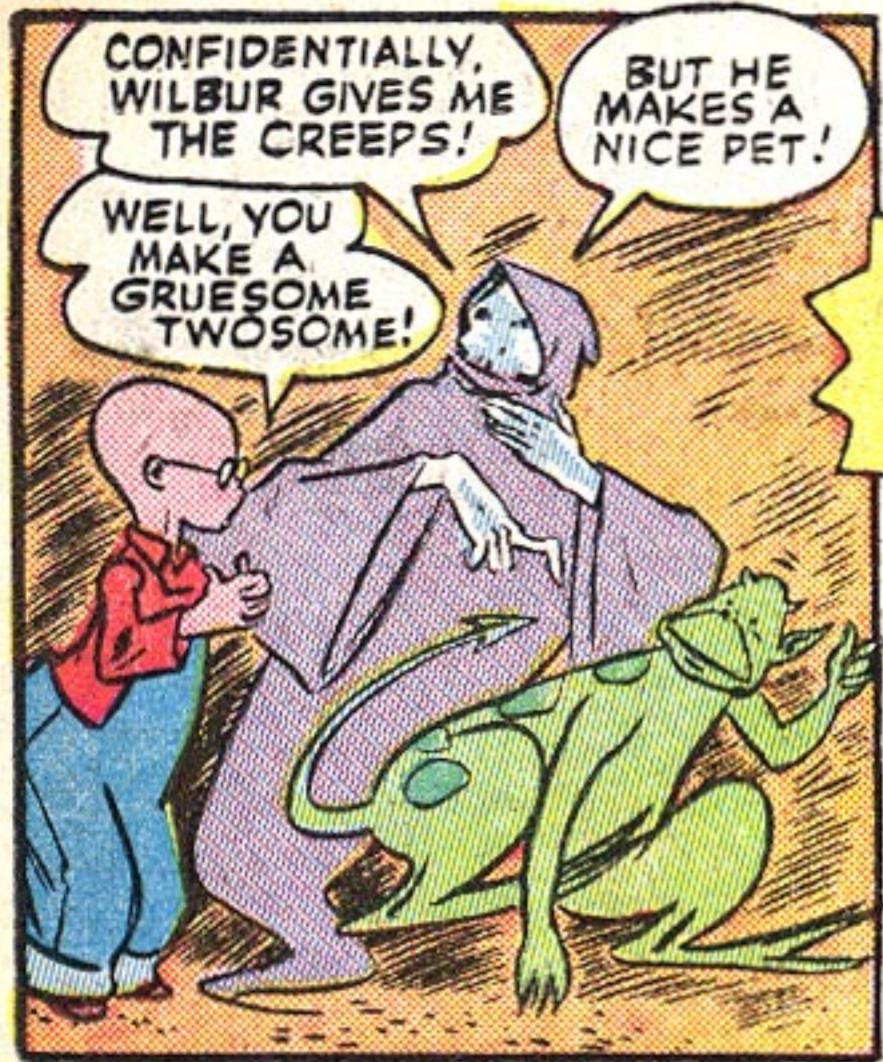
WELL!

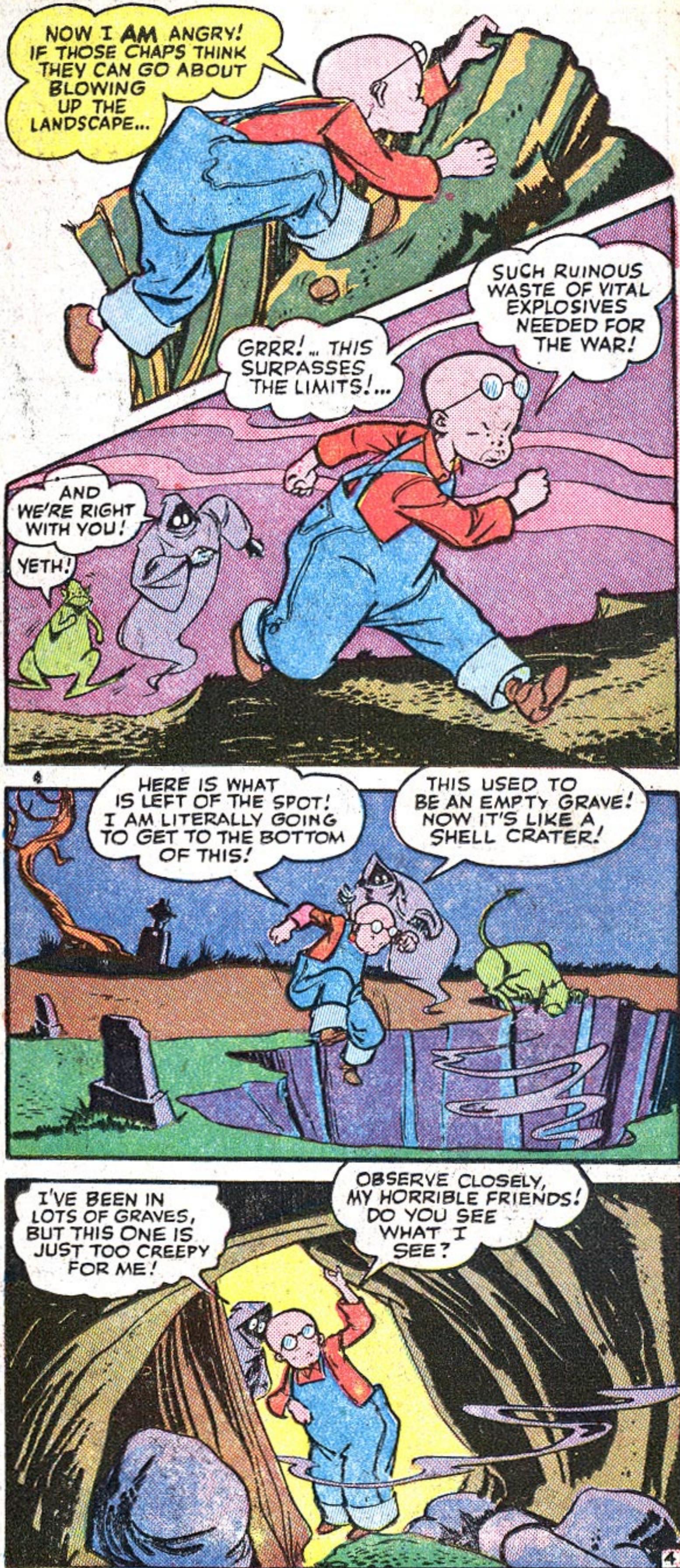
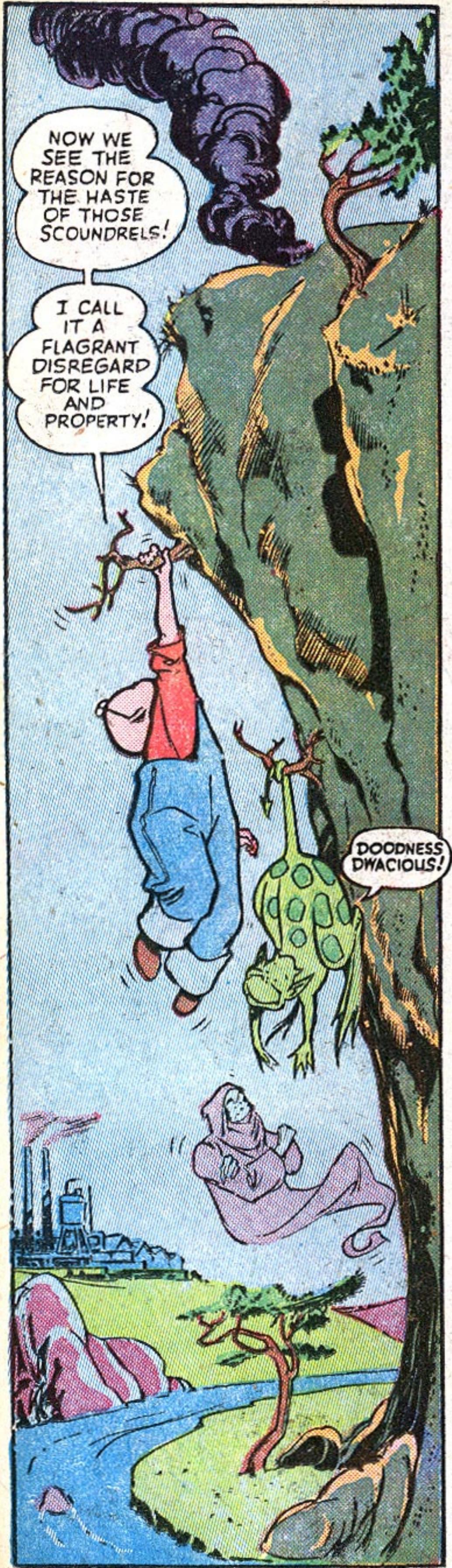
DO YOU REALLY  
THINK SO, AMOS?  
HA-HA-HA-HO-HO-HA-A!

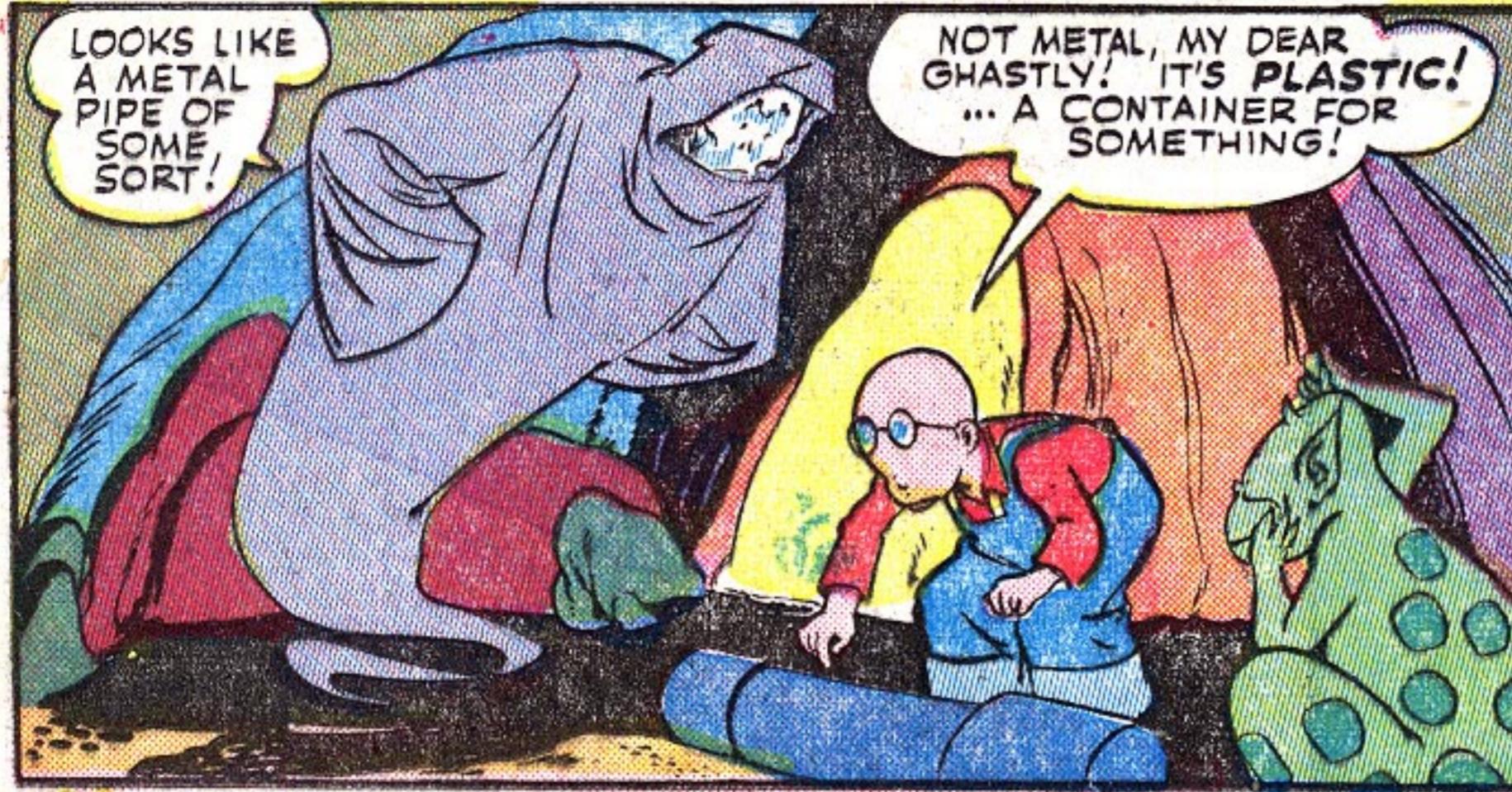


NATIONAL COMICS









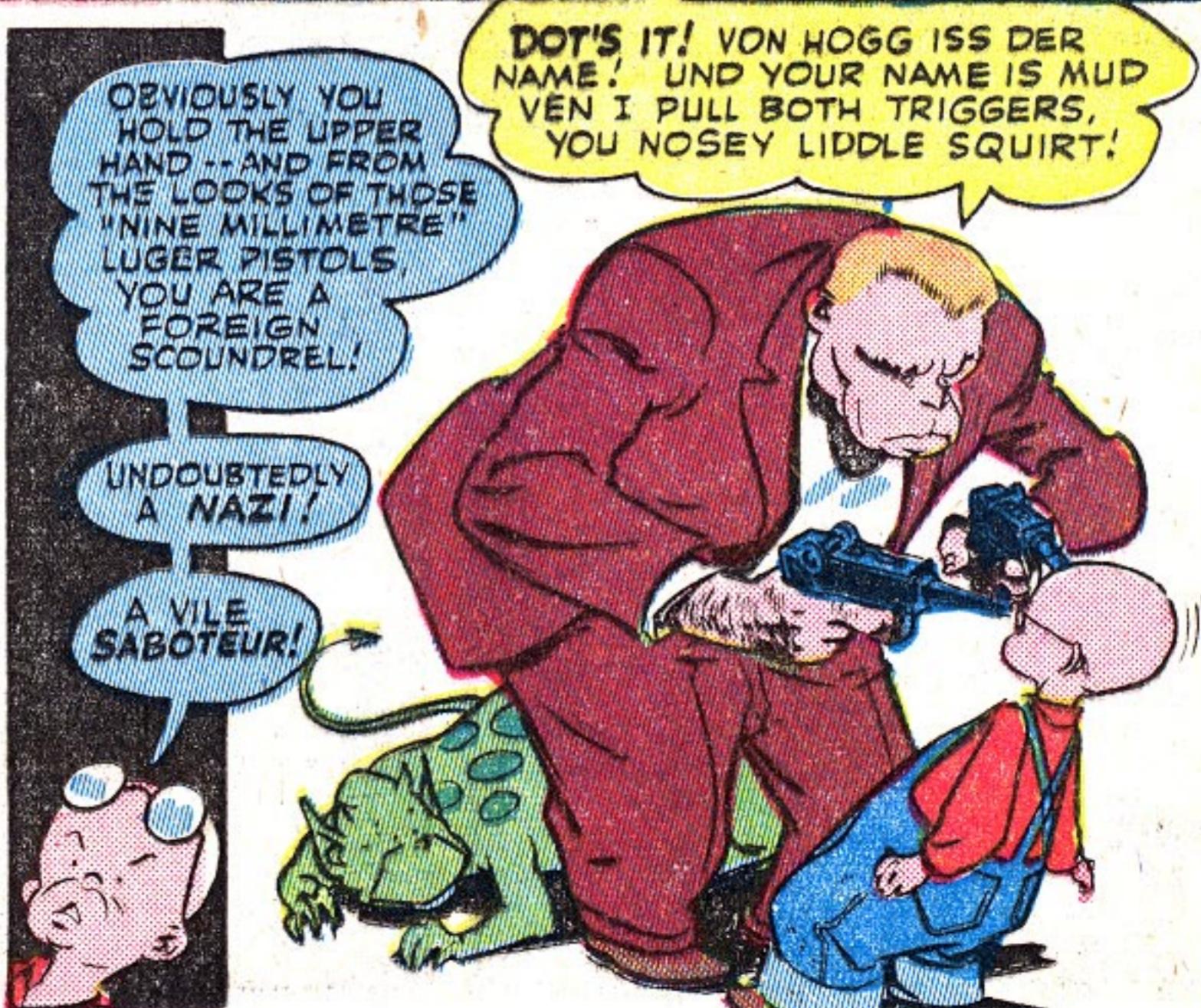
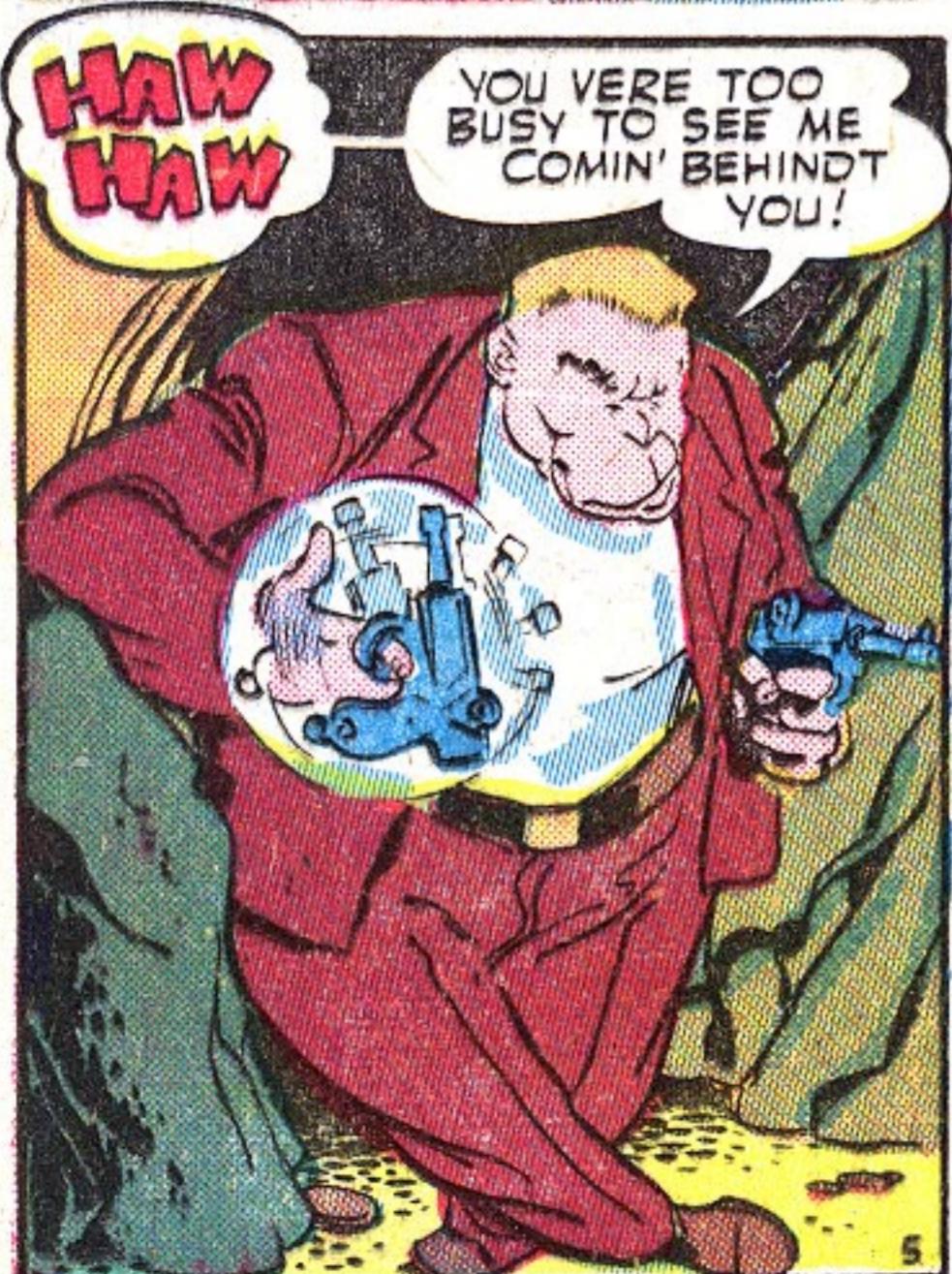
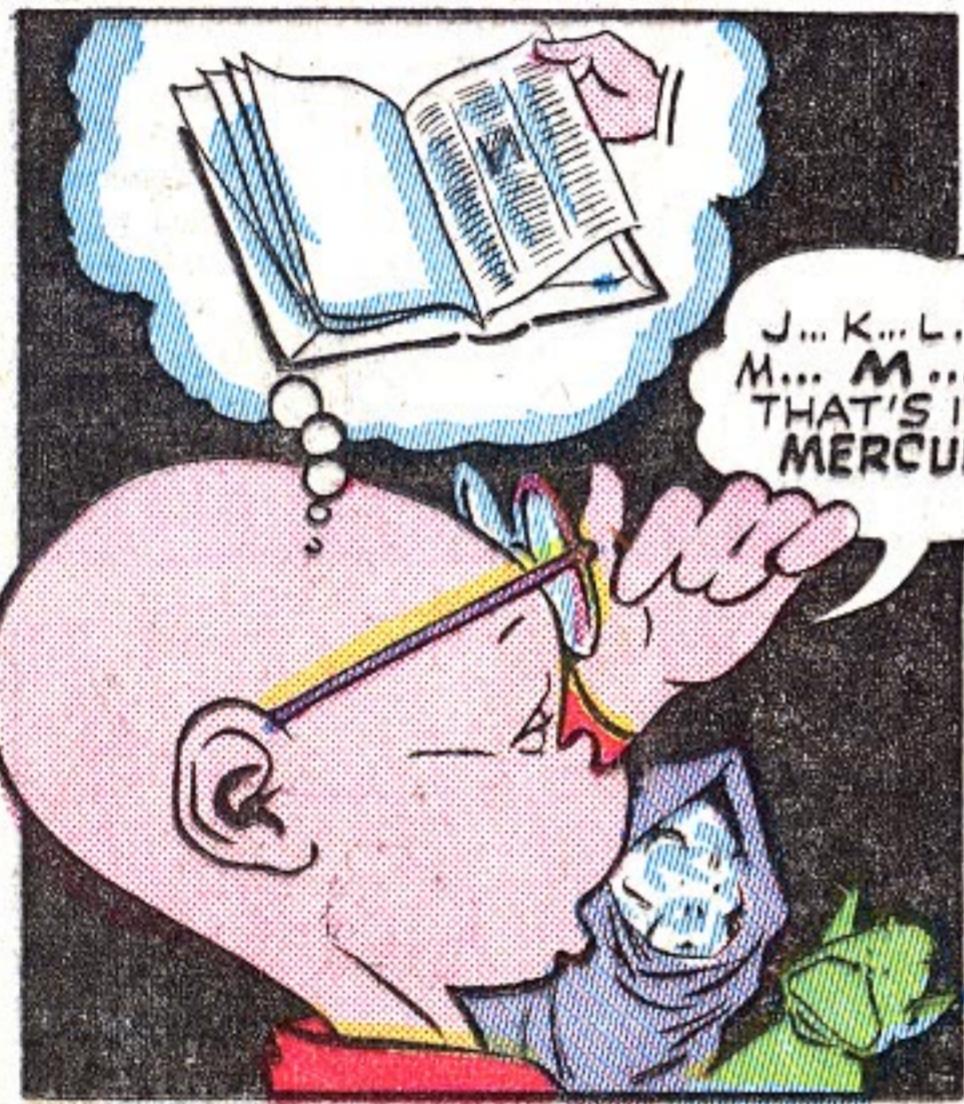
NOT METAL, MY DEAR GHASTLY! IT'S PLASTIC! ... A CONTAINER FOR SOMETHING!



IT MUST BE A ...

THIS IS NO ORDINARY CYLINDER!

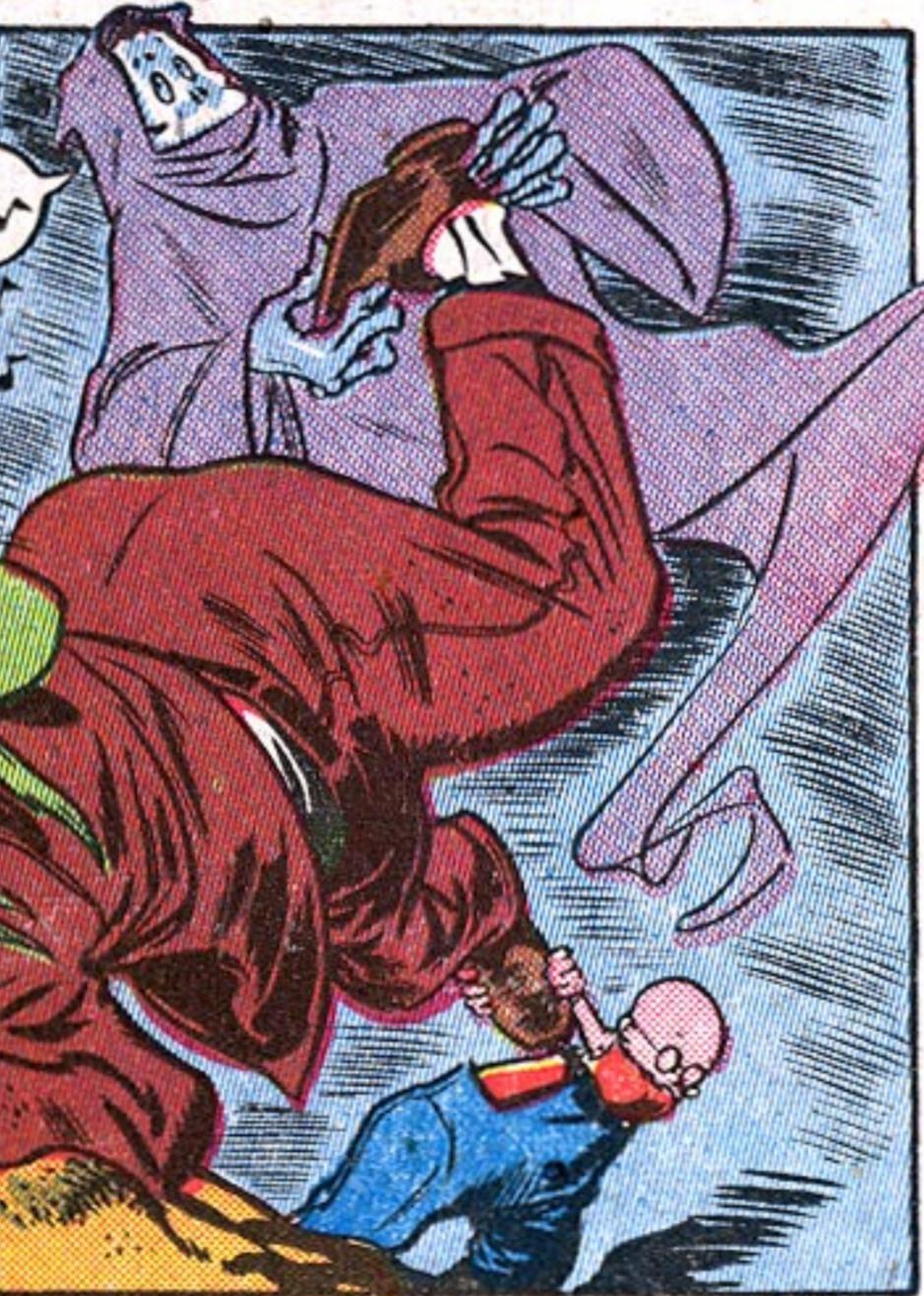
**M**ENTALLY, INTELLECTUAL AMOS THUMBS AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA ... SEARCHING ... SEARCHING ...



IT WAS DOSE STOOPID  
HELPERS OF MINE VAT BROUGHT  
YOU HERE! DOSE COWARDS  
ARE EASILY FRIGHTENED BY  
ACCIDENTAL EXPLOSIONS!  
NO MATTER -- THERE IS  
ENOUGH LEFT TO FINISH  
THE JOB!



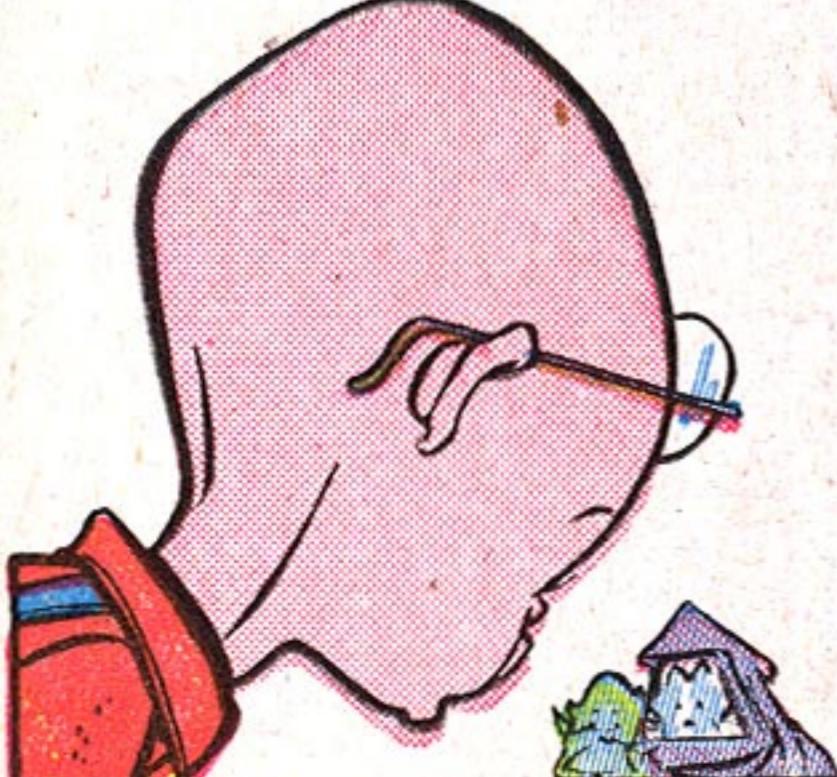
ONLY UNDER  
THE INFLUENCE  
OF STRONG  
DRINK WILL  
VON HOGG  
EVER FIND  
ROUGHER  
PLAYMATES  
THAN  
INTELLECTUAL  
AMOS AND HIS  
HELPFUL  
HALLUCINATIONS!



THE POLICE WILL  
SEE THAT HE AND  
HIS ACCOMPLICES  
ARE PUT INTO COLD  
STORAGE!

TRUE,  
BUT ALL  
THIS IS A  
MYSTERY  
TO  
ME!

WELL, IT'S REALLY QUITE SIMPLE! FULMINATE OF MERCURY IS USED TO SET OFF HIGH EXPLOSIVES, BUT IT IS TRICKY STUFF TO HANDLE!



THE WHOLE PLAN WAS  
TO DESTROY THE DEFENSE  
PLANT AND THE TOWN WATER  
SUPPLY! THE EXCEEDINGLY  
HIGH EXPLOSIVES WOULD HAVE  
BLOWN UP THIS CLIFF, AND THE  
WHOLE MOUNTAIN WOULD  
HAVE LANDED ON THAT  
FACTORY!



SO THE OLD CEMETERY WAS  
PERFECT BECAUSE OF ITS  
LOCATION -- AND, NEEDLESS  
TO SAY, NOBODY WOULD  
EVER SUSPECT DIGGING  
OPERATIONS IN A  
**CEMETERY!** AND

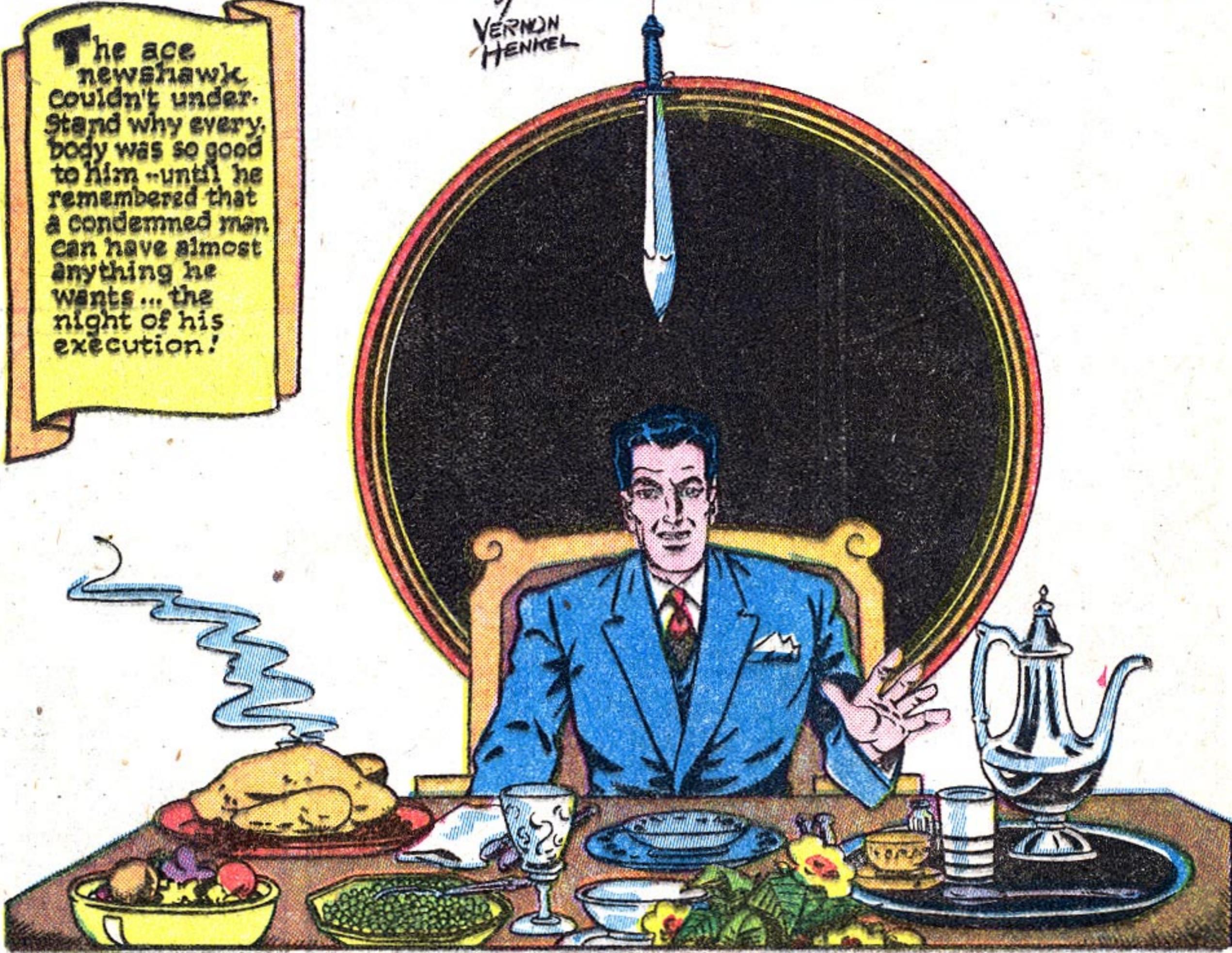
AND  
THAT,  
BROTHER,  
IS A  
GRAVE  
CHARGE!

DOODNESS  
DWACIOUS,  
YETH!

# CHIC CARTER

by  
VERNON  
HENKEL

The ace newshawk, couldn't understand why everybody was so good to him -- until he remembered that a condemned man can have almost anything he wants ... the night of his execution!



THERE ARE PLENTY OF THORNS IN A POLICE REPORTER'S "BED OF ROSES"...

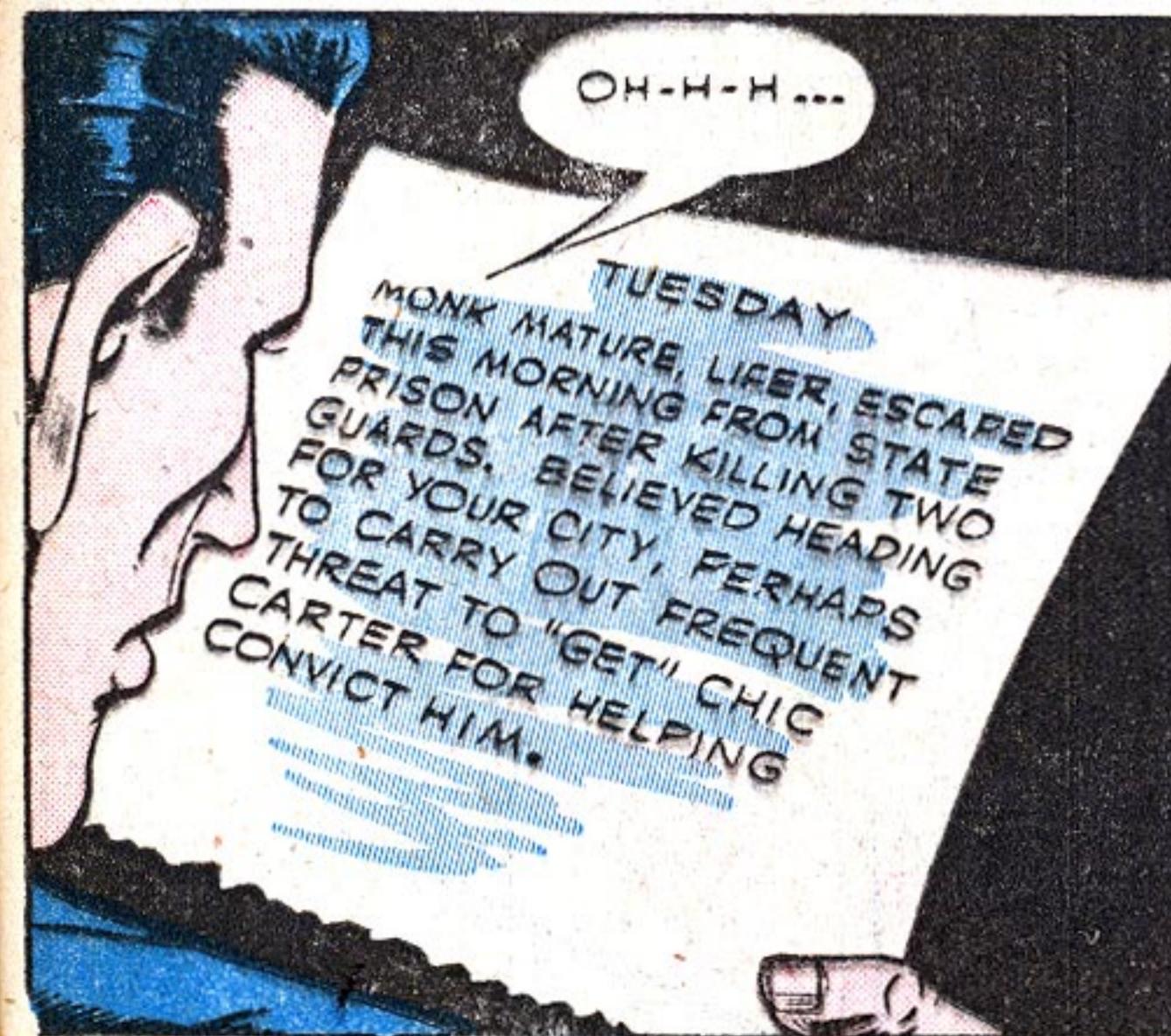
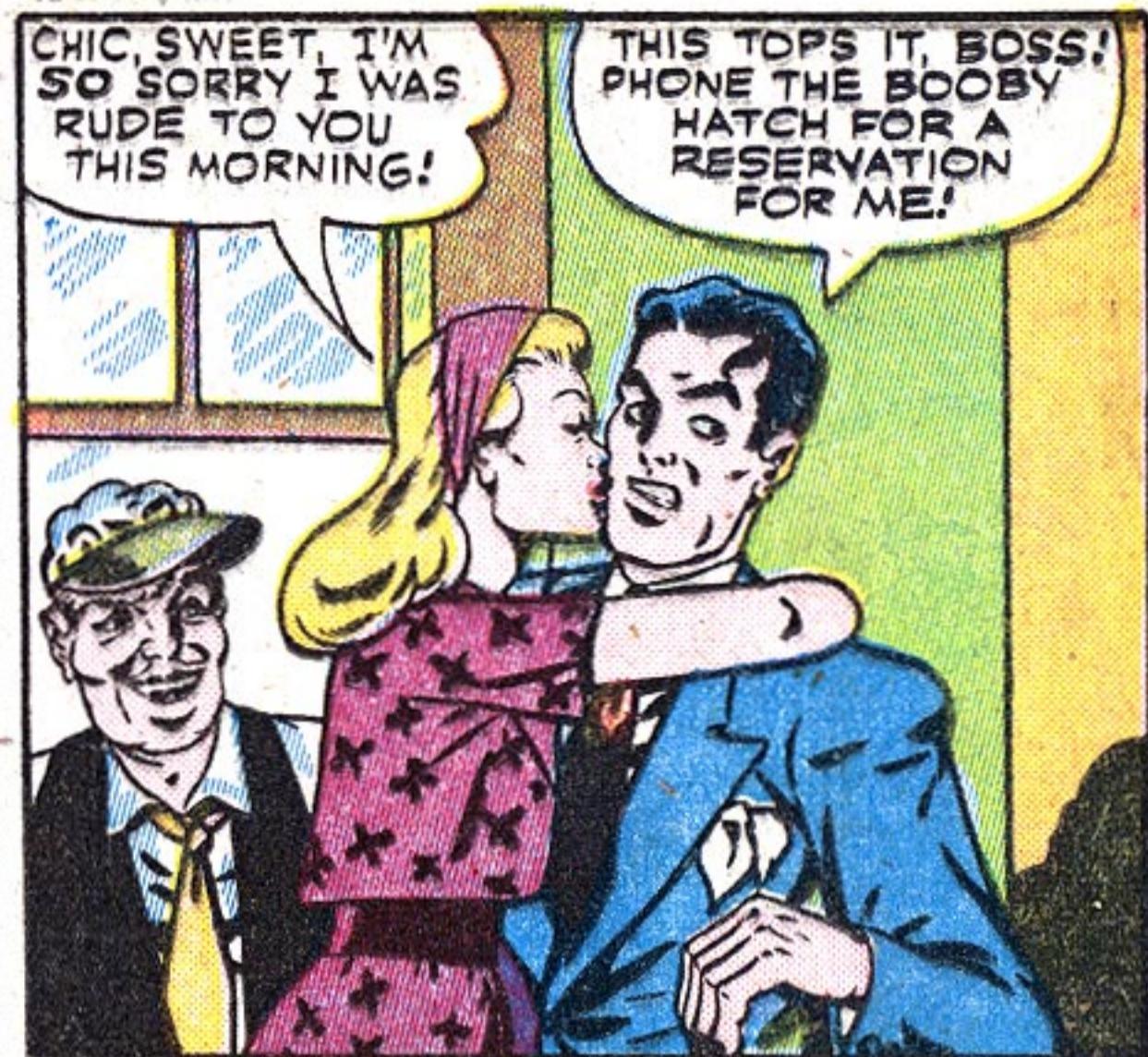
OH, ME -- WHAT A DAY! THE BOSS IS SORE BECAUSE I MUFFED A STORY--AND GAY'S NOT TALKING TO ME BECAUSE I MISSED OUR DATE!

CARTER! COME IN HERE!

OH-OH! THERE'S THAT UGLY MA-A-AN AGAIN!

CHIC, MY BOY -- YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! I WANT YOU TO TAKE A NICE LONG VACATION -- WITH PAY!!

WITH PAY? AWRRRK! NOW I KNOW I'M NUTS!

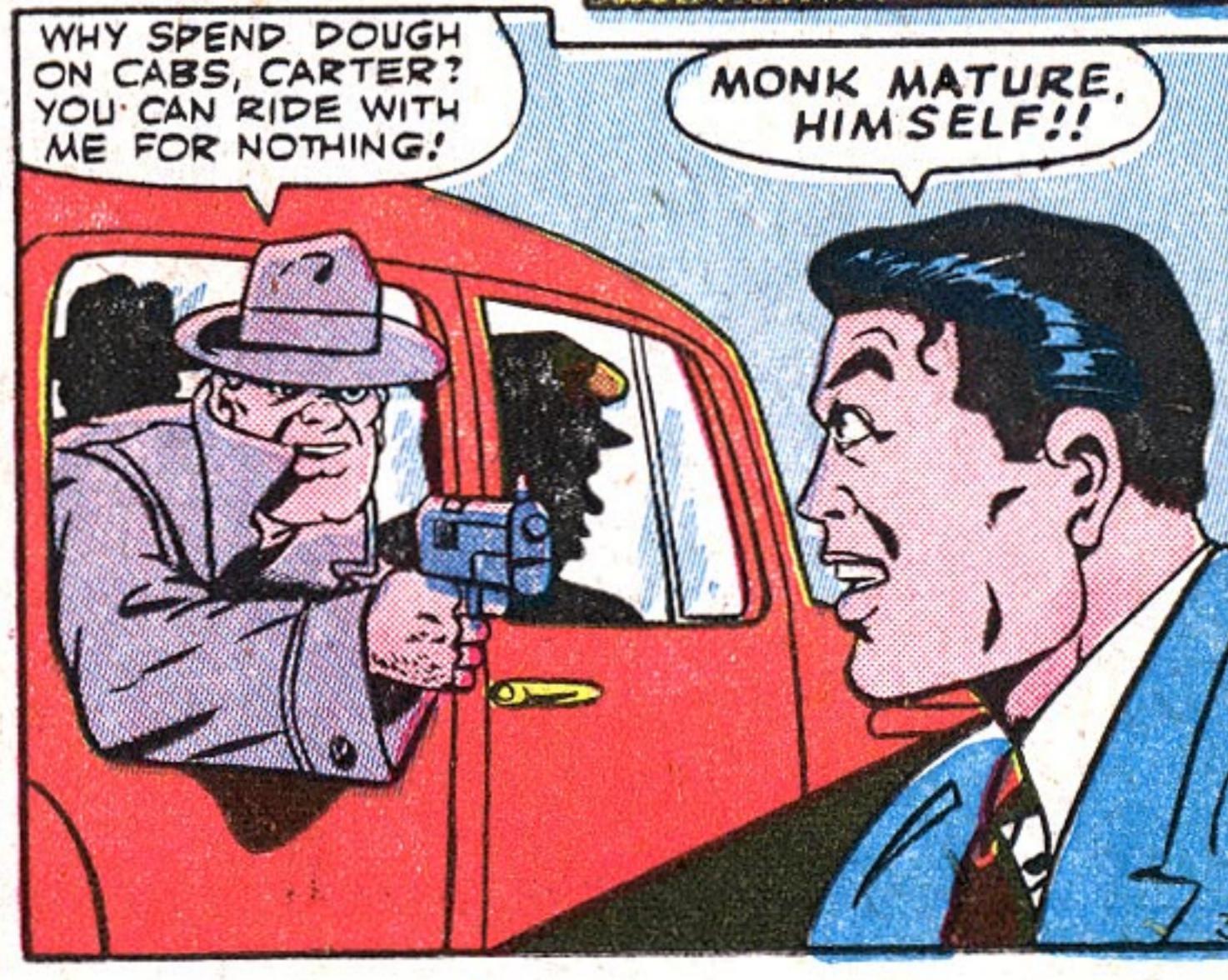
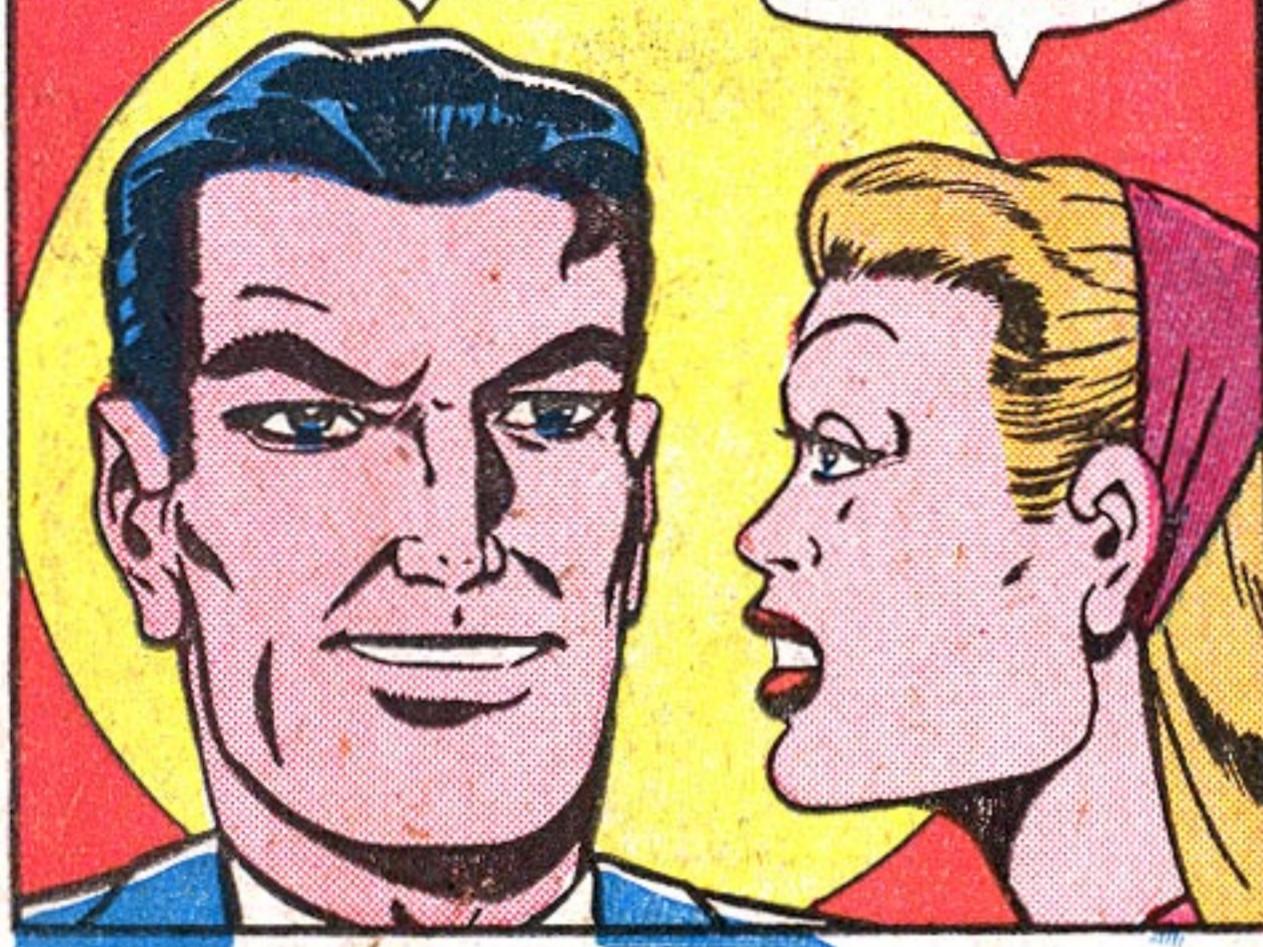


YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD SUGAR ME INTO GOING INTO HIDING UNTIL MONK'S RECAPTURED, EH?

BUT CHIC--YOU'VE WANTED A VACATION--AND THE POLICE WILL CAPTURE HIM ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

SURE, CHIC! YOU AND GAY TAKE A LITTLE RUN OUT INTO THE COUNTRY FOR A DAY OR TWO...

WELL-L-L, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...



# NATIONAL COMICS

OH, I HATE TO IMPOSE ON YOU LIKE THIS...

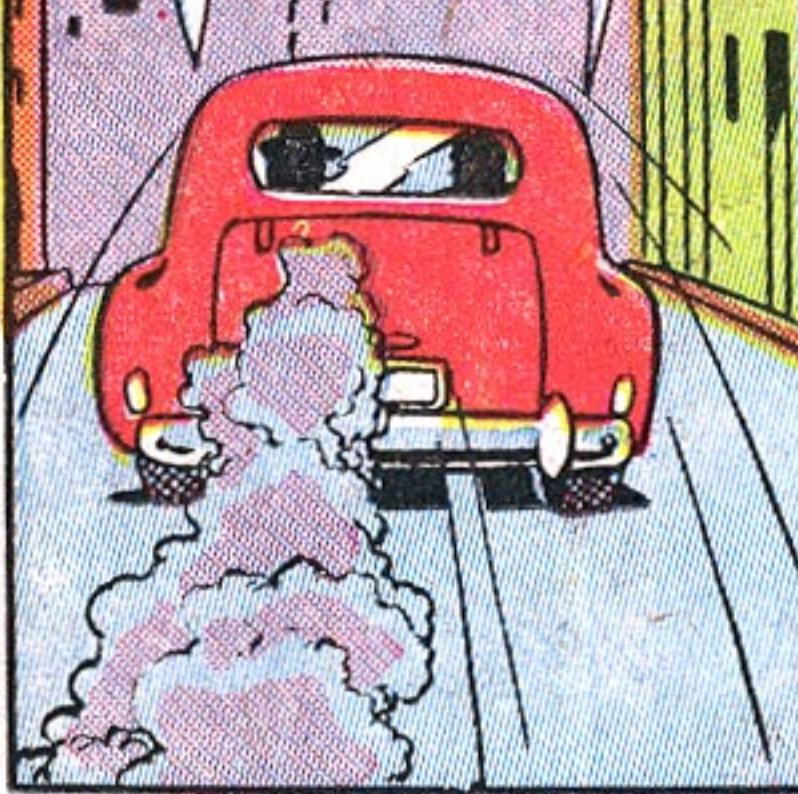
IT'S A PLEASURE! MEET A COUPLE OF THE BOYS, CARTER -- SAMMY AND KRANZ!

THEY'VE GOT THE CHUMMIEST LITTLE SPOT PICKED OUT -- WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE TOGETHER!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO ALL THAT TROUBLE, JUST FOR POOR LITTLE ME!

IF YOU WERE A GENTLEMAN, MONK, YOU'D TOSS AWAY THAT GUN AND FACE ME MAN TO MAN!

NOW, AIN'T THAT A STRANGE COINCIDENCE?

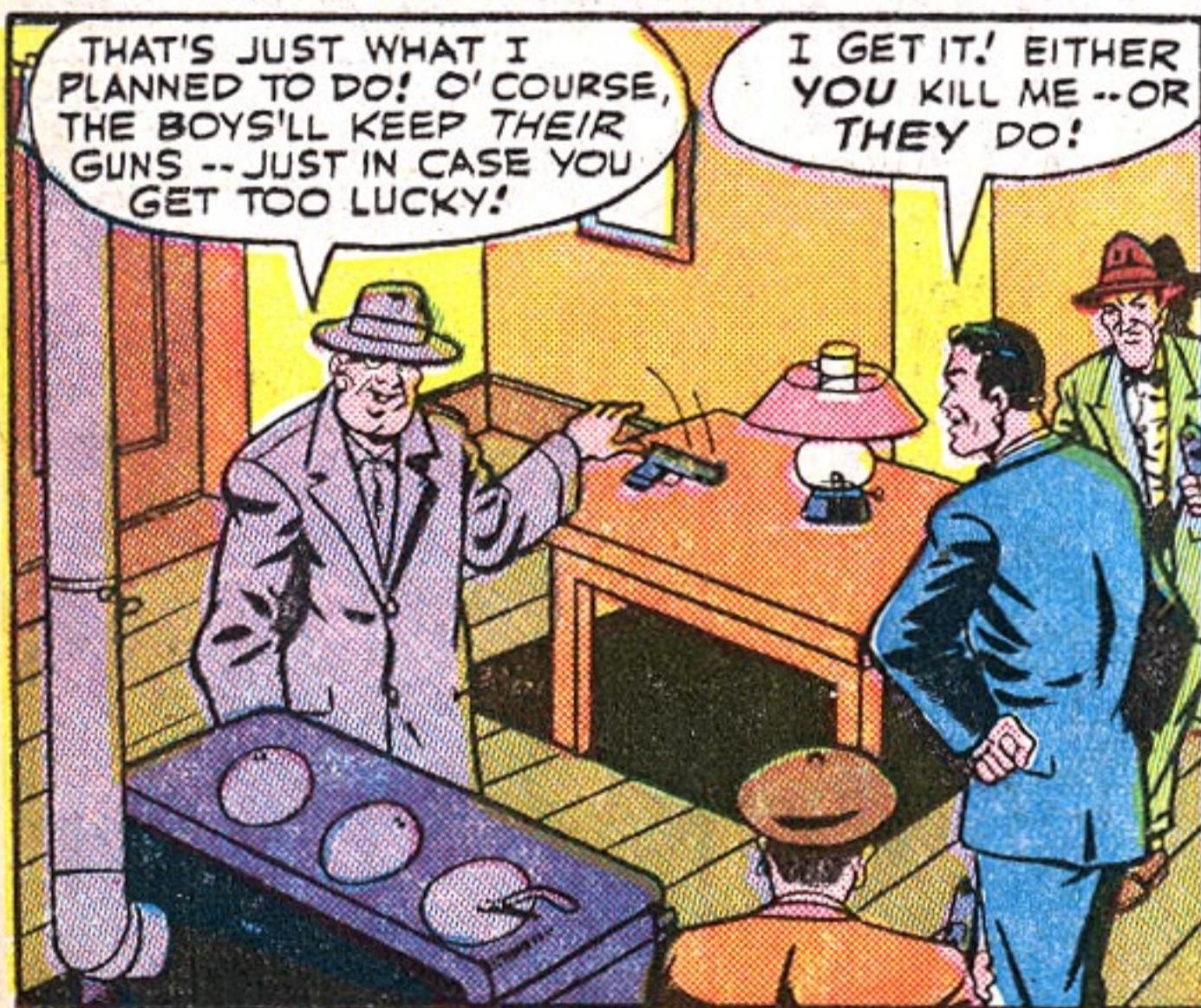


THAT'S JUST WHAT I PLANNED TO DO! O'COURSE, THE BOYS'LL KEEP THEIR GUNS -- JUST IN CASE YOU GET TOO LUCKY!

I GET IT! EITHER YOU KILL ME -- OR THEY DO!

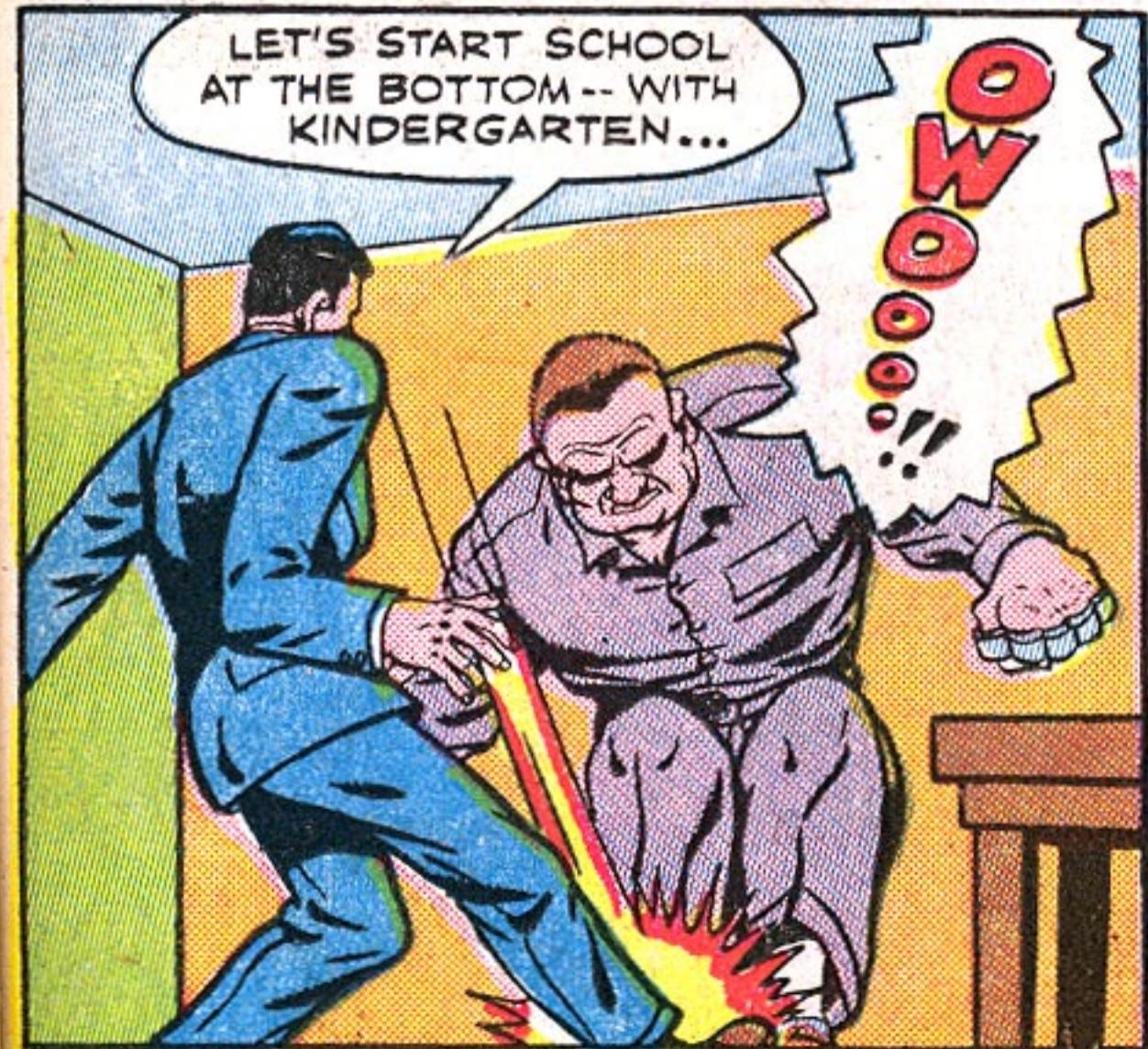
THAT'S THE IDEA, CARTER! I SWEORE I'D KILL YOU -- AND I WILL ...

BY CUTTING ME TO RIBBONS WITH THOSE BRASS KNUCKLES! JUST A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL! OKAY!...



LET'S START SCHOOL AT THE BOTTOM -- WITH KINDERGARTEN...

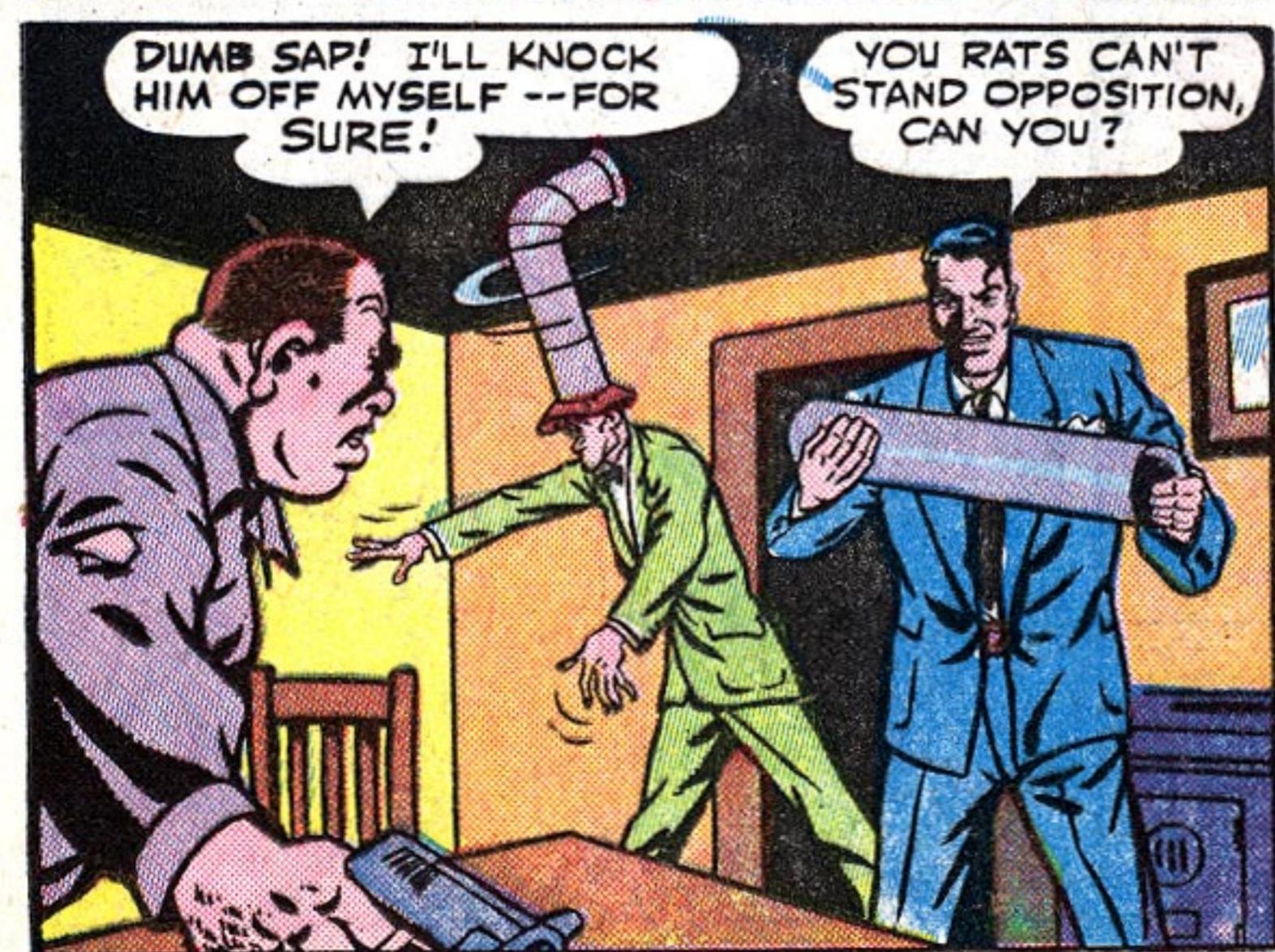
OW  
OW  
OW

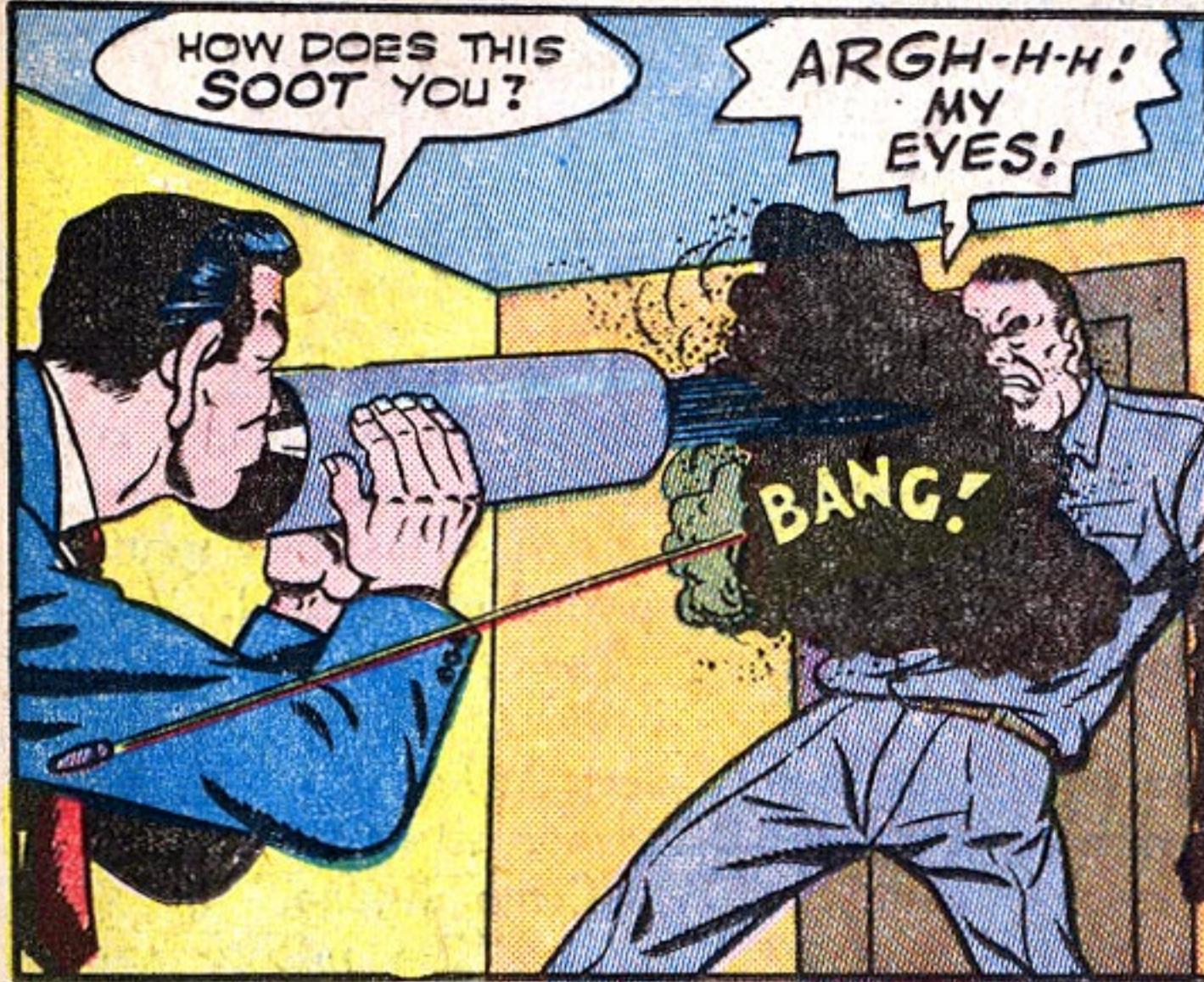


...JOIN OUR ASTRONOMY CLASS AND STUDY THE STARS!

HEY, YOU CAN'T!...







# FOOTPRINTS of LIGHT

THE small safari wound along the veldt like a serpent, keeping close to the river. There you ran less chance of being ambushed by savage tribes; and, too, the wild elephant herds were more likely to be near the water.

Spencer Hale, young leader of the party, knew his Africa for all his youth. He had been in Kenya. His father, Sir John Winston Hale, had been a noted big game hunter—until a wounded bull elephant had cut short his life. That had occurred when Spencer was six years old. His mother had died at his birth, so that he had been raised by the old family *mayah*—or native serving woman.

Spencer had been reared in an atmosphere of jungle and hunting lore. He knew it intimately. His father had been a great favorite of the native tribes, and when the old man had gone, the tribesmen transferred their affection to the youngster. He was now seventeen.

"If we can find that big fellow," he told Wango, his chief gun-bearer, "there's a fat bonus in it for all of you. Keep a good eye out."

"Yes bwana, Wango never sleeps," replied the huge black.

The party had to veer away from the river toward noon because of fresh spoor, and they halted for lunch beneath a mass of mangrove.

Spoor was plentiful, and

Wango came running to Spencer before the meal was ended. "I think he is close by, Bwana—the mighty one!"

"Yeah?" Spencer leaped up. "How do you know, Wango?"

The native pointed up into the tree branches. "Only the mighty can reach so high," he said simply. "See—all of 20 feet from the ground; even a big elephant, Bwana, reaches but 15 or 16 feet into the branches."

"Holy Cow!" exclaimed Spencer, "I do believe you're right. We must hurry, Wango. Get the guns ready. You and I—take a dozen beaters—we'll leave immediately!"

"Good!" The black hurried off to round up the beaters. Spencer wolfed a sandwich and drank a cup of steaming tea.

"Where away in such a hurry, Spen?" asked Devers, one of the hunting party. Spencer told him, "No use in us all going. The mighty one is a clever chap; we'd make too much noise. We'll be back before evening."

Spencer, Wango and the beaters headed north, following the tracks of the small herd. They followed the well-beaten trail for two hours, then Wango, who had ears like some night animal, suddenly stopped in an attitude of listening.

"Be very quiet, Bwana. He is near. We must watch for the Cows."

They slipped silently through the tall jungle grass, crouching, edging around to the east so that they would be up-wind of the herd.

The beaters moved like shadows, carrying the heavy guns. At length Wango signalled for silence.

"Come Bwana," he whispered. "The mighty one is close, but he is also alert; may be that he has heard us."

You are playing with death when you stalk wild elephants. Quick to stampede, of vicious temper when startled, they are mountains of speedy doom. Spencer followed the big native to where a large clearing began. Not 200 yards away browsed a herd of a dozen or more elephants, mostly cows, all heavy with ivory. But where was the mighty one?

Wango pointed. Spencer saw the great greyish-black giant then. He was partly screened from view by thick foliage. Crafty, he had chosen this hiding place to watch over his herd. It was a good 300 yards—a long shot, but Spencer balanced the heavy Ballard elephant gun, bringing the sights in line on the beast's great bulk just back of the left foreleg. He squeezed the trigger.

The terrific explosion nearly knocked him flat. When the smoke cleared, they searched the clearing with anxious glances. The elephant herd had disappeared amid a crashing of branches and snorting bel-

## NATIONAL COMICS

follow."

"You get idea?" Wango asked.

Spencer nodded. "But I got to have water. Ask 'em for a drink, Wango."

It was sunset. Night would soon be upon the jungle. Spencer would have to figure out his plan before darkness. Wango called to the guard to bring water. Surprisingly enough, a native brought a gourd of brackish water and passed it through the bars of the cage.

"Don't drink it," warned Spencer. "We need it."

Spencer took the gourd and emptied the contents of one jacket pocket into it. He stirred this mixture for several minutes, wondering the while if the others in the party had started out to look for them. He had told them he and Wango would return by sunset. Soon it would be dark. That's what he figured on, darkness.

The natives came to the cage and roughly dragged their captives out. Then they bound their hands behind them and shoved them ahead.

The night wore on, and Spencer felt fatigue creeping over him, stiffening his muscles, making his feet hurt painfully. Whenever he lagged, the savages behind jabbed their spears into his back; it was bleeding profusely now and pained terribly.

Wango seemed not to notice the driving pace. He strode immediately ahead of Spencer —head held high, never changing his stride. Proud Wango was. Son of a chief. Blood of a noble clan. He'd drop in utter exhaustion before he'd

complain.

The other members of the safari grew alarmed when night came and Spencer hadn't returned. They'd heard the single shot; no more.

"We'd better take off," Hal Moreland suggested. "Something must have happened to them. You'd think at least one of their beaters would've come back."

"I agree with you," spoke up Jack Weldon. "I say let's get going right now."

They quickly broke camp and were under way. They found the clearing and picked up the trail of the wounded elephant. They knew Spencer would follow that.

They came to the scene of the attack . . . then one of the natives, on his knees on the trail, called to the white men.

"Fire, Bwana! Fire that burns not!" He indicated the glowing spot on the trampled grass.

"Ha!" cried one of the men. "Clever of Spencer. Come on, we'll follow these marks."

It was well that there were marks to follow, since many trails crossed and criss-crossed the vast jungle darkness.

The other part of the safari crept upon the sleeping camp of the savages and, by firing their guns and shouting like demons, they drove off the blacks.

"How did you leave those glowing marks on the trail, Spencer?" everyone wanted to know. "That's how we followed you." "Simple," replied Spencer. "Soaked matches in a gourd of water and smeared the stuff on my shoes. Phosphorus in matches, you know —glows at night."

lows. The mighty one had vanished with them.

"Missed," said Spencer with annoyance.

Wango shook his head. "The Bwana never misses. Come!"

They were headed for the opposite side of the clearing. The beaters had preceded them. The mighty one was gone, but there were great splashes of blood on the leaves and trampled grass.

"Hit him all right!" said Spencer. "Fan out, fellows. Be careful."

The sound of the retreating herd was fading. Spencer and Wango stuck to the blood-splattered trail of the wounded beast. They knew they would have to be extremely careful since many savage animals in the jungle would smell the fresh blood and take up the trail.

The thing they never anticipated, however, happened at that moment. A blood thirsty yell echoed through the trees, and then a hundred painted savages were upon them. Quickly Spencer and Wango were overpowered and hurled into a cage which the blacks used for trapping animals.

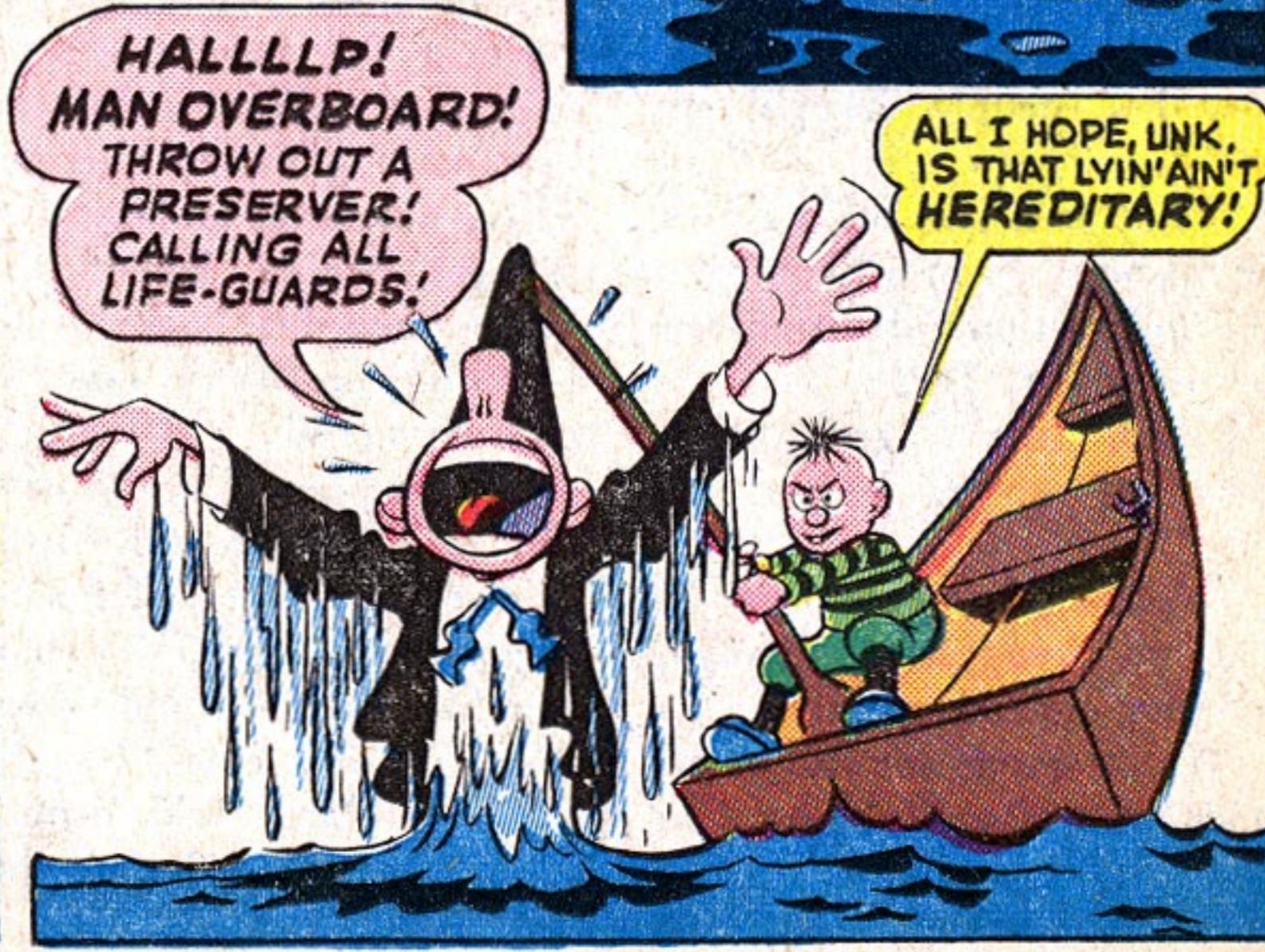
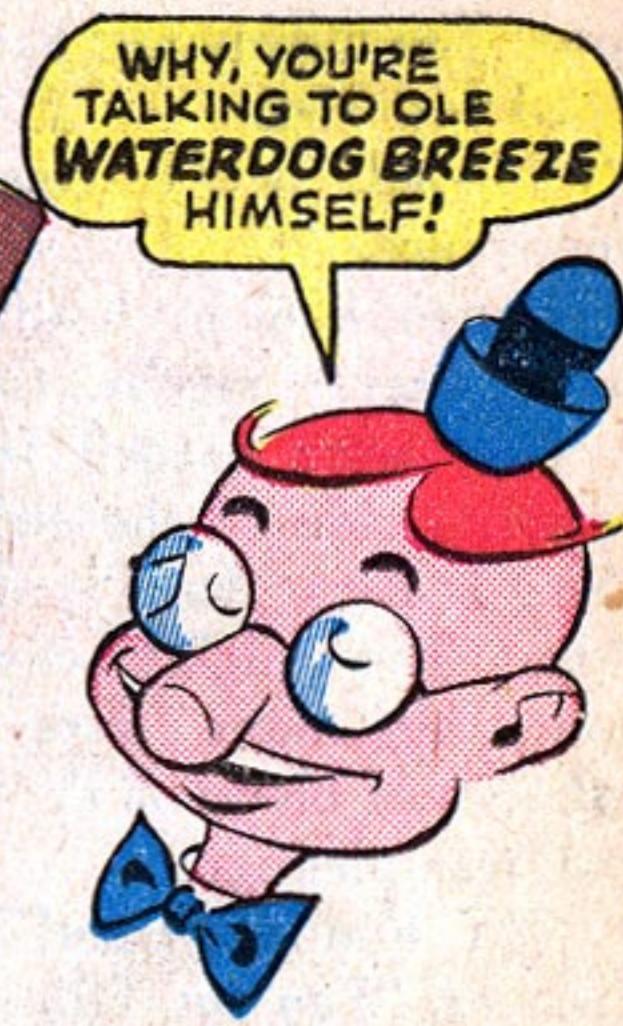
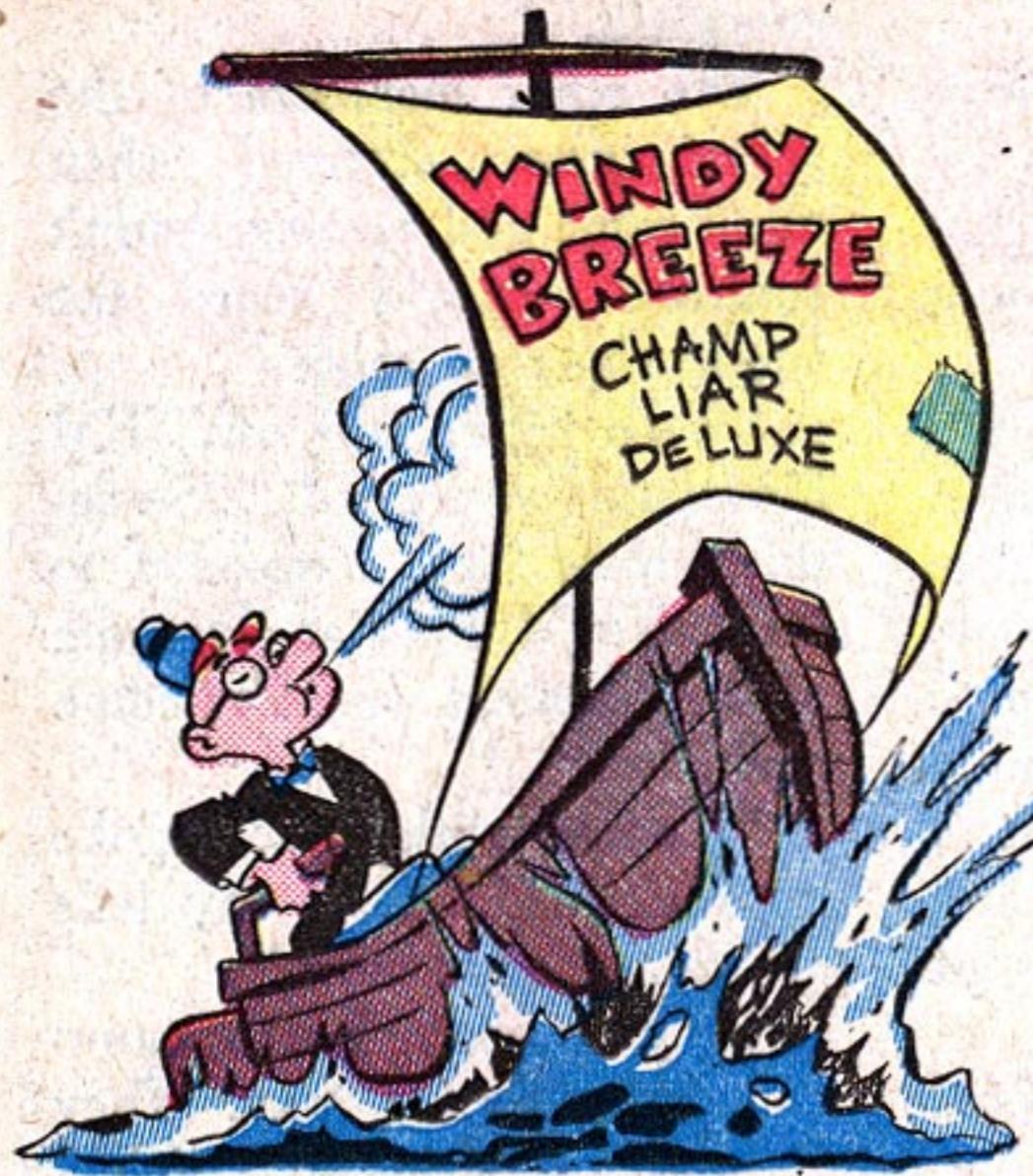
Wango said, "m' boolis—very bad people. They'll eat us."

"They won't eat me," growled Spencer. "Not without getting indigestion!" He fumbled in his jacket. Then:

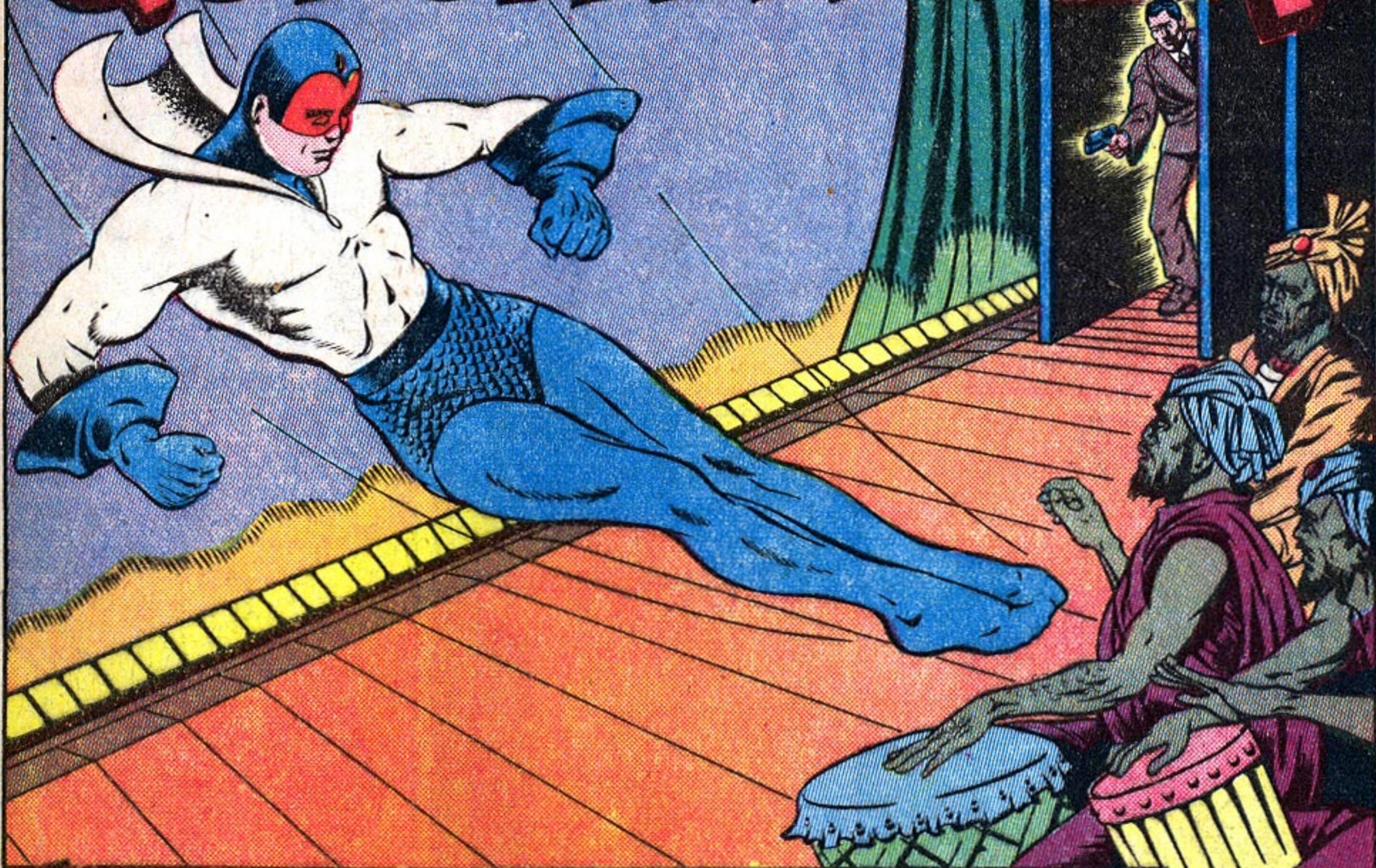
"Wish they'd give us a drink of water. I have an idea."

"Mebbe other boys come—find us," suggested Wango, not very enthusiastically.

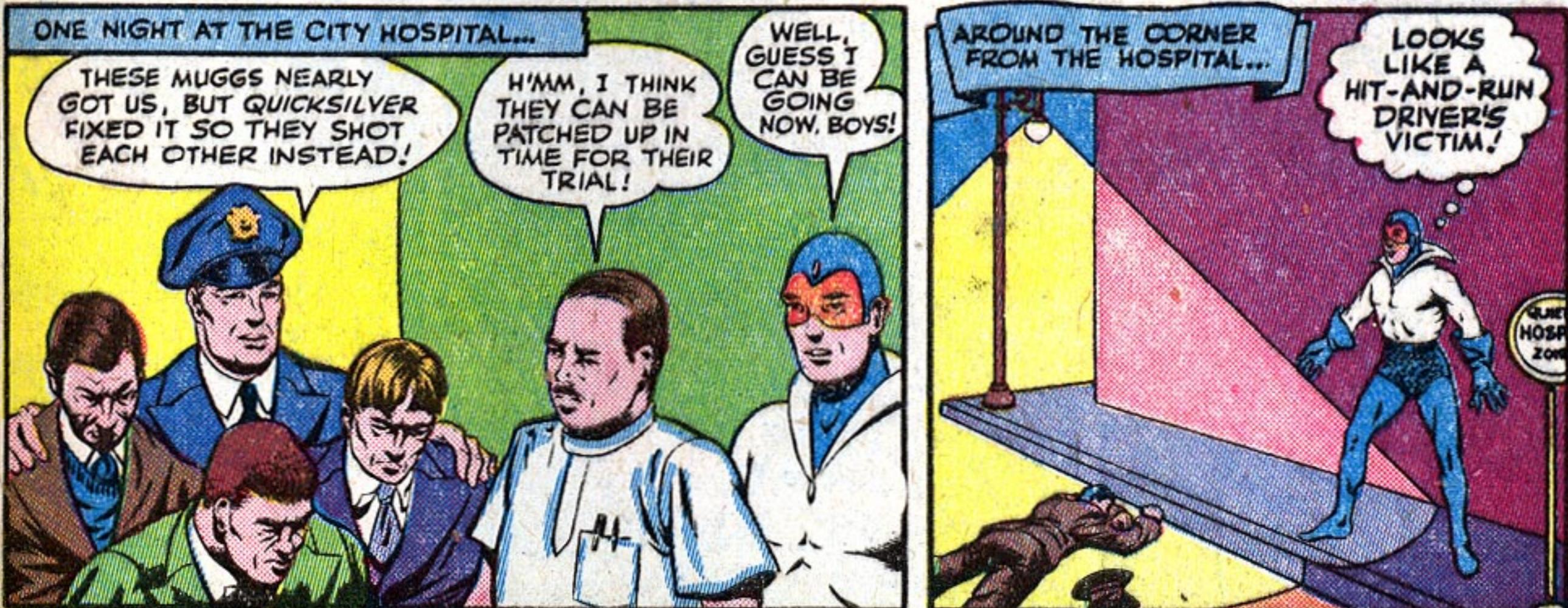
"These woods are full of all kinds of trails. We'll have to give 'em some kind of trail to



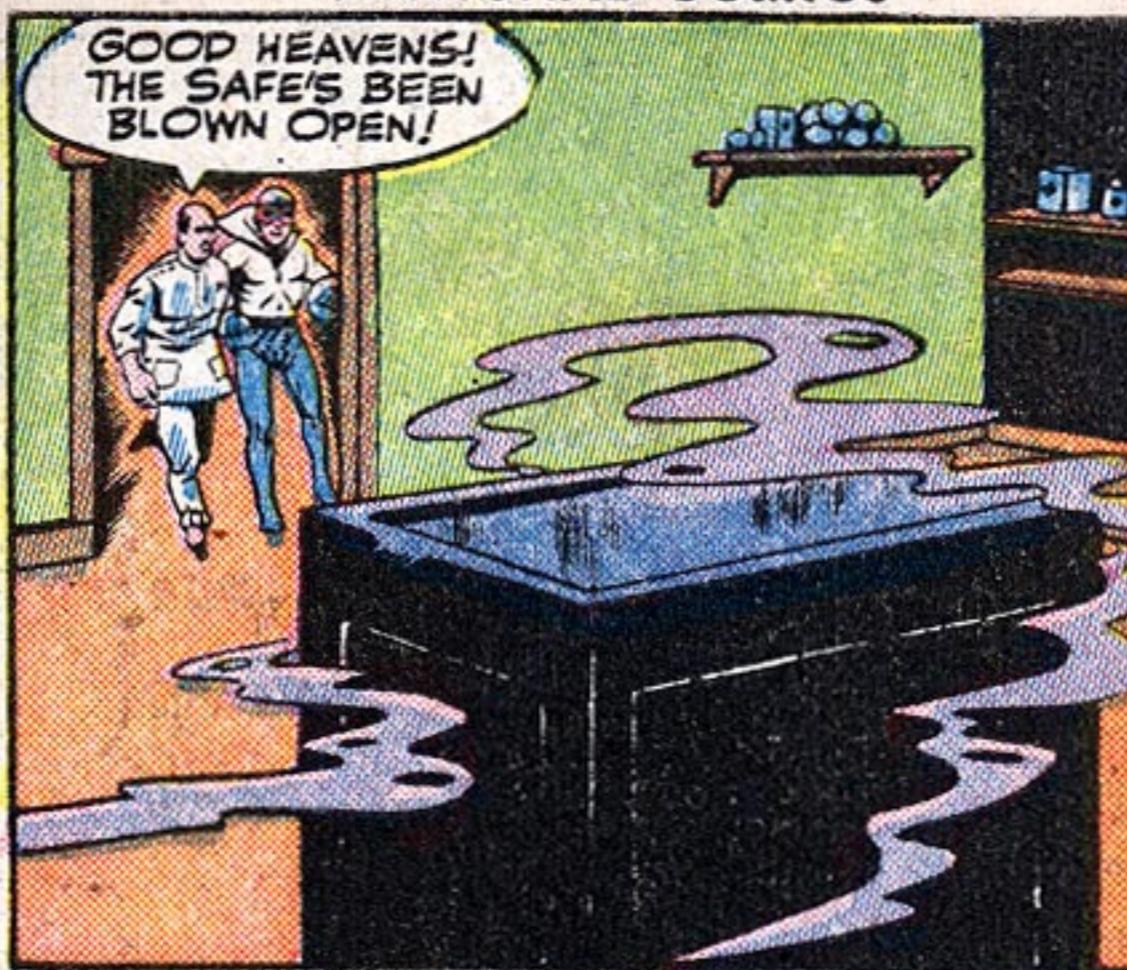
# QUICKSILVER

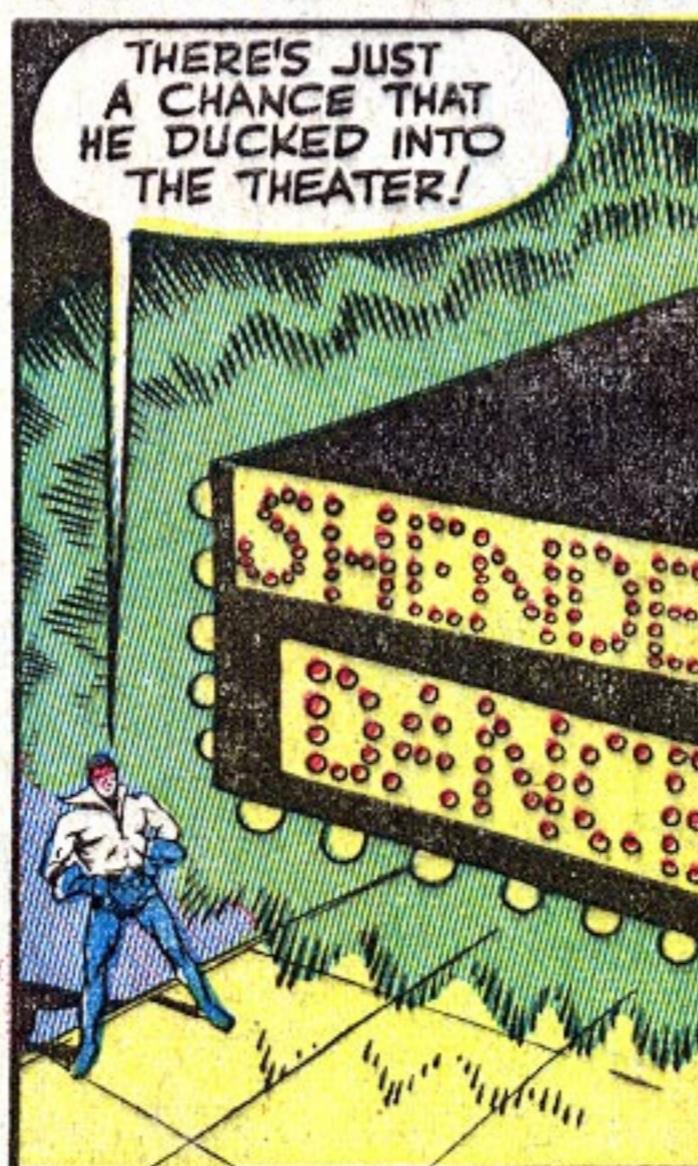
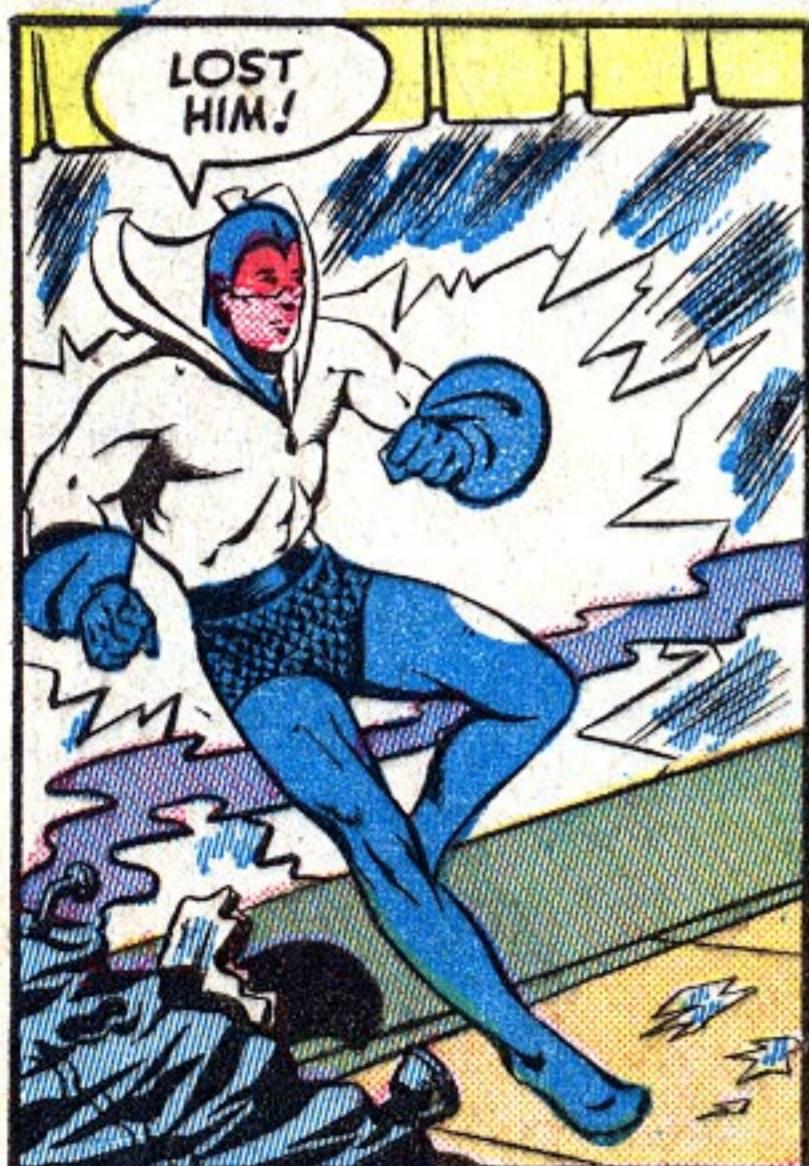
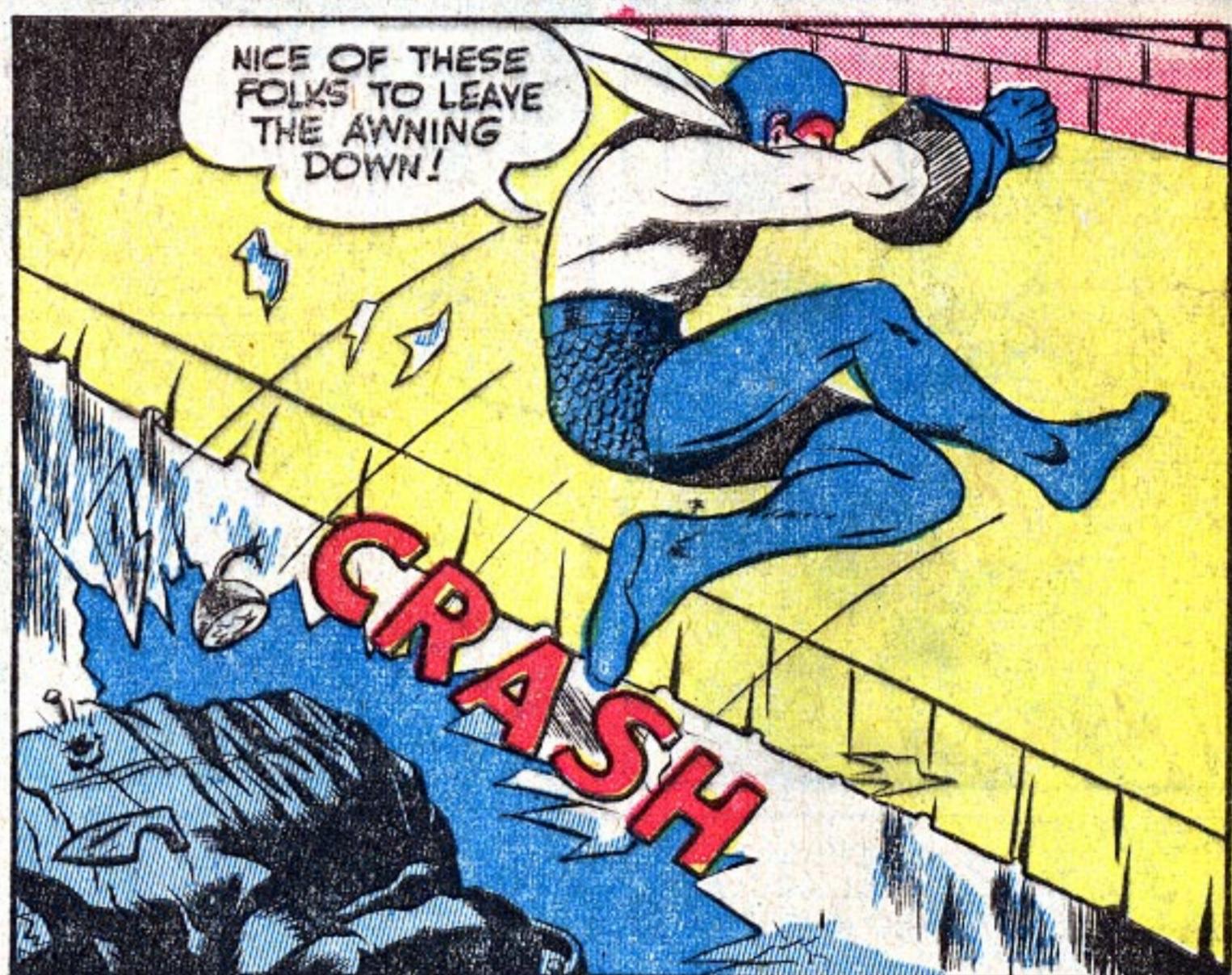
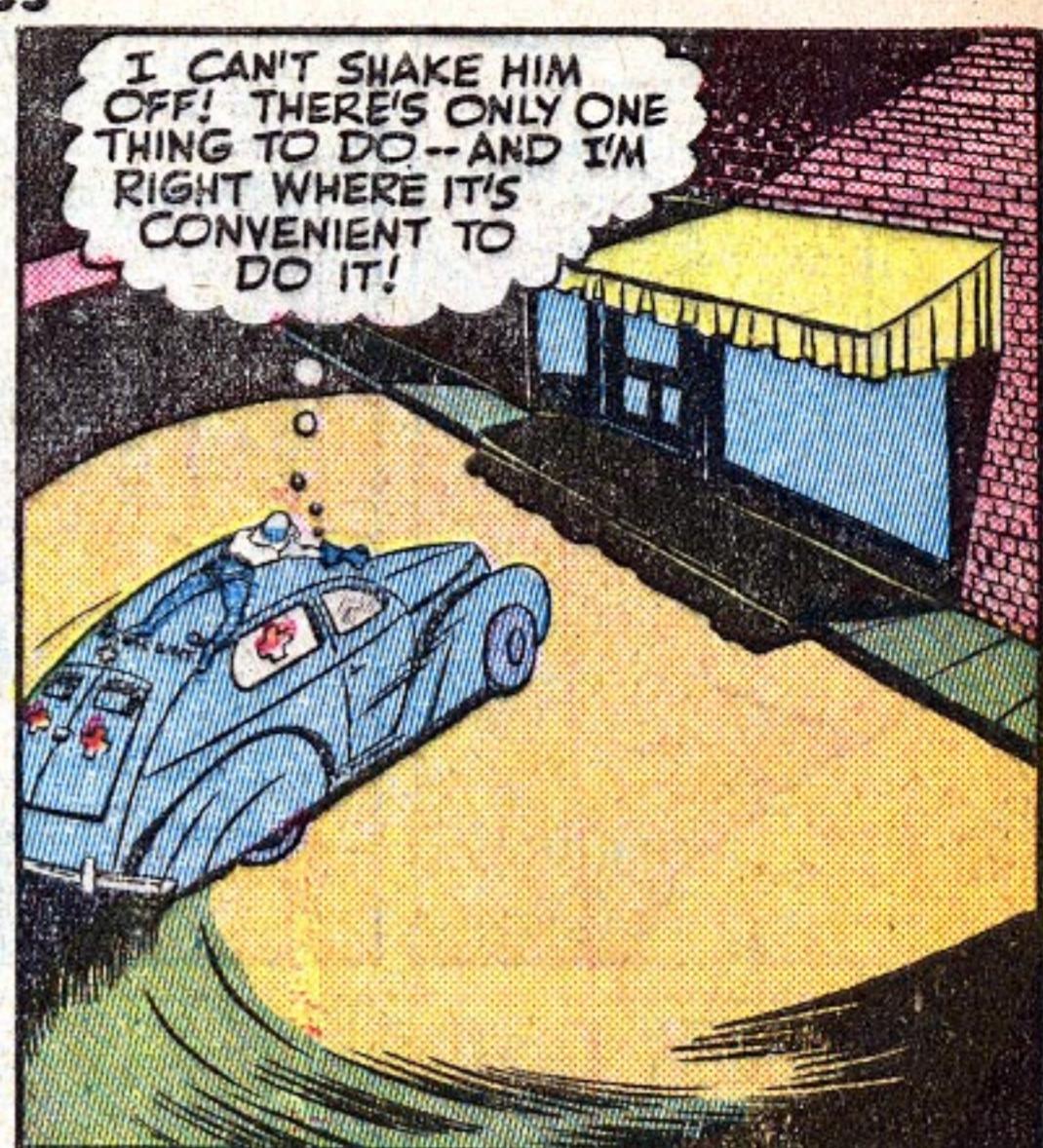
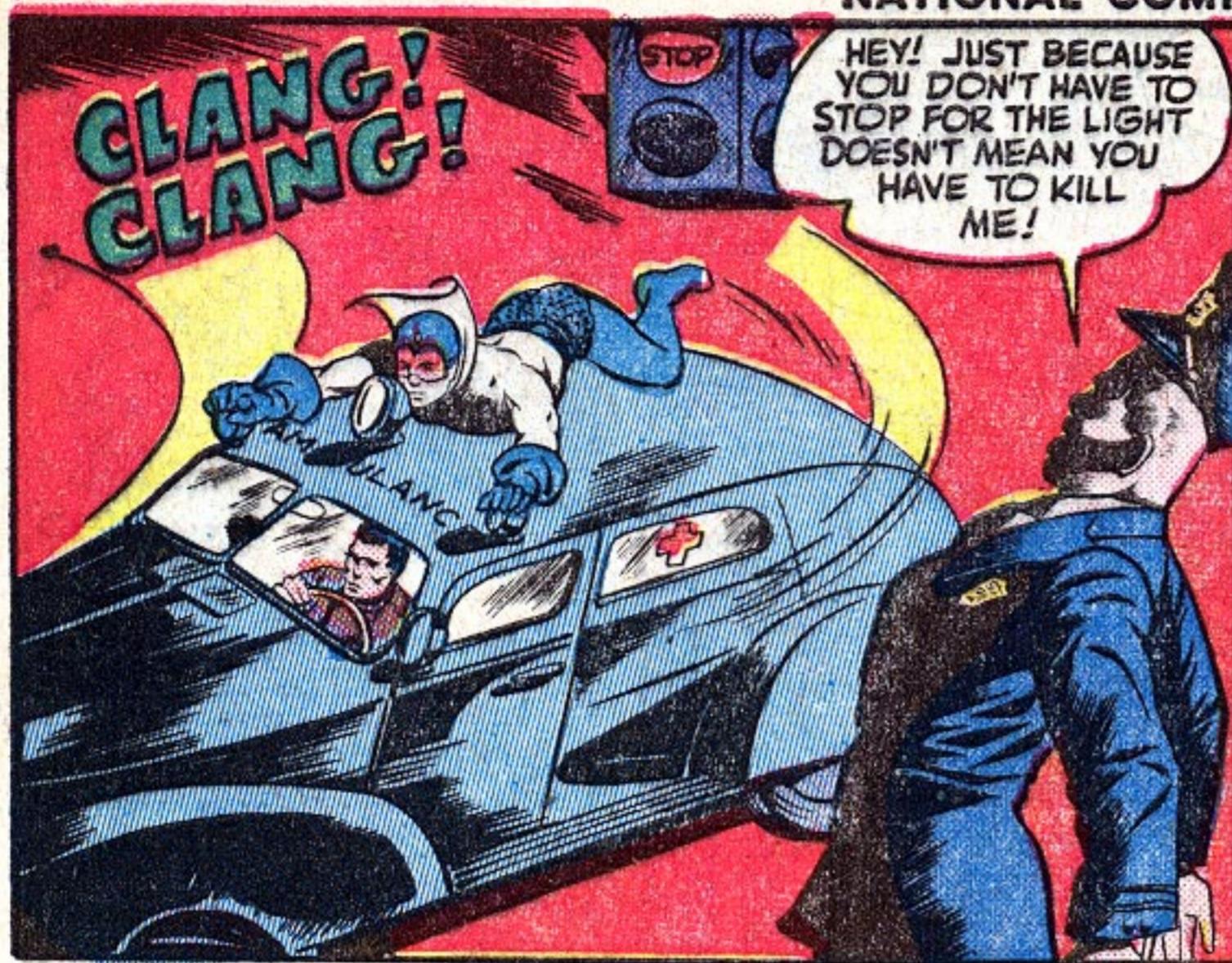


**R**ADIUM, THAT MOST POWERFUL OF ALL THE ELEMENTS, CAN BE EITHER A BOON TO MANKIND OR A SCOURGE, DEPENDING UPON HOW IT IS USED! BUT THERE ARE MEN TO WHOM ALL THINGS HAVE ONLY A CASH VALUE! ... AND TO MEN SUCH AS THESE, THE PRECIOUS METAL BECOMES A TEMPTATION TO THIEVERY AND SUDDEN WEALTH! BUT THERE WAS QUICKSILVER ... READY TO FACE DEATH, IF NEED BE, TO PREVENT THE KIND OF CRIME THAT MEANT NEEDLESS SUFFERING FOR ALL MANKIND!

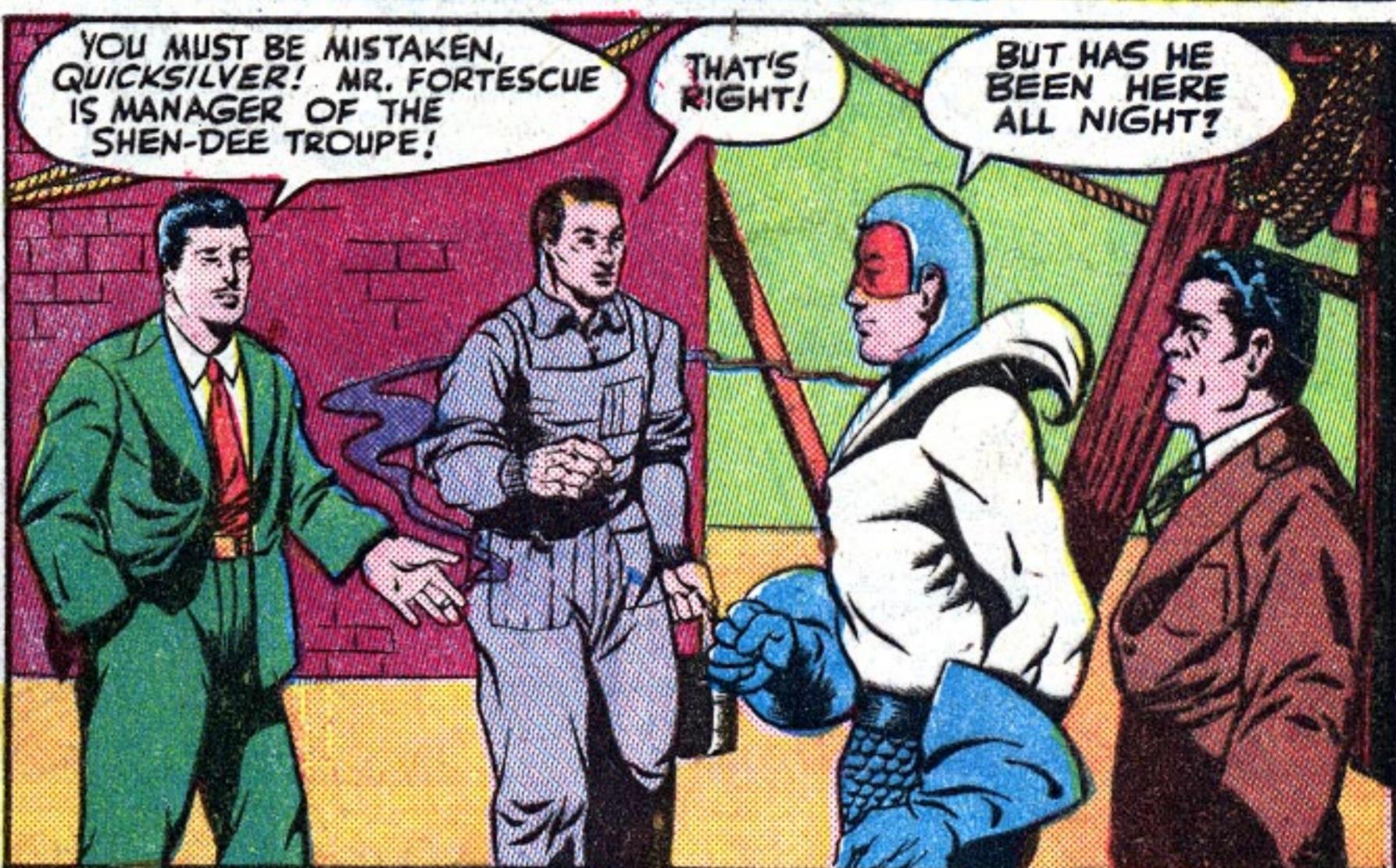
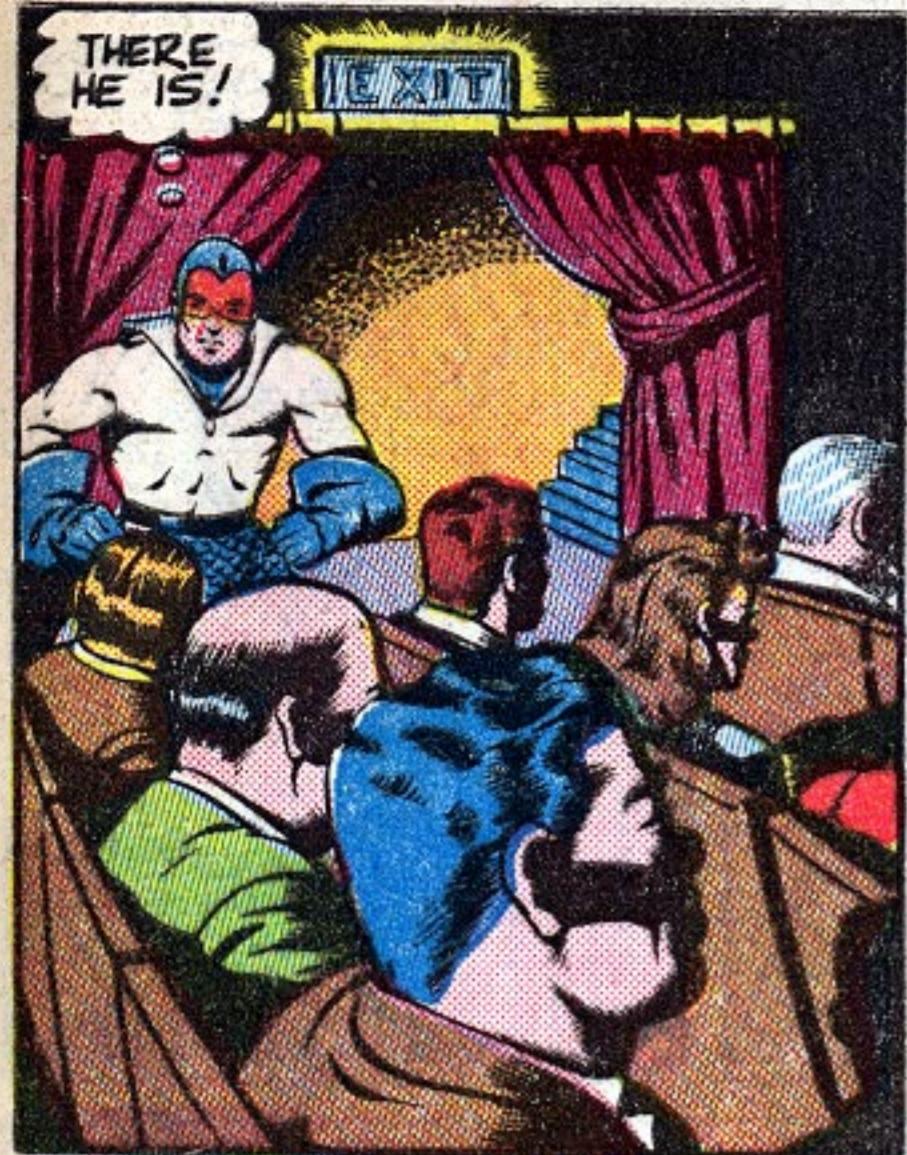
BILL  
QUICKSILVER

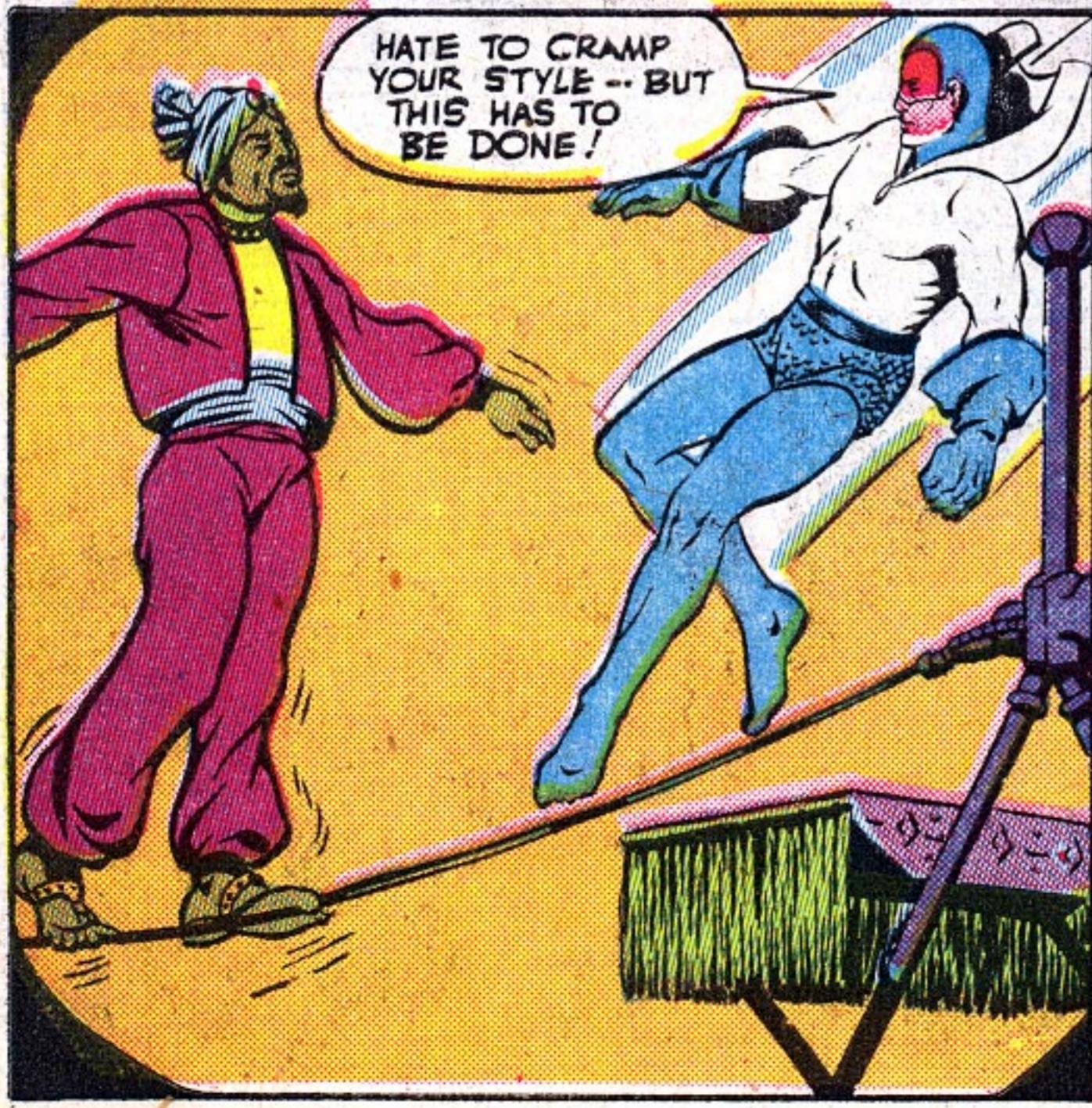
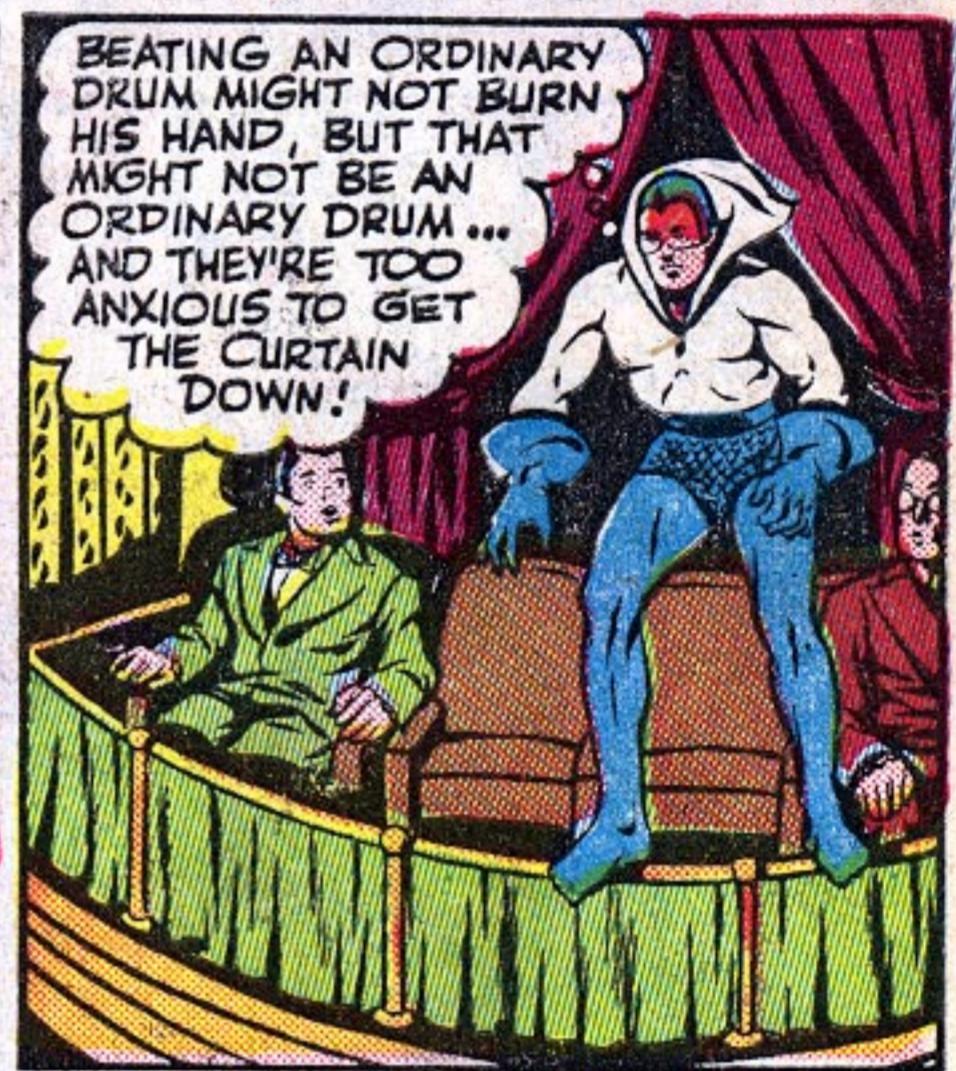


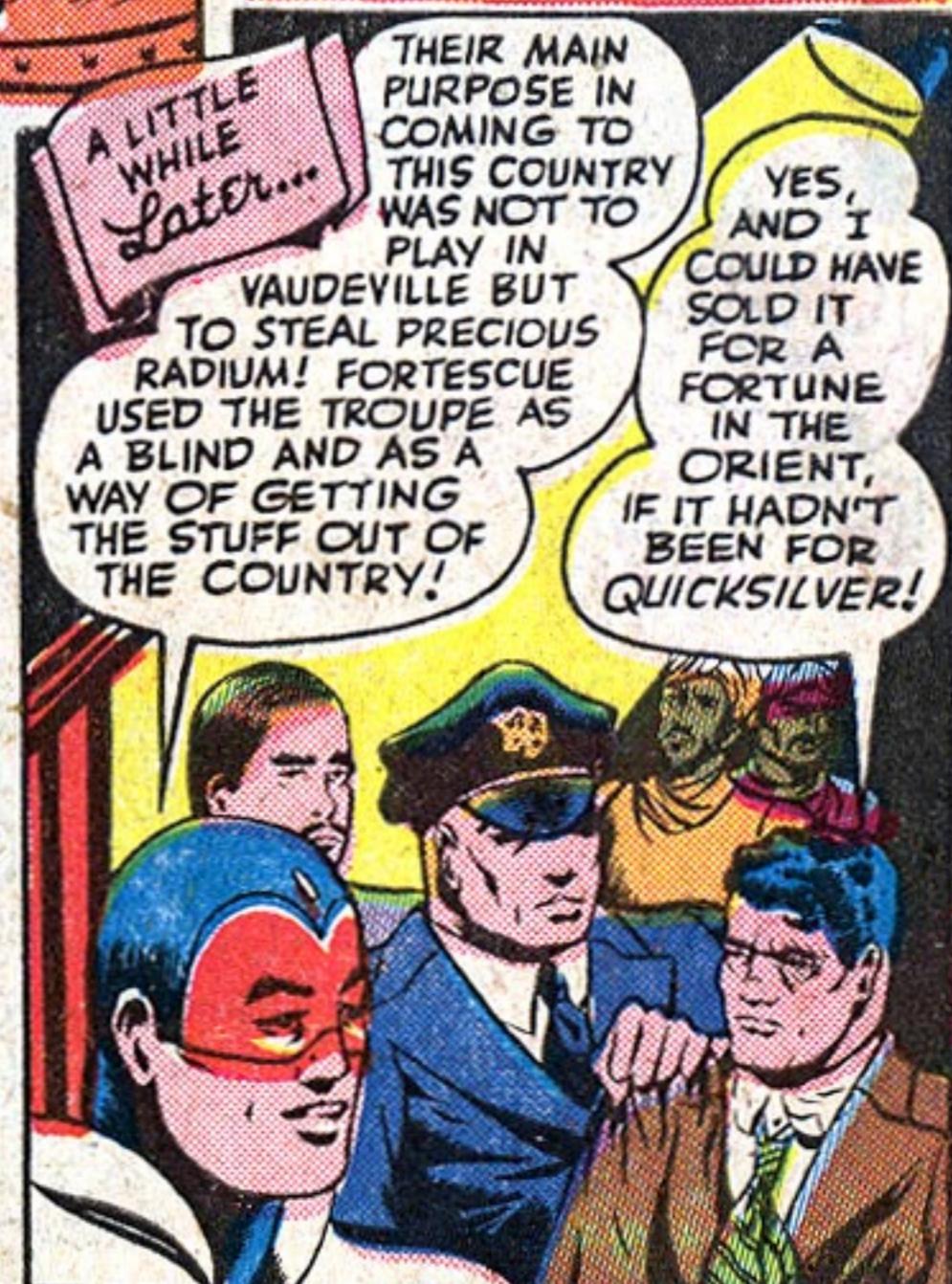




# NATIONAL COMICS





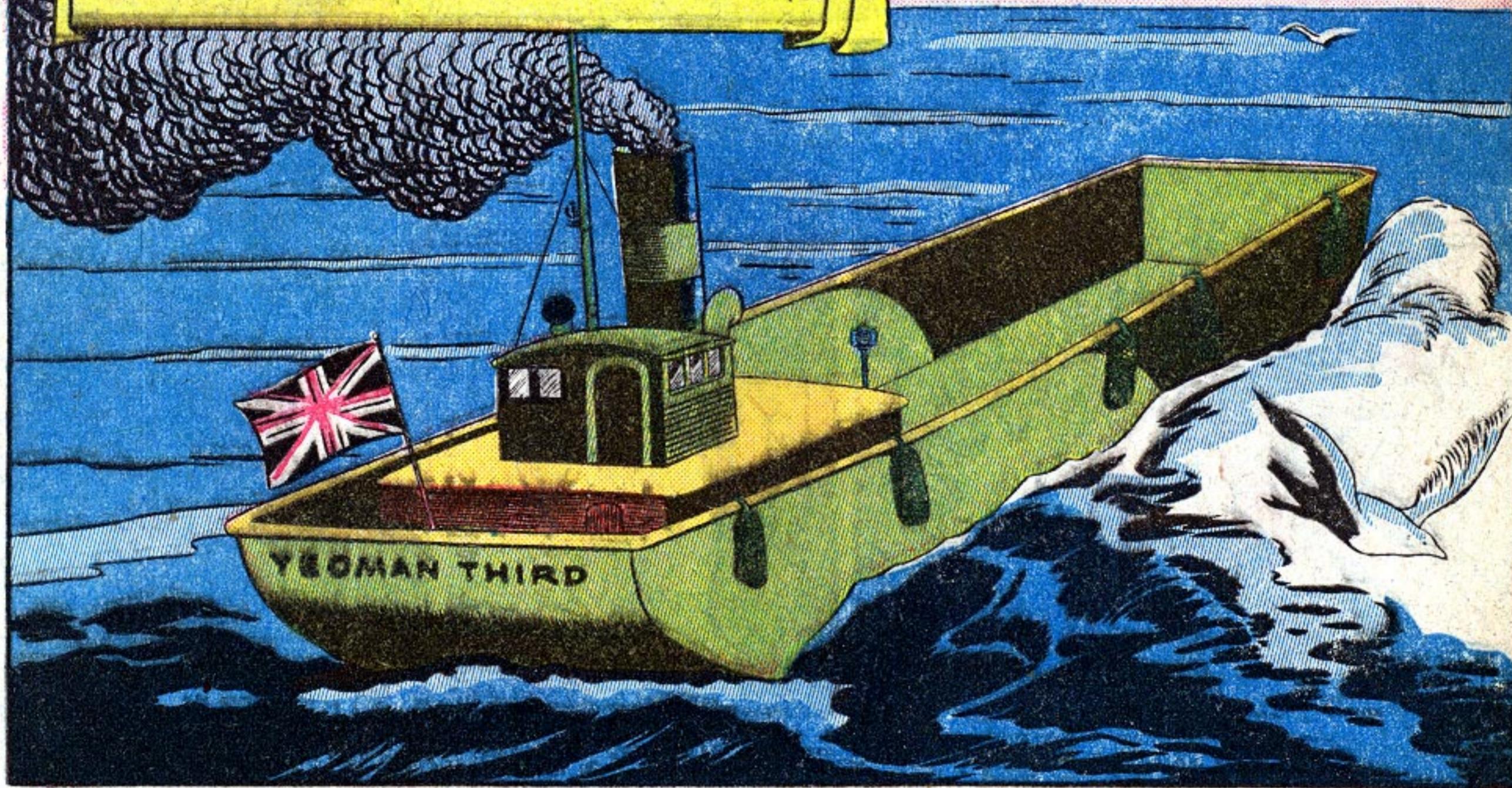


# DESTROYER

# 171

YEOMAN THIRD WAS AN UNGAINLY CRAFT... A FLAT-BOTTOMED CONCRETE LOADING BARGE! SURELY IT WAS NO MATCH FOR THE SPEED OF BATTLE-WISE DESTROYER 171, WITH IT'S FIGHTING CREW AND CAPTAIN!

BUT YEOMAN THIRD, FOR ALL ITS INNOCENT APPEARANCE, LED DESTROYER 171 INTO ONE OF THE TIGHTEST SCRAPES OF ITS PERILOUS CAREER OF BATTLE!



OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE CITY OF JAWALLAH, DUTCH EAST INDIES, BEFORE THE JAP INVASION...

I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN MARLIN! BUT YOU'VE MORTGAGED YEOMAN THIRD TO THE HILT! WE CAN'T LEND ANY MORE MONEY ON THAT BARGE!

BANK

BUT I NEED THE MONEY TO KEEP MY BARGE RUNNING!

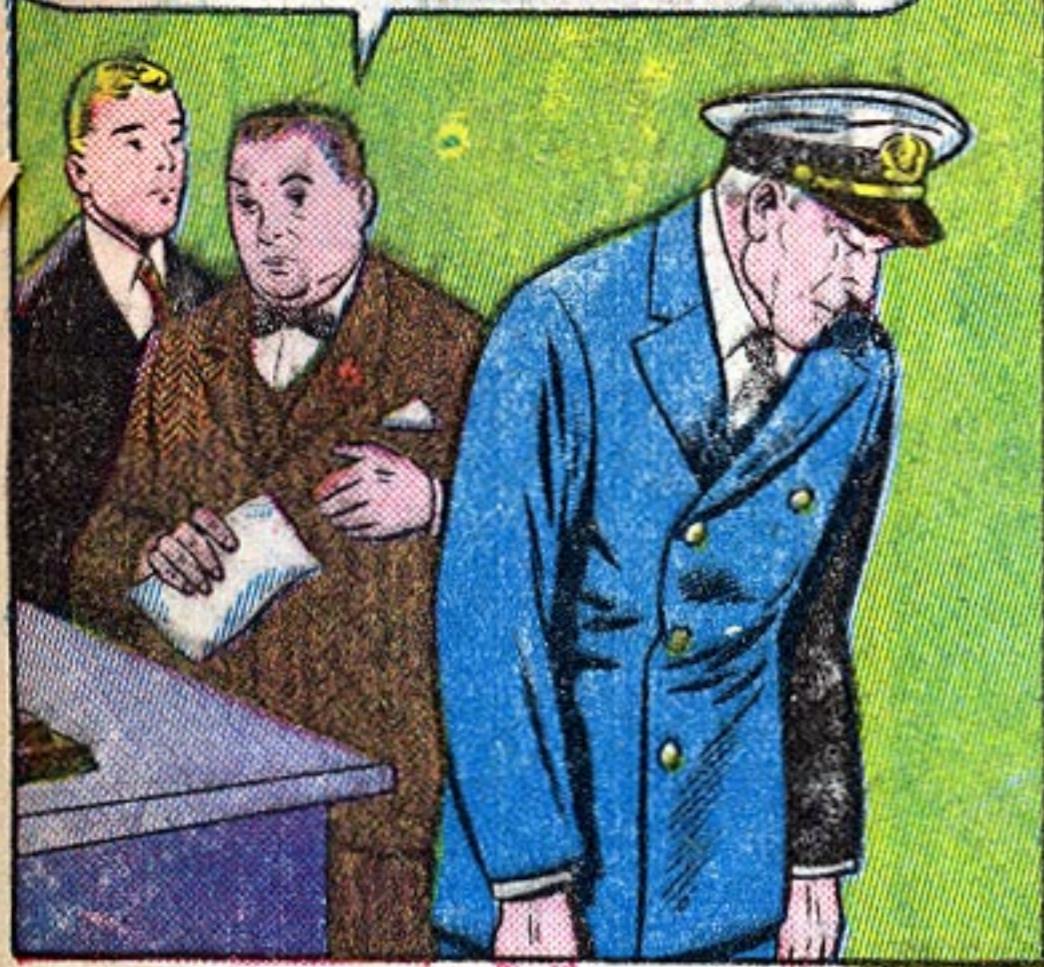
WHY DON'T YOU WAKE UP, CAPTAIN MARLIN? YOU'VE SUNK EVERY PENNY YOU OWN INTO THAT BARGE!

AYE! BUT AS SOON AS I GET SOME FREIGHT TO HANDLE, THE YEOMAN THIRD WILL PAY ME BACK!

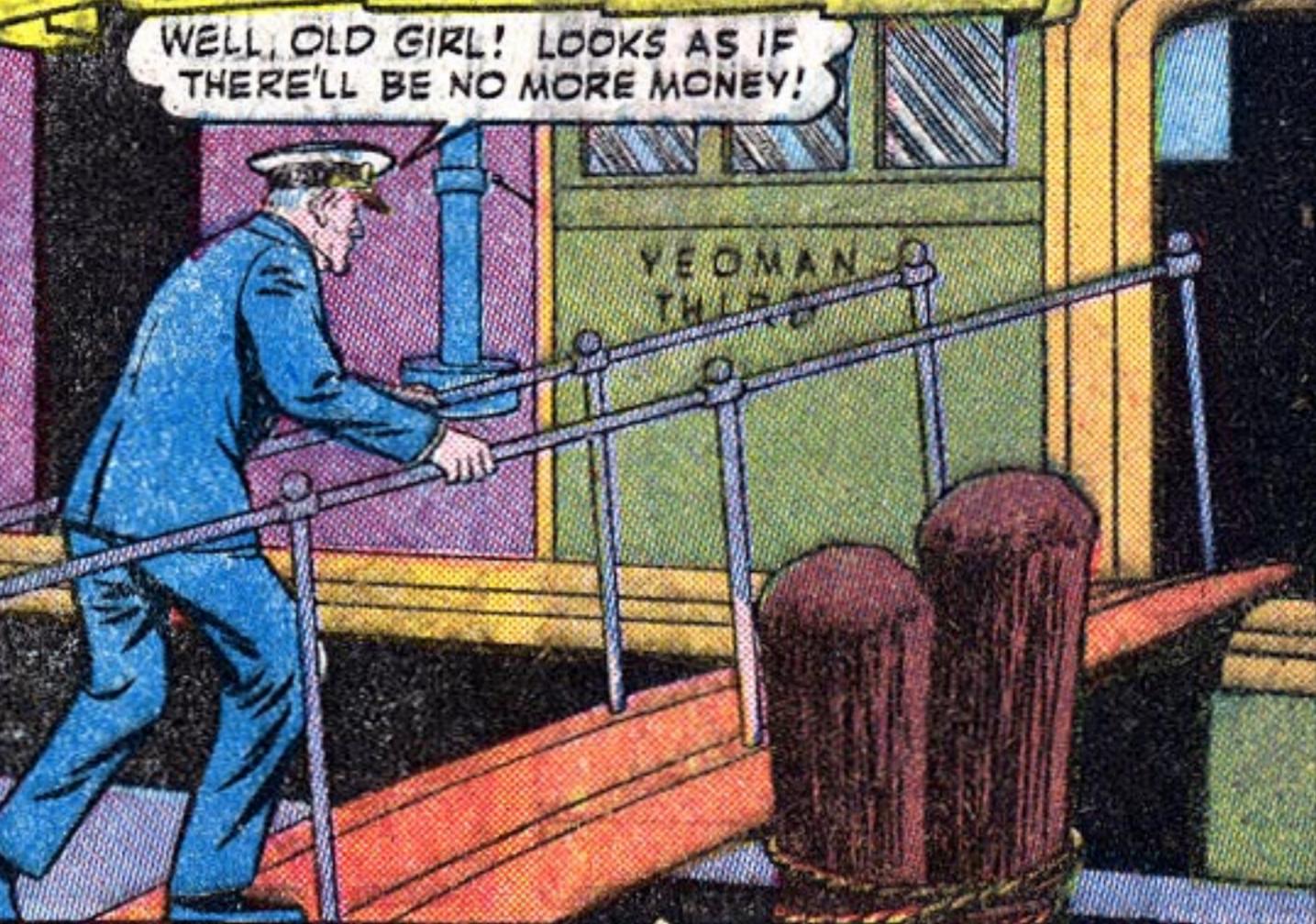


## NATIONAL COMICS

POOR CHAP! HE'S BEEN RUNNING THAT BARGE FOR THREE YEARS AT A LOSS! HE CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO SELL IT!



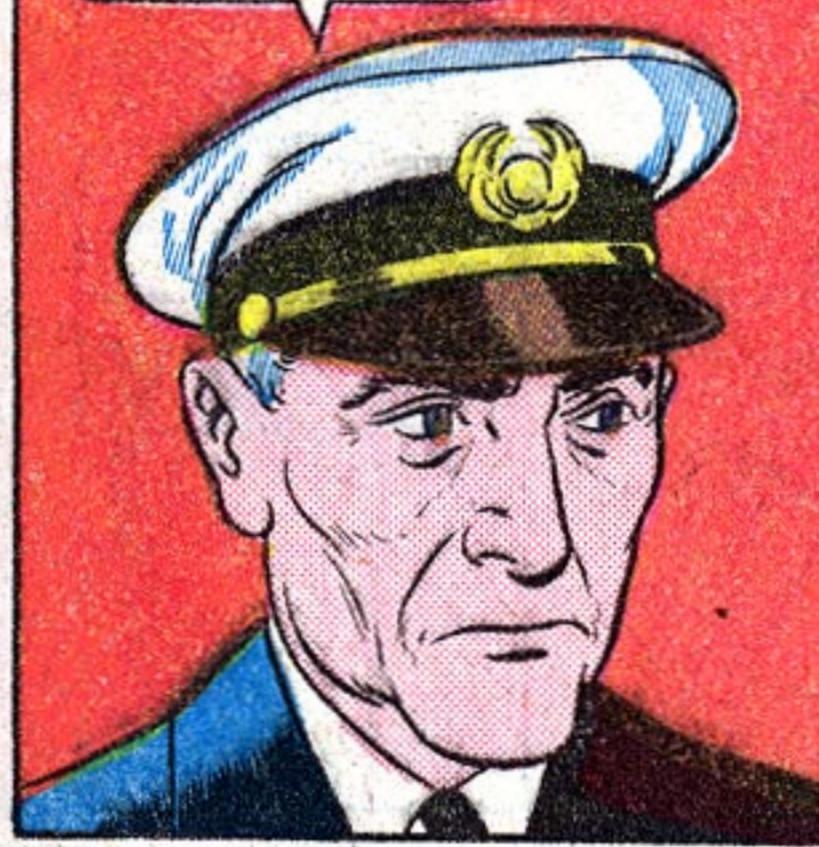
BUT THERE IS A REASON FOR CAPTAIN MARLIN'S ATTACHMENT TO YEOMAN THIRD...



NEVER MIND! WE'LL KEEP YOU GOING SOMEHOW! THEY WON'T TAKE AWAY CAPTAIN MARLIN'S LAST COMMAND!



THEY SAY I'M TOO OLD TO BE CAPTAIN OF A SHIP! BUT I'M YOUNG ENOUGH TO STAND AT YOUR HELM, OLD GIRL! AND THEY WON'T TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME!



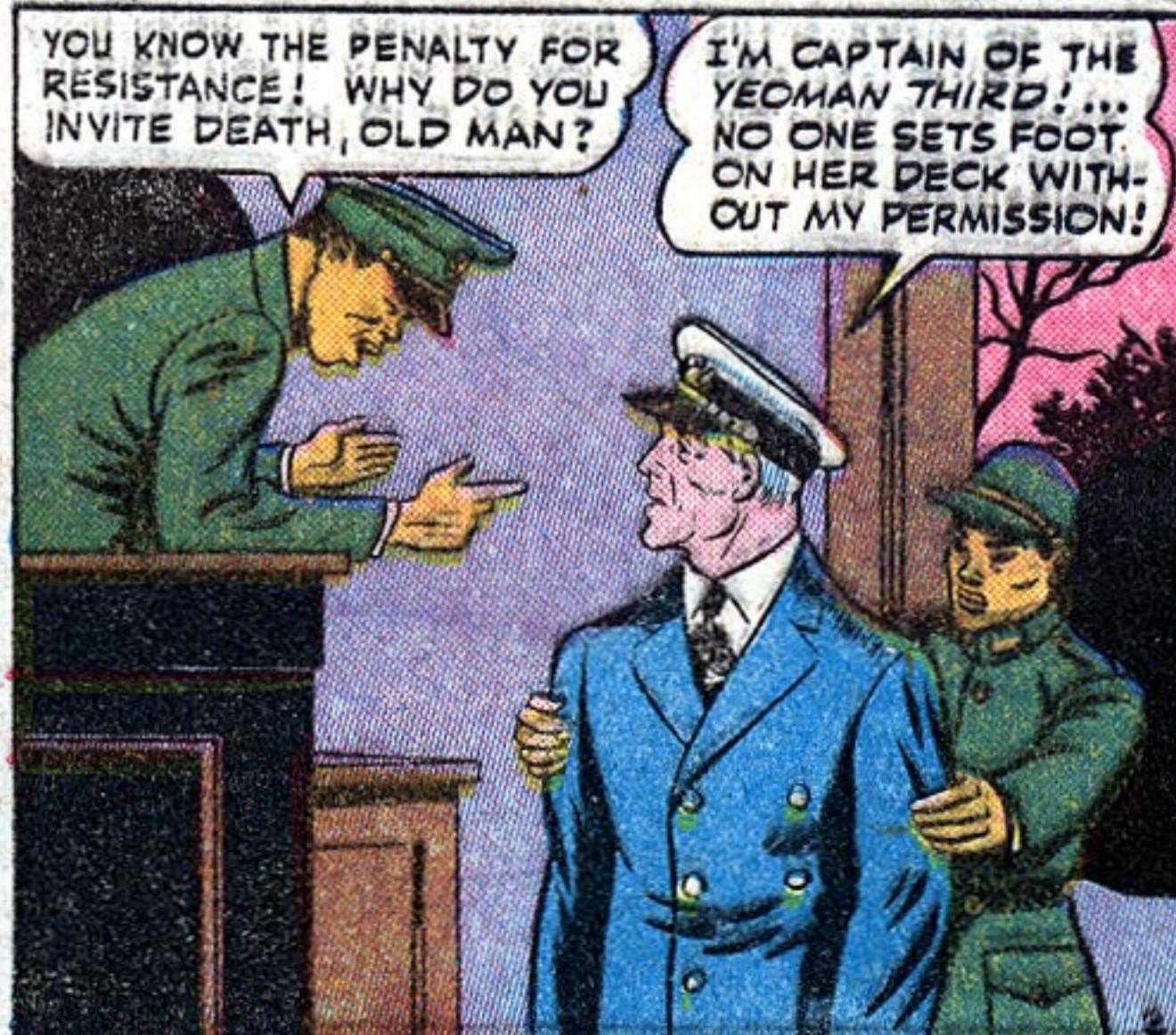
CAPTAIN MARLIN MIGHT HAVE LOST HIS BARGE, AFTER ALL... BUT THERE WERE MIGHTIER EVENTS IN THE MAKING! FROM THE DISTANT ISLANDS OF JAPAN SWARMED A PYGMY ARMY OF BROWN MEN WHO SWEPT THROUGH THE DUTCH EAST INDIES ON A FLOOD TIDE OF CONQUEST UNTIL AT LAST THEY REACHED JAWALLAH! ...

THIS MAN RESISTED EFFORTS OF OUR MEN TO TAKE OVER HIS LANDING BARGE! HE KNOCKED DOWN AN OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY!

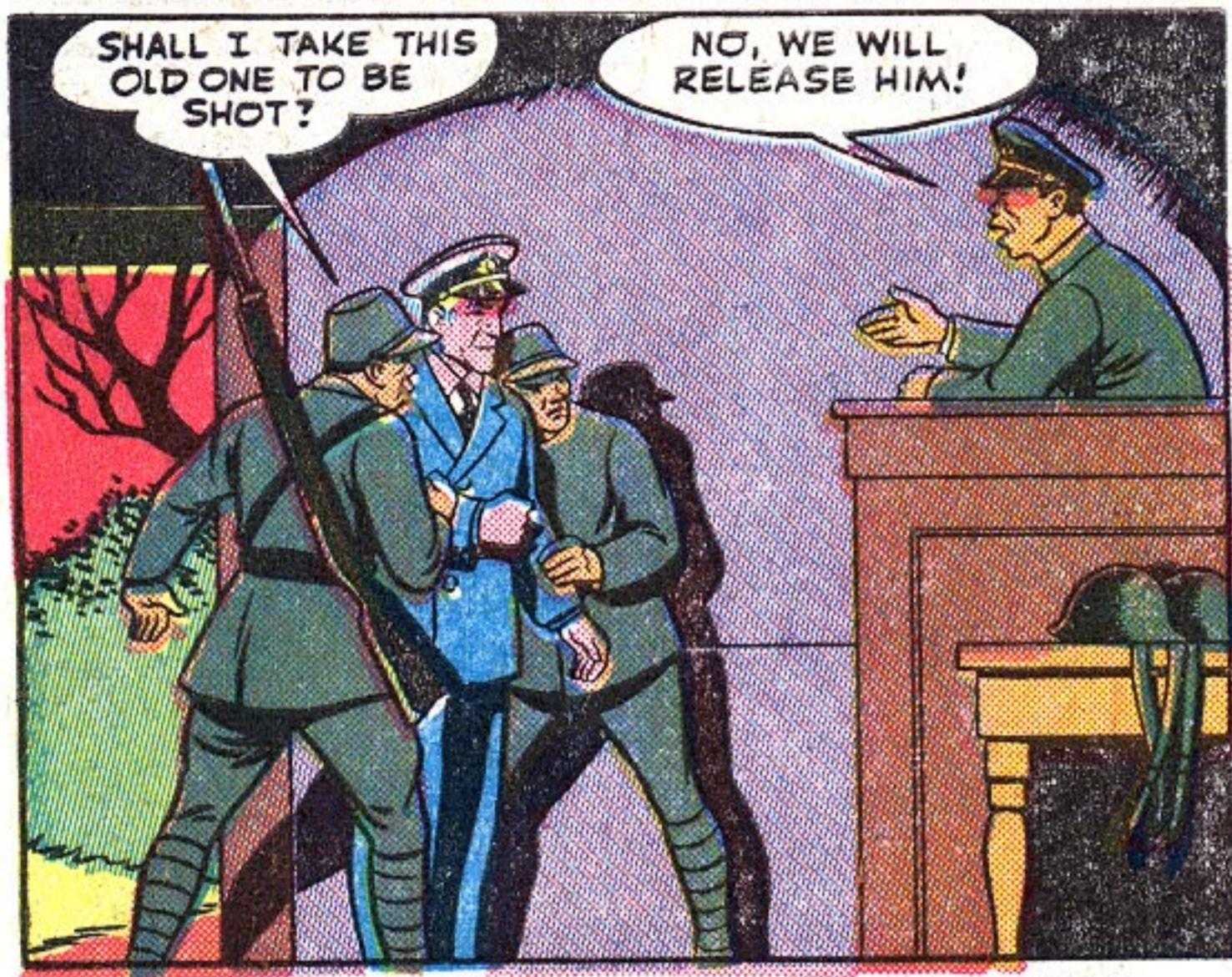
SO!

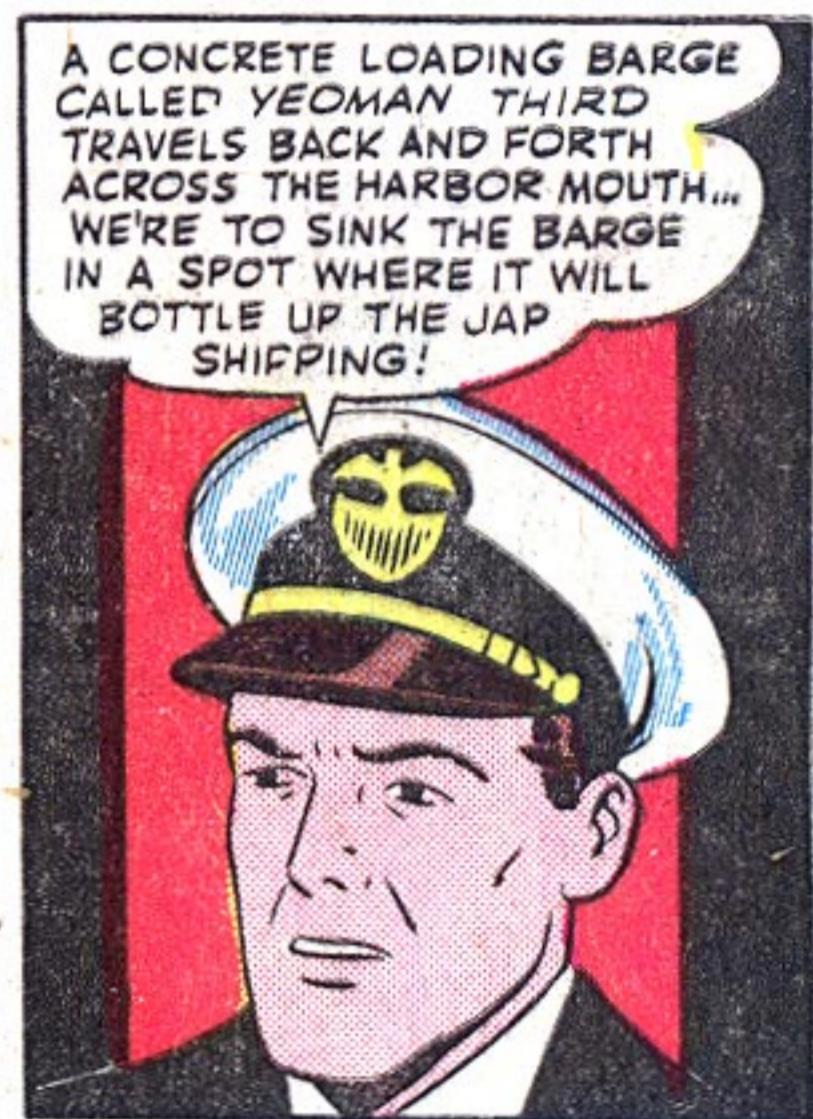
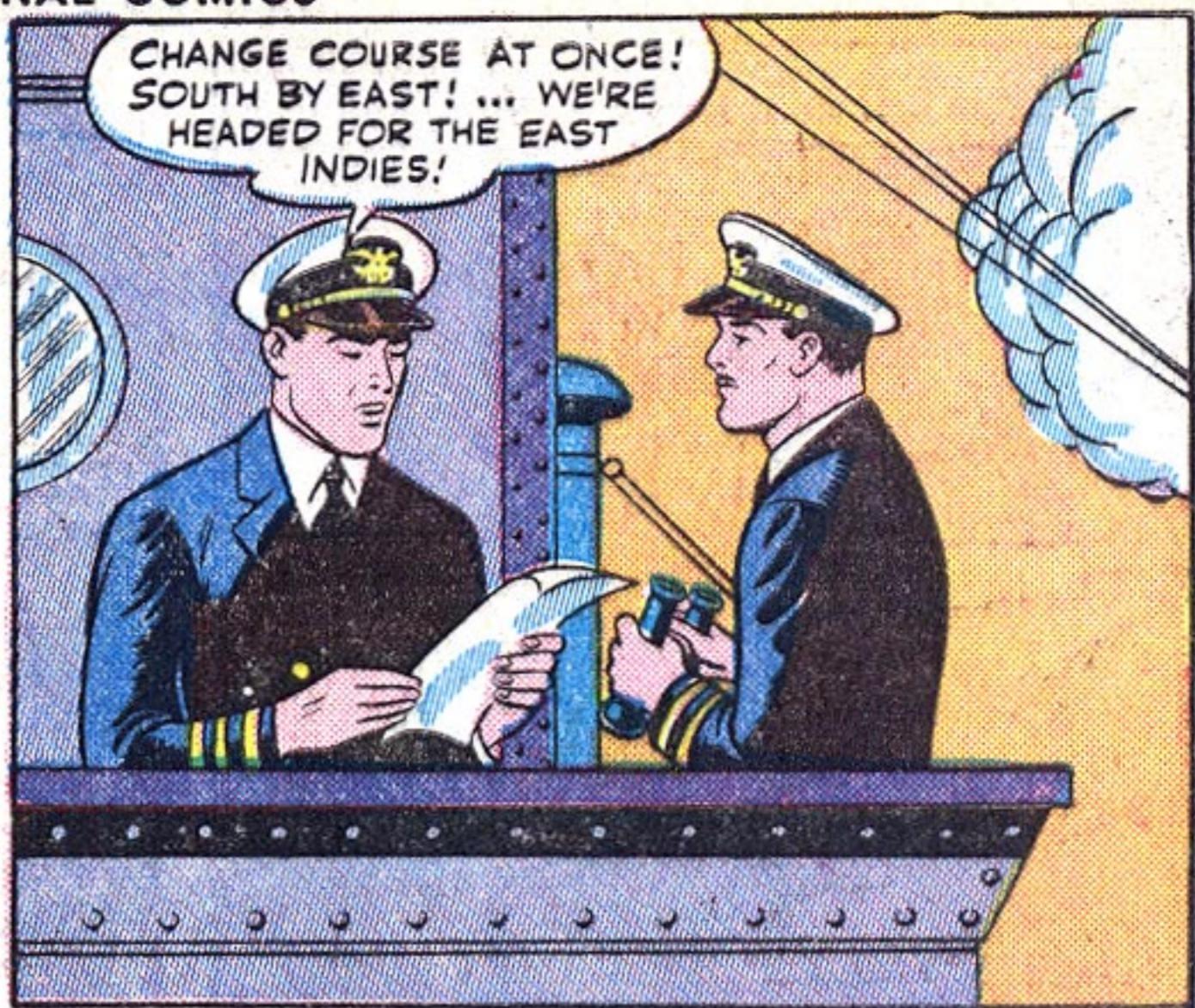


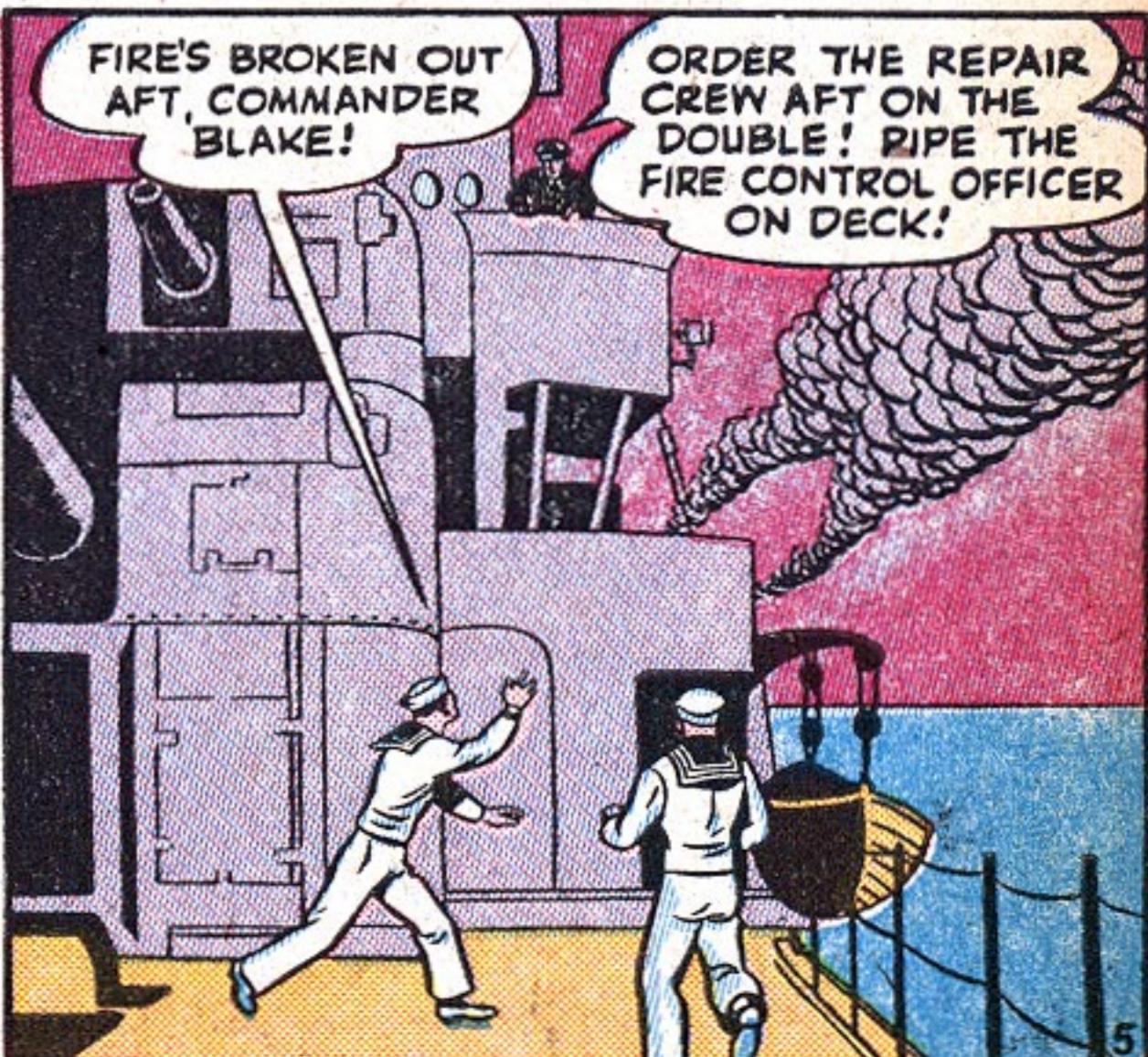
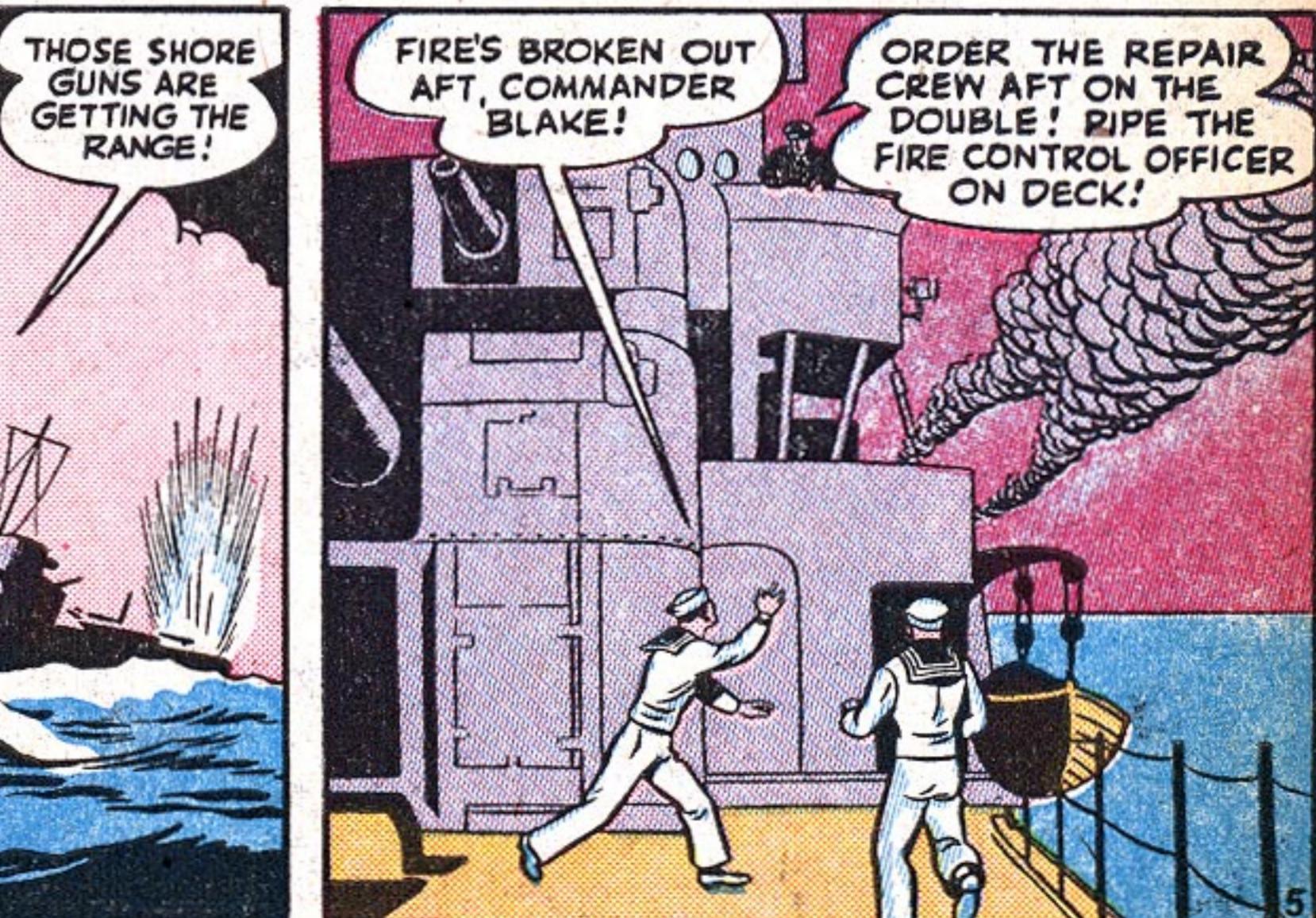
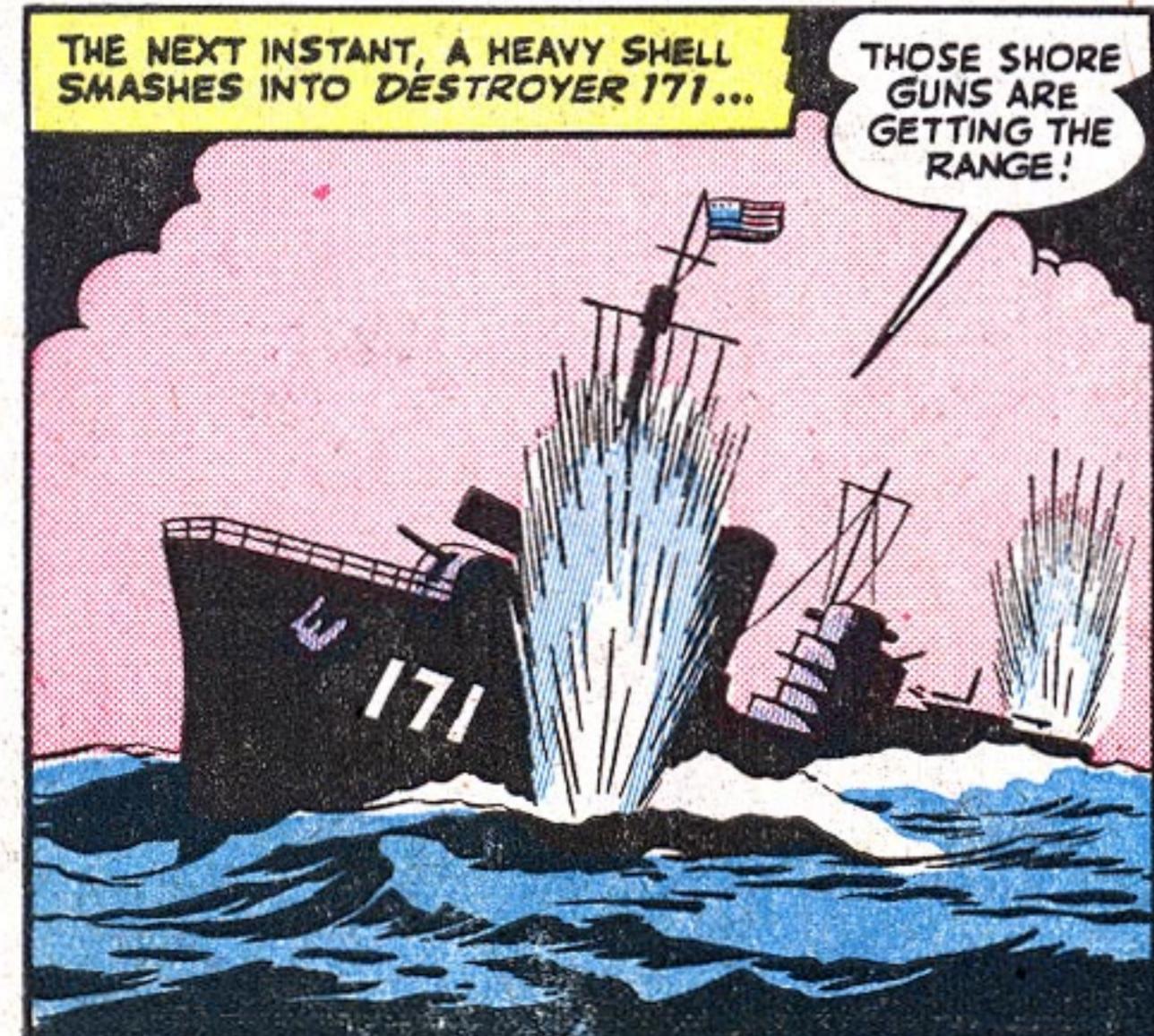
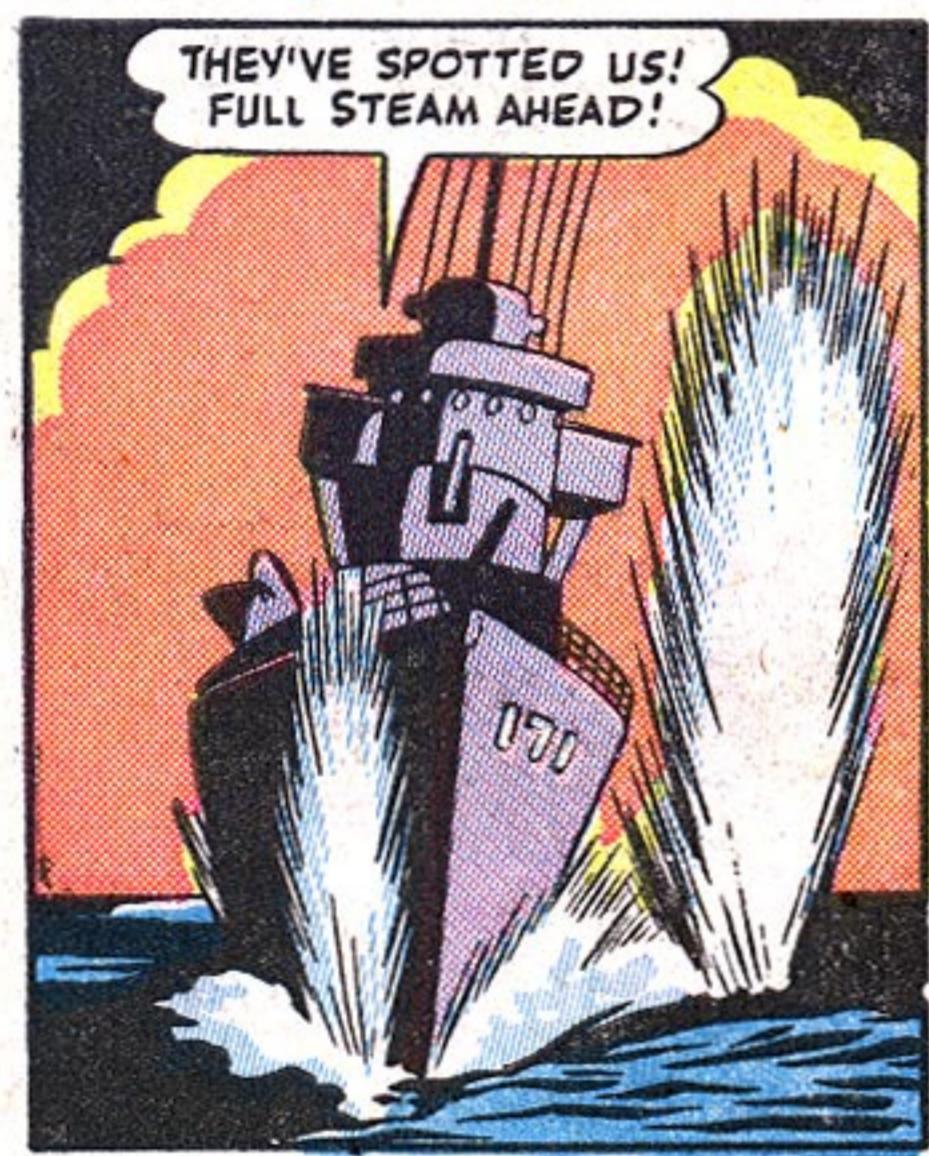
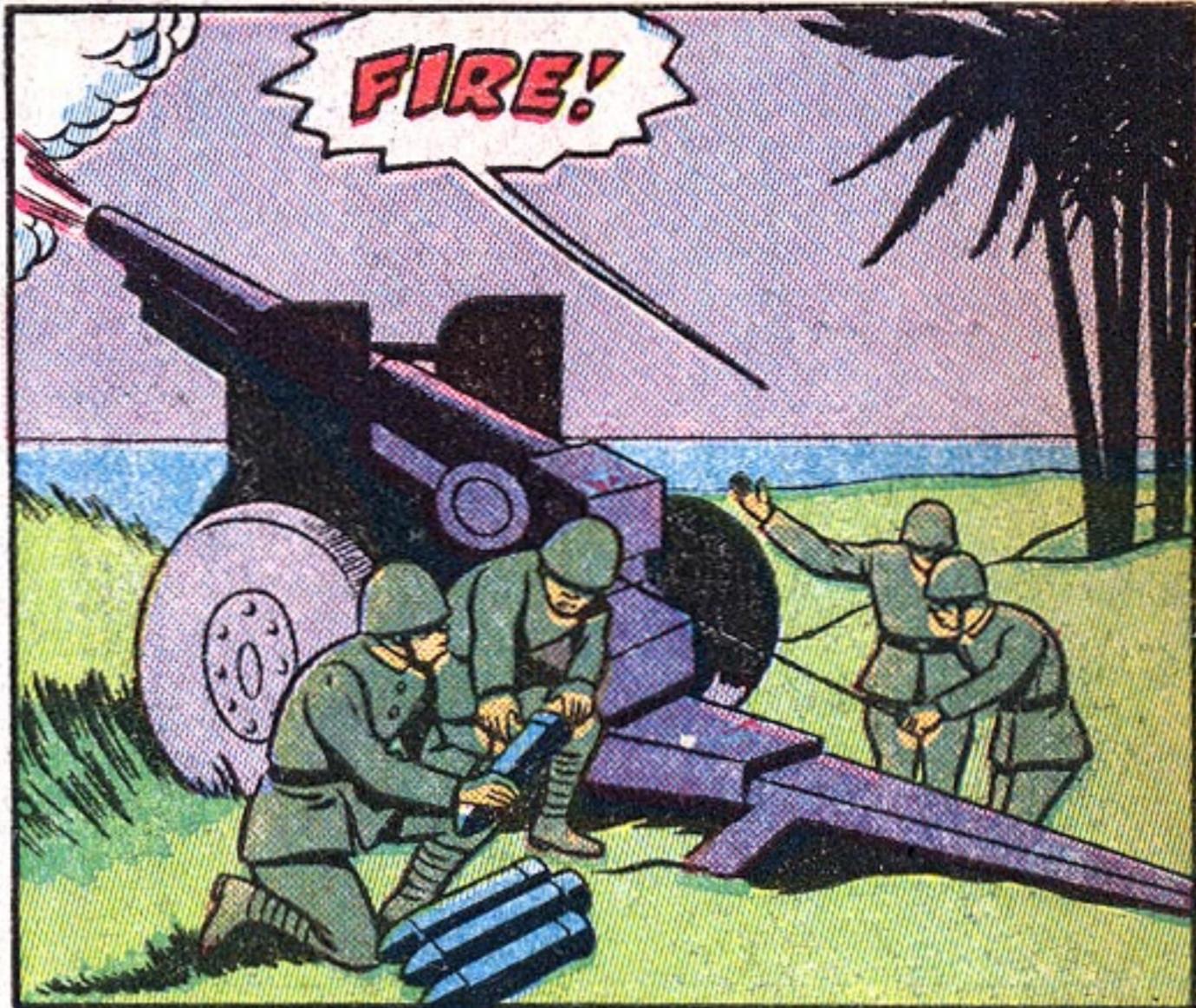
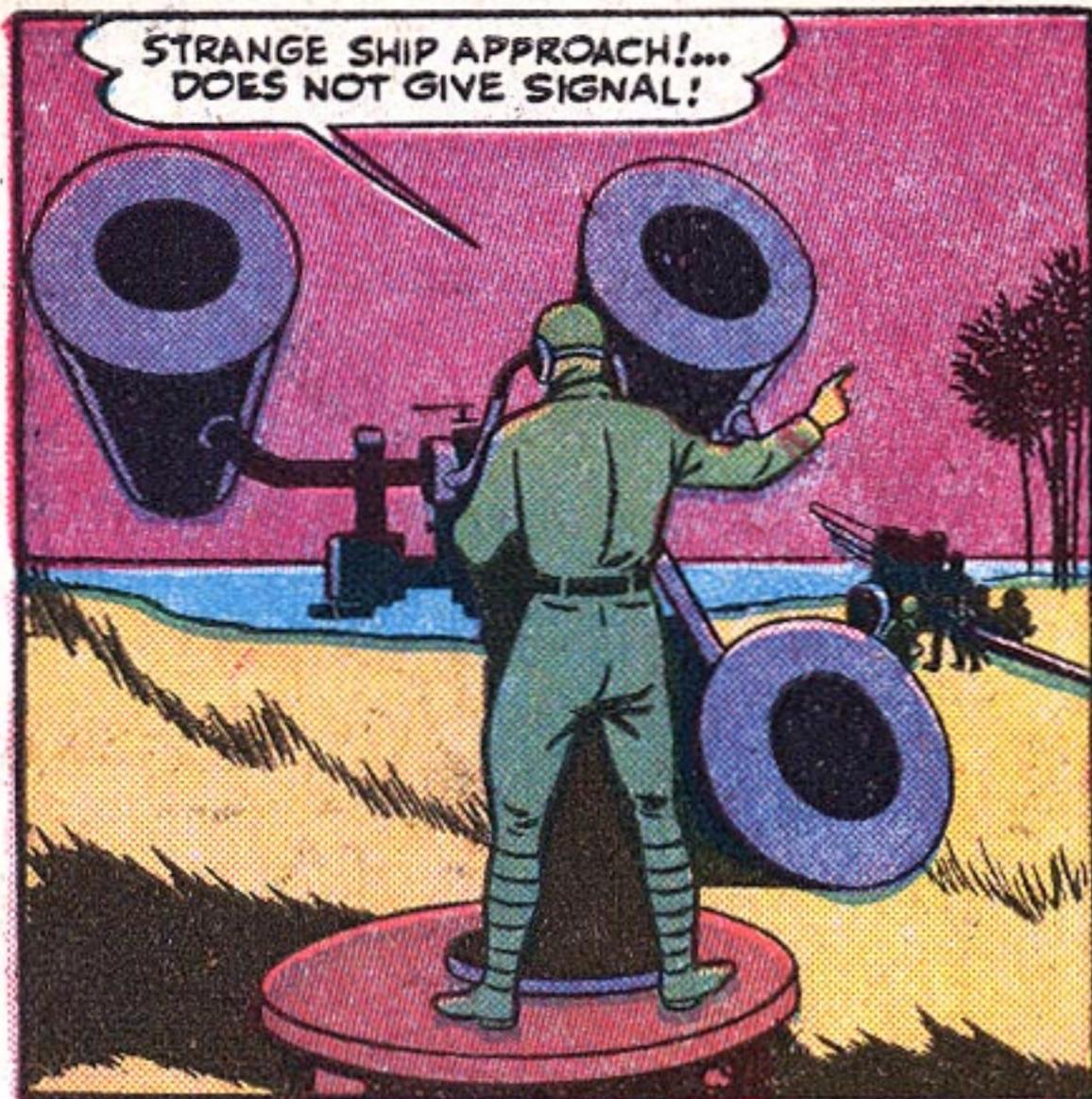
YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR RESISTANCE! WHY DO YOU INVITE DEATH, OLD MAN?



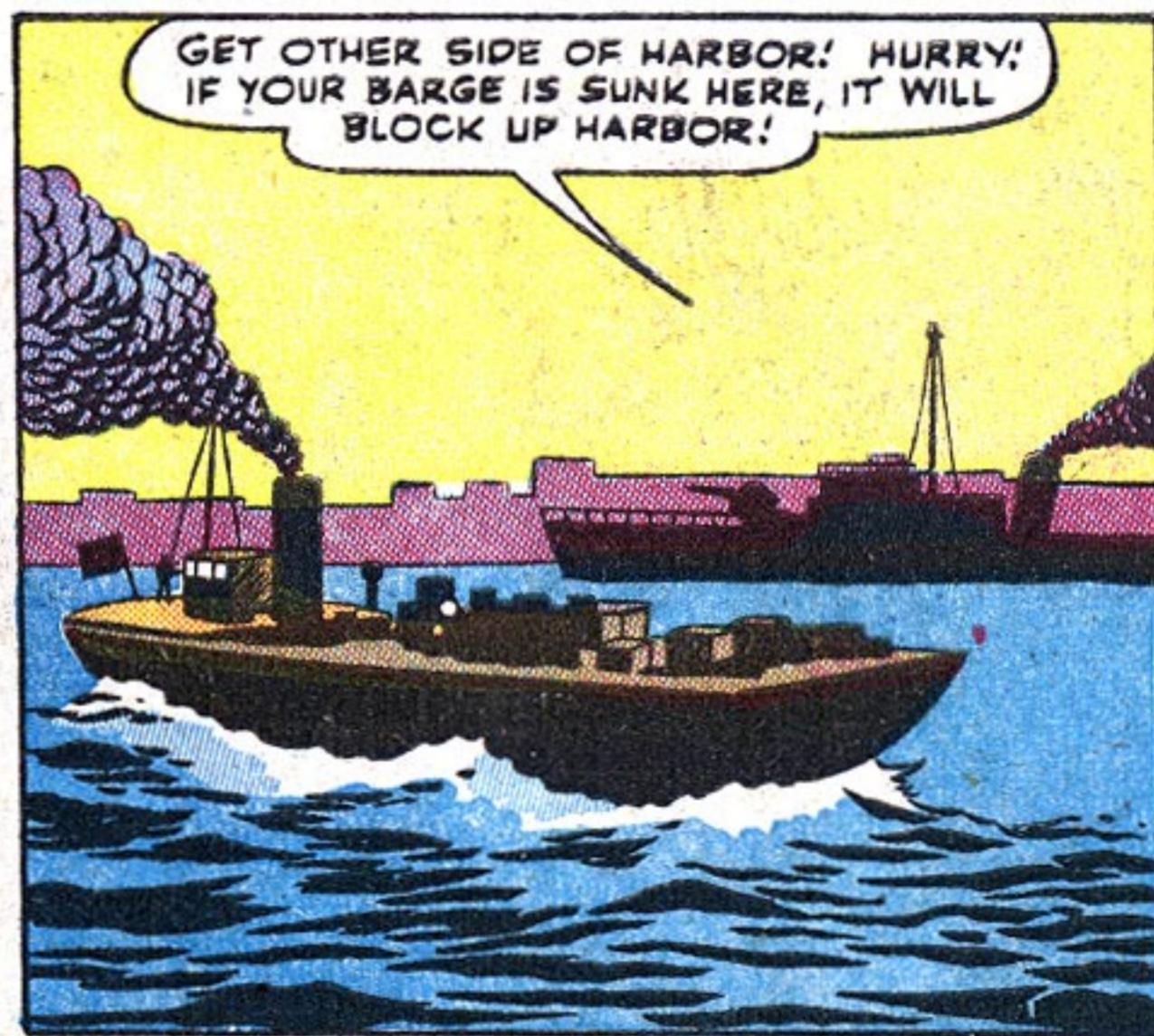
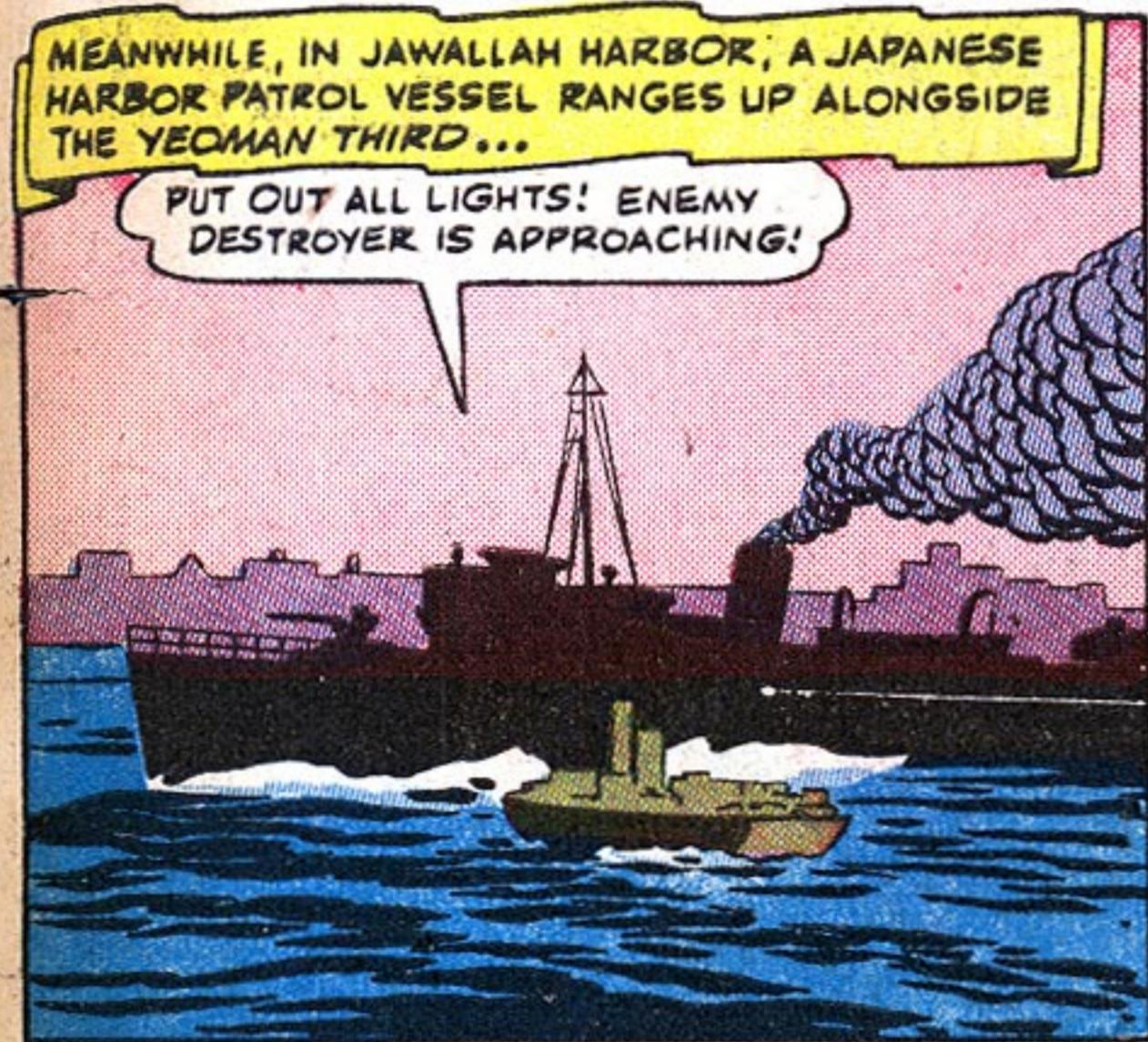
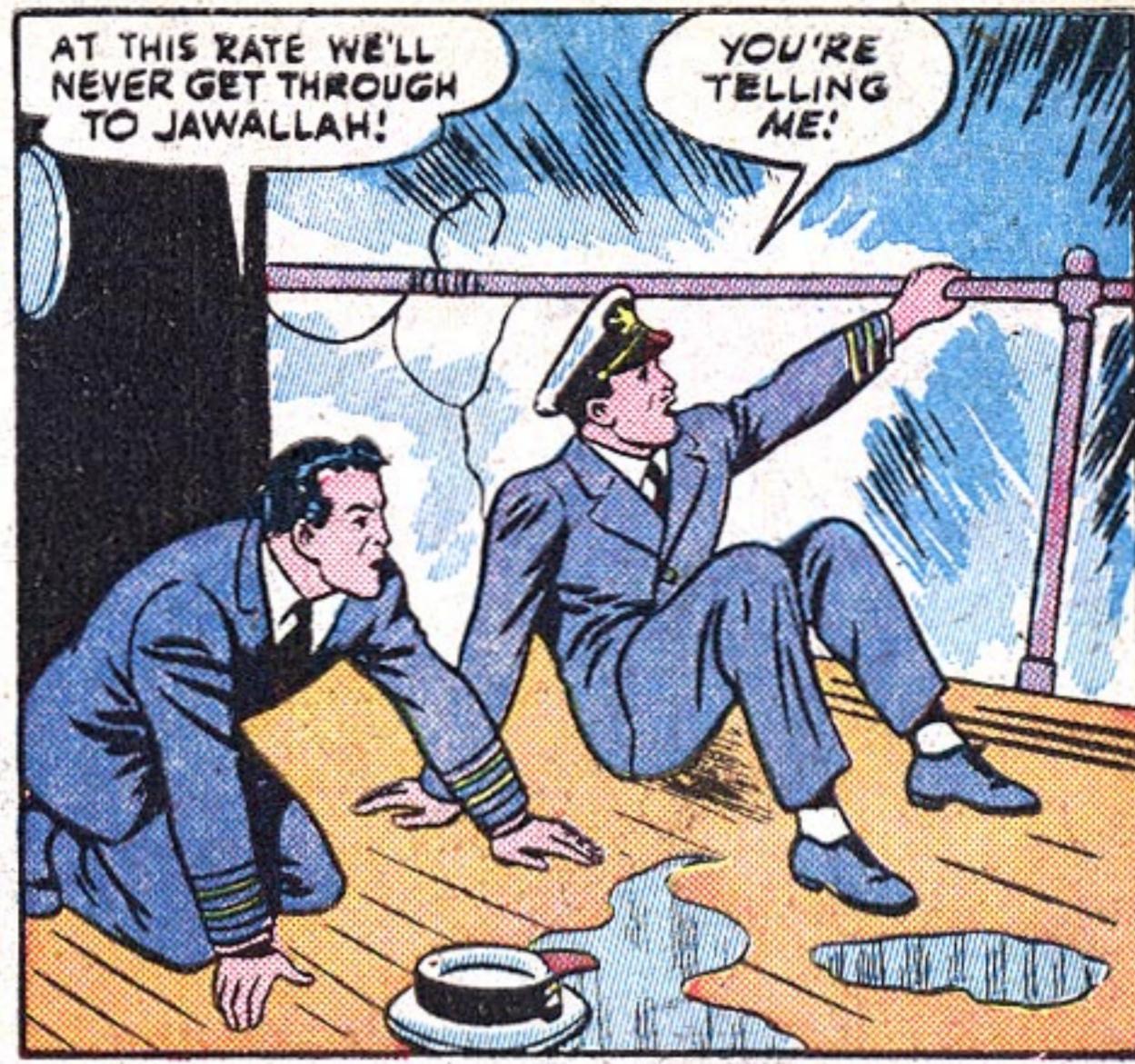
I'M CAPTAIN OF THE YEOMAN THIRD!... NO ONE SETS FOOT ON HER DECK WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!







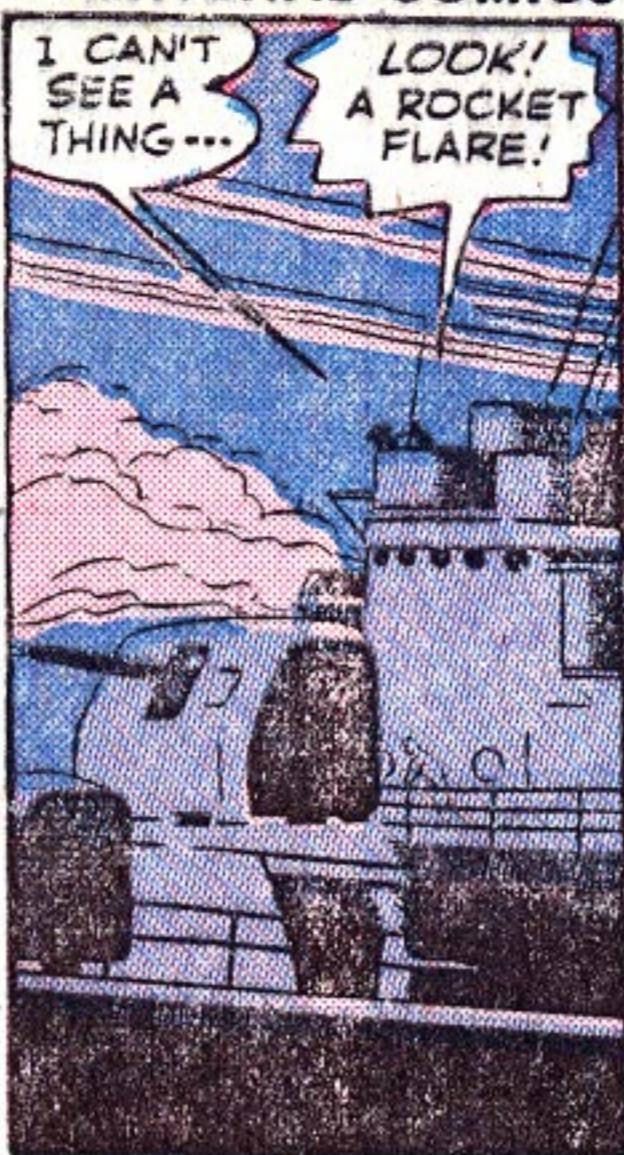
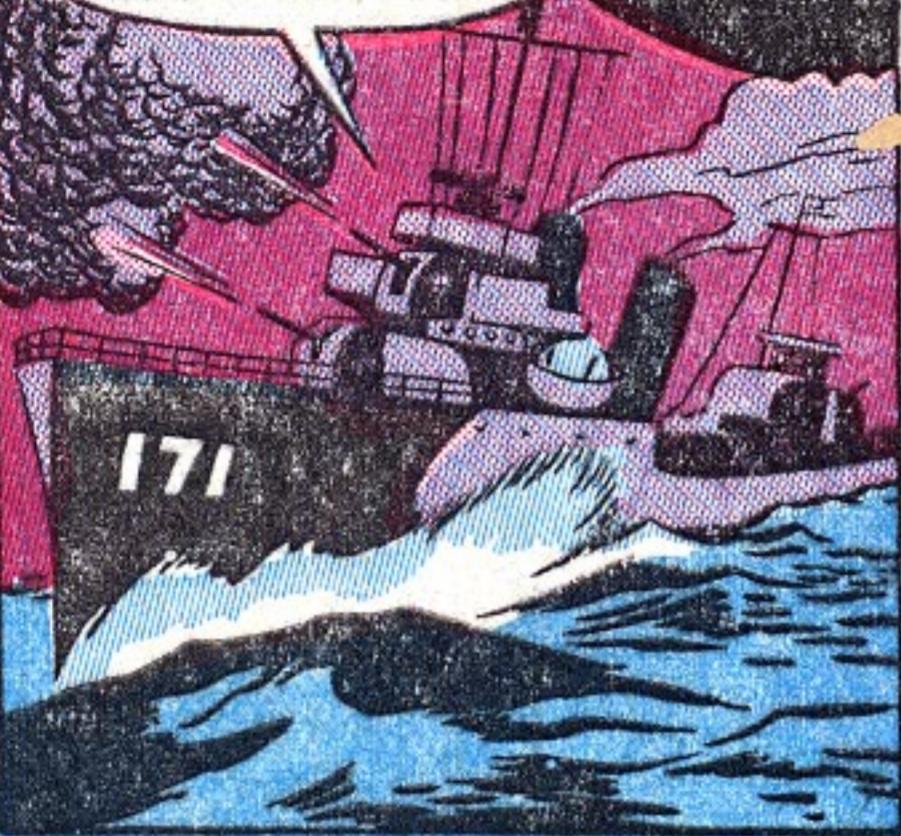
ORDER THE REPAIR CREW AFT ON THE DOUBLE! PIPE THE FIRE CONTROL OFFICER ON DECK!



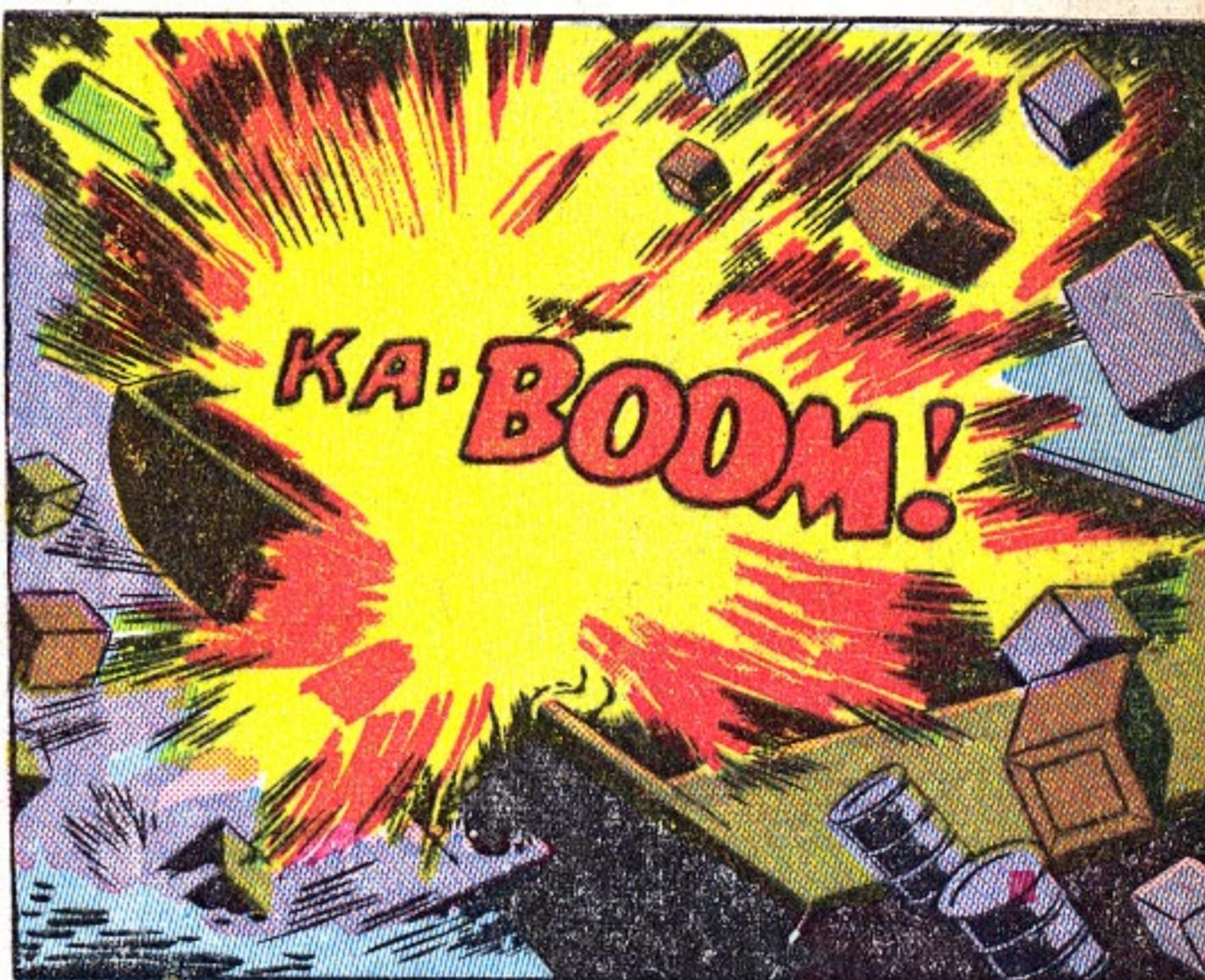
# NATIONAL COMICS

AT THIS MOMENT THE BATTERED BUT FIGHTING DESTROYER 171 LIMPS INTO JAWALLAH HARBOR...

A BLACKOUT! WE'LL NEVER FIND THE BARGE IN THIS DARKNESS!



STARKLY REVEALED IN THE GLARE OF THE ROCKET, THE CONCRETE BARGE MAKES A PERFECT TARGET FOR DESTROYER 171'S GUNS...



MORNING FINDS DESTROYER 171 HEADED SWIFTLY AWAY FROM JAWALLAH...

WE DID OUR JOB -- AND WE GOT AWAY SAFELY!



I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHO FIRED THAT ROCKET FLARE! WHOEVER HE WAS CERTAINLY SIGNED HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT!

YES, BUT HE DID OUR NAVY A SERVICE THAT WE WILL NEVER FORGET!



AND SO CAPTAIN MARLIN AND HIS BARGE YEDMAN THIRD ARE STILL FIGHTING THIS WAR TOGETHER!

THEY ARE A VITAL PART OF THE NAVY... FOR THEY ARE GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO JAWALLAH HARBOR, WHERE NO JAPANESE SHIP CAN SAFELY PASS!

Amazing Bargains

Ladies' & Men's

# RINGS

ENGAGEMENT, WEDDING,  
FRIENDSHIP RINGS

\$1.74

Your  
Choice

YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR  
YOUR MONEY BACK IN 10 DAYS

SEND NO MONEY: Just select ring you desire, indicate choice by number on coupon below—mail with ring size, name and address. (For ring size place string or piece of paper around finger. Mark where end touches. Send with order.) When postman delivers package pay him \$1.74 plus 26c postage and C.O.D. charges. If you send \$1.75 cash or money order with order, we pay all postage. You save 25¢.

**HAREM CO., (House of Rings)**

30 Church St., New York 7, N. Y. — Dept. T 1114



23. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement Ring, exceptionally brilliant simulated diamond. White gold color effect.



24. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver. Beautifully engraved. Also used as wedding ring.



25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



26. Men's Ring with large simulated Ruby. Yellow or white gold color effect.



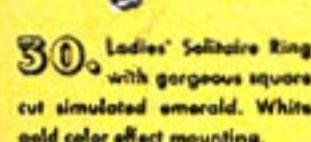
27. Sweetheart Ring. Intertwined hearts with simulated rubies. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



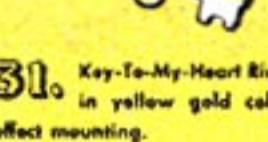
28. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with large, brilliant center diamond (simulated) and 3 smaller stones on each side. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



29. Men's Signet Ring —Yellow Gold color effect.



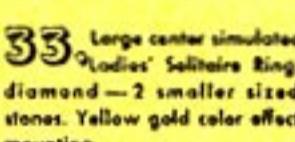
30. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with gorgeous square cut simulated emerald. White gold color effect mounting.



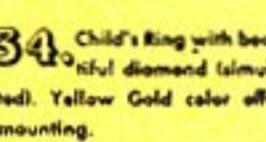
31. Key-To-My-Heart Ring in yellow gold color effect mounting.



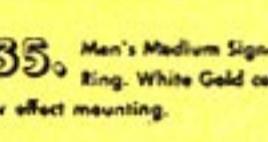
32. Men's Signet Ring. White gold color effect mounting.



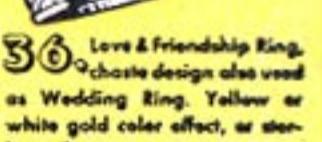
33. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. diamond — 2 smaller sized stones. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



34. Child's Ring with beautiful diamond (simulated). Yellow Gold color effect mounting.



35. Men's Medium Signet Ring. White Gold color effect mounting.



36. Love & Friendship Ring. Chaste design also used as Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



37. Men's Heavy Cameo ring. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting. Two tone face.



38. Ladies' Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



39. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. 3 sparkling simulated diamonds. White gold color effect mounting.



40. Men's Signet Ring. White or yellow gold color effect mounting.



41. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with large center simulated diamond and 6 smaller stones. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



42. Ladies' Wedding Band. Five large brilliant simulated diamonds. White or Yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.



43. Hand-Clasp Love & Friendship ring. Rings come apart to form 2 rings. Made of sterling silver.



44. Men's Ring. Indian head. White gold color effect mounting.



45. Men's Wedding Ring. —Yellow Gold color effect.



46. Ladies' or Gents' Lock-set ring. Holds  $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$  picture. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



47. Men's Ring with square cut simulated garnet. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



48. Wedding Band. Set with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.

**HAREM CO., (House of Rings)**

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Send me ring style I have indicated. I'll pay postman \$1.74 plus postal and C.O.D. charges of 26¢  I am enclosing \$1.75 with order, you pay off postal charges. (Canadian orders must be accompanied by \$2 cash or money.) If I am not satisfied I may return the ring within 10 days and get my money back.

Style No.

Ring Size

Name ..... (PLEASE PRINT)

Address .....

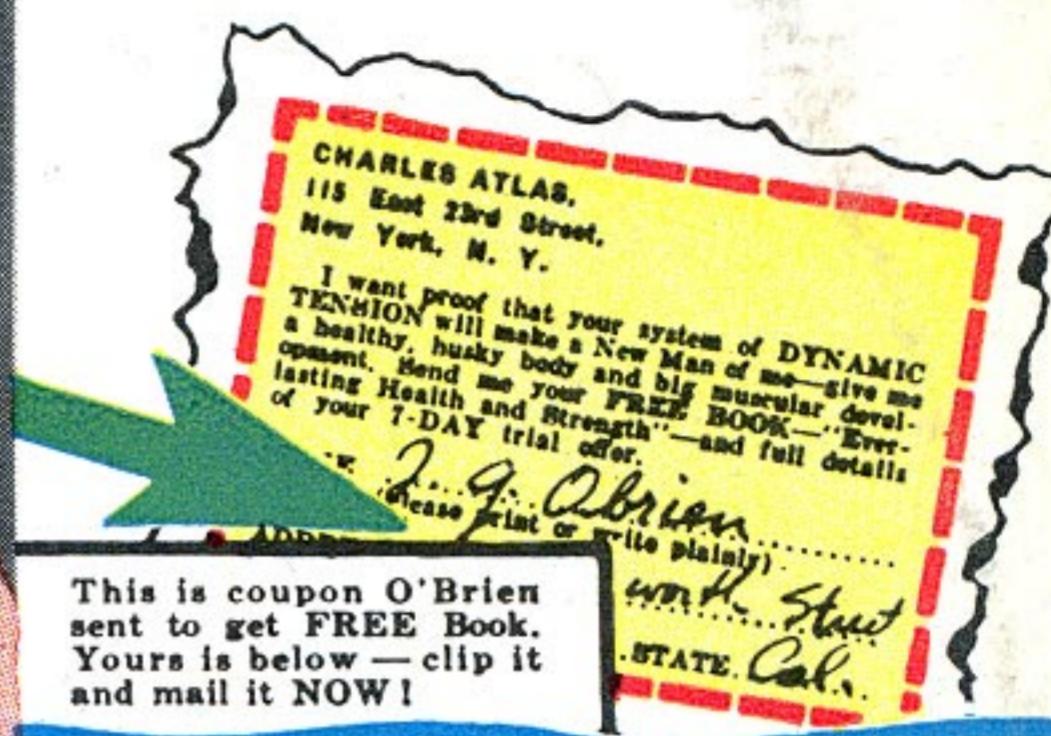
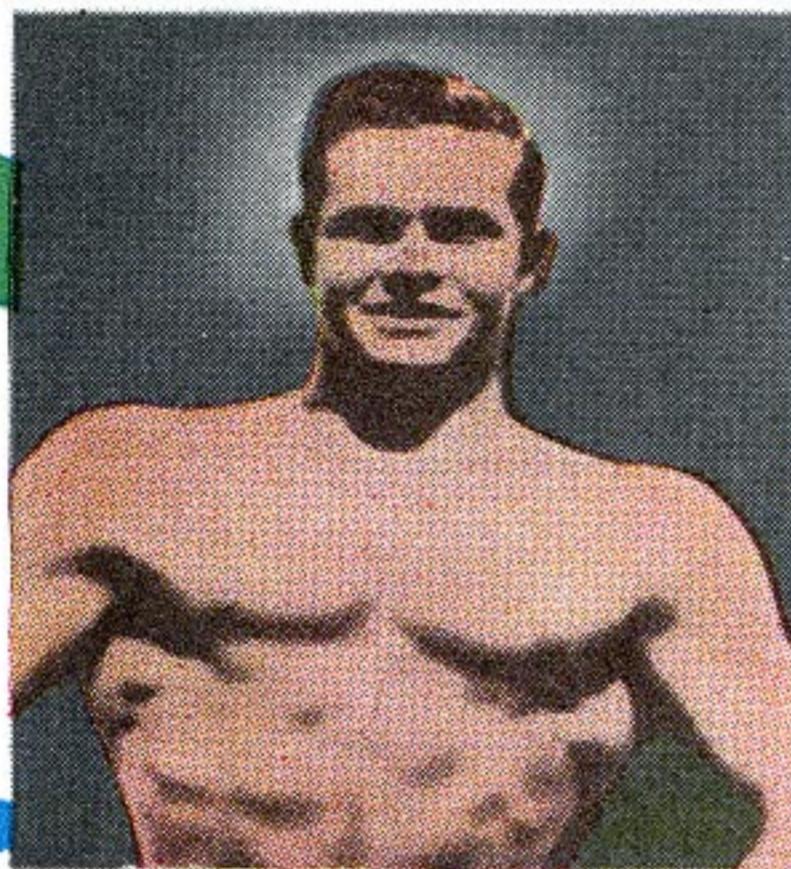
City ..... State .....

# HE Mailed This Coupon

J. G. O'BRIEN

Atlas Champion  
Cup Winner

This is an ordinary snapshot of one of Charles Atlas' Californian pupils.



...and Here's the Handsome  
Prize-Winning Body  
I Gave Him!

J. G. O'BRIEN saw my coupon. He clipped and mailed it. He got my free book and followed my instructions. He became a New Man. NOW read what he says:

"Look at me NOW! 'Dynamic Tension' WORKS! I'm proud of the natural easy way you have made me an 'Atlas Champion'!"

J. G. O'Brien.

**"I'll prove that YOU, too, can  
be a NEW MAN"** *Charles Atlas*

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

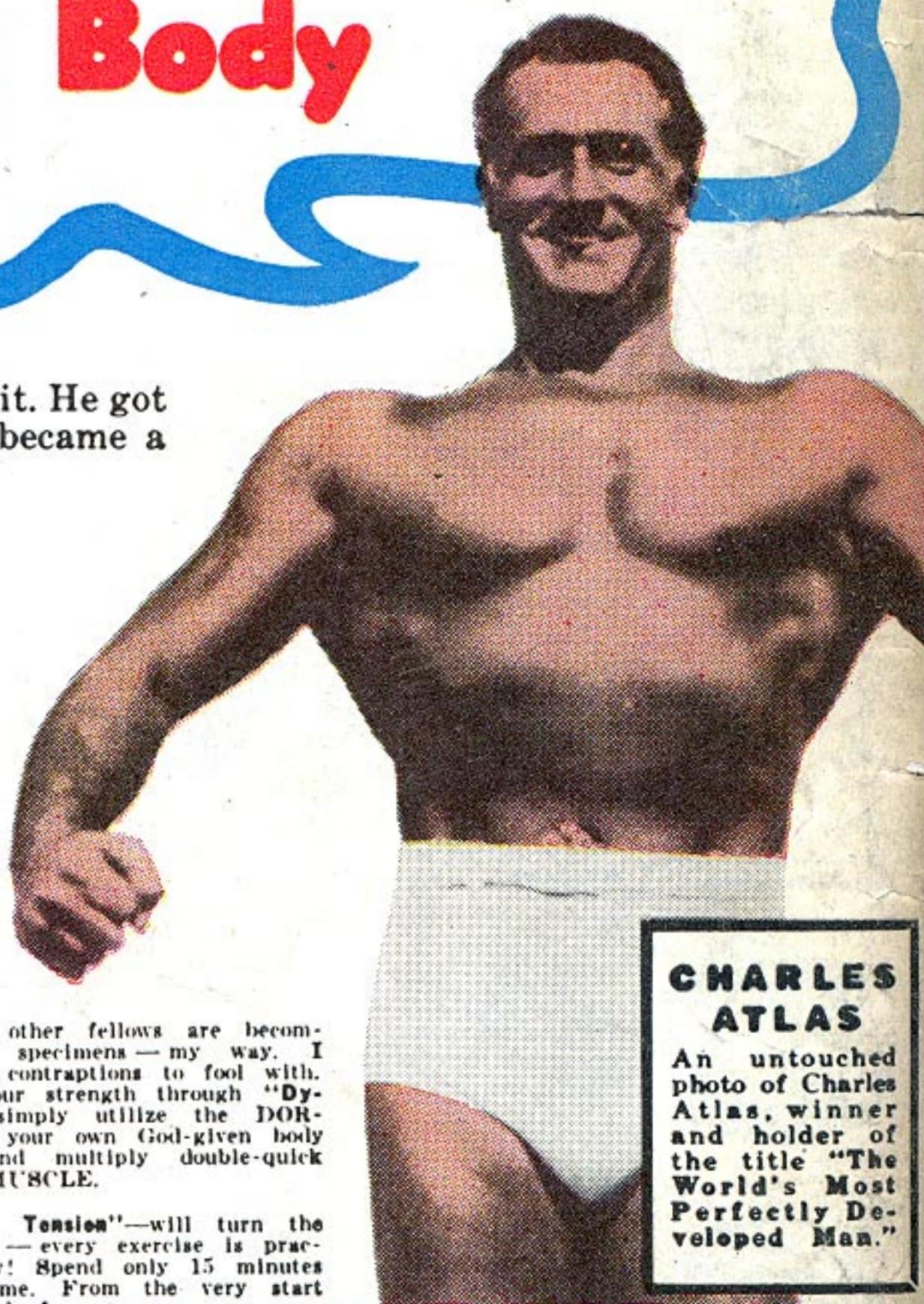
I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE; I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

**Only 15 Minutes a Day**

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You learn to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension." You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.



**CHARLES  
ATLAS**

An untouched photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3302,  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" can help make me a New Man—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your FREE book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." No obligation.

Name ..... (Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

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AND STRENGTH"**

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM to do. See what I can do for YOU. For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3302, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

